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THE

JULY 1975

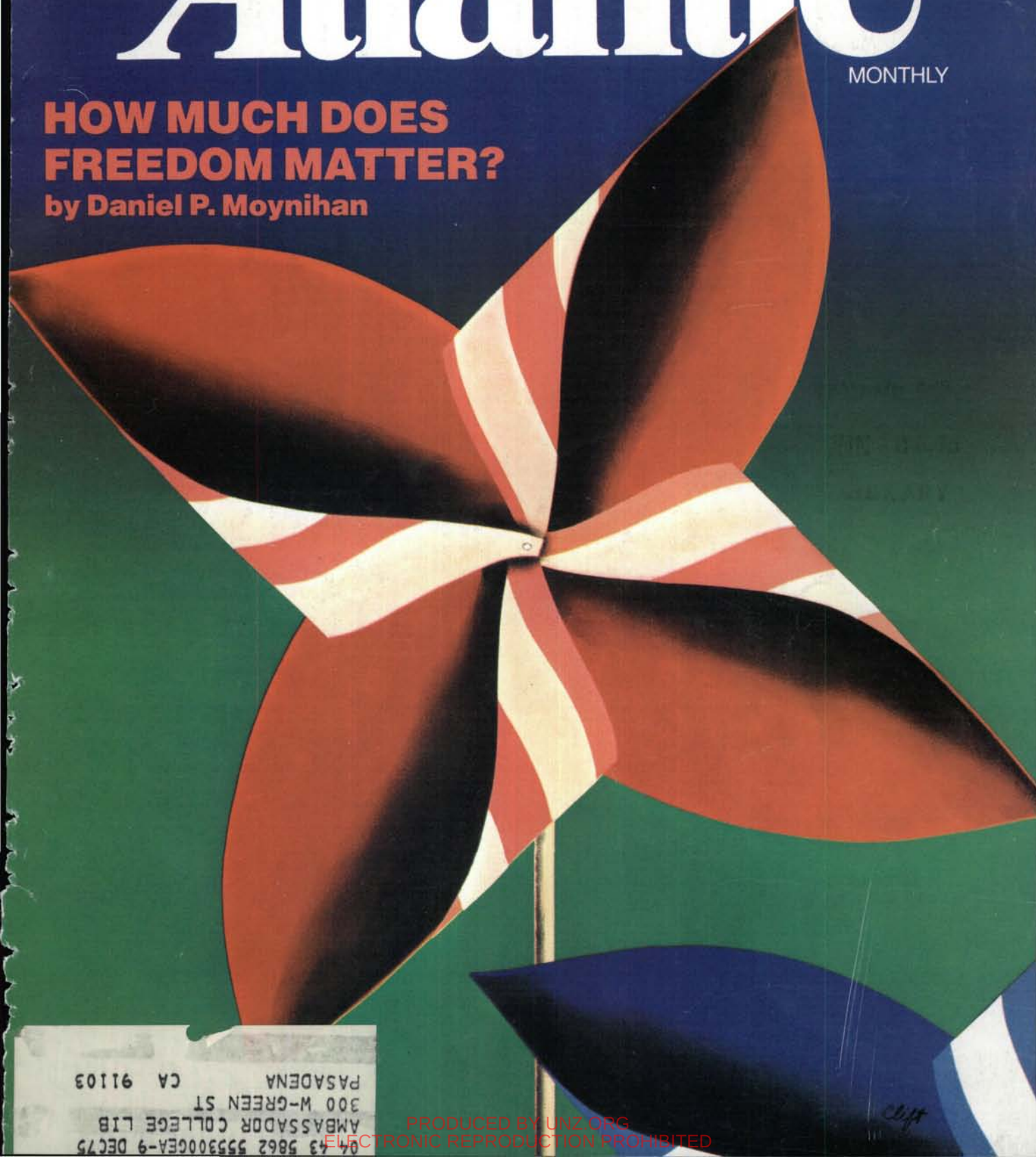
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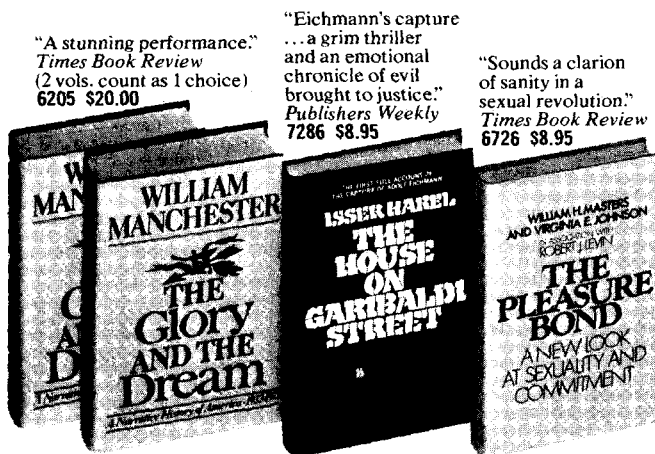


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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

No one ever thought New York City would go the way of Atlantis, simply sinking out of sight. Or like Pompeii, into a tomb of lava. Some gloomily foresaw the Sodom and Gomorrah route, the long, slow burn, but that was not New York's style. As Mayor Jimmy Walker made clear many years ago, there was only one way for New York City to go: to spend itself to sleep. And that is just what happened. On a languorous summer day in 1975, New York spent its last dime, turned on its side, and dozed off in the smog-filtered sunlight.

The graffiti were plainly visible on the wall early in 1975. Without a monumentally big fix, New York was going bankrupt. The Ford Administration refused to send federal money to meet the city's staggering \$2.5 billion deficit. The Emir of Kuwait and the Shah of Iran haughtily declined the opportunity to buy half interest in Manhattan and controlling interest in Queens, the Bronx, and Staten Island.

There was still a way out—the National Adopt-a-New-Yorker campaign. The city fathers and big bankers reasoned that if, say, half the 220 million American citizens could be persuaded to donate an average of \$20 each “for God and Gotham,” the city could meet most of the deficit.

But after one month of saturation solicitation by newspapers, magazines, radio, television, and door-to-door pandering, the total take of the Adopt-a-New-Yorker campaign reached a pitiful \$11 million, barely enough to clean the streets after the annual St. Patrick's and General Kosciuszko Day parades. It was the most disastrous charitable fund-raising effort since Clare Boothe Luce's memorable appeal for a Quart of Milk for Every Hottentot in the 1940s. “New York's a nice place to get overcharged and mugged in,” said one typical American, on being dunned personally by a committee made up of Mayor Abraham Beame, Toots Shor, and David Rockefeller, “but it's no place to invest in.”

So, with the failure of the Adopt-a-New-Yorker campaign, there was nothing left but to announce that New York City was officially CLOSED as of midnight, July 15. Many New Yorkers, mostly among the well-to-do, had advance intimation of what was to happen and exercised carefully prepared contingency plans to evacuate themselves and their families before the unavoidable federal quarantine closed off access to and from the city. The entire faculties of Columbia University and the University of the City of New York, including such national treasures as Lionel Trilling, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Irving Kristol, and the Barnard College field hockey coach, repaired to prearranged sanctuaries at colleges and universities around the country. (Professor Schlesinger, for example, is reportedly situated at Maharishi International University at Fairfield, Iowa.) The

banking community moved almost en masse under cover of night to assorted havens in London, Zurich, Tehran, and the Federal Reserve Building in Washington. The Bar Association chartered forty-eight Pan American jets to distribute the big New York law firms among the more litigious cities on the mainland. Mary Wells Lawrence commandeered her husband's Braniff Airways to mount the Huckster's Hustle, an airlift that carried off more than 500 Madison Avenue adpersons without so much as a dropped superlative. “Stay in New York,” pleaded Simon Michael Bessie of the American Association of Publishers, “you have nothing to lose but your backlists.” But few of his peers heeded, and soon the streets of Boston, Chicago, and San Francisco were awash with publishing executives, editors, and copy-readers seeking new beginnings (and a 50 percent cut of the subsidiary rights). The entire New York Times, equipment and employees, was smuggled down the seacoast to be merged with the Washington Post.

But when the quarantine struck, the bulk of nine million New Yorkers remained trapped in the bankrupt metropolis, wondering when the next vandalized subway train would run or where the next angry cab driver would come from. President Ford called on all Americans to take New Yorkers into their hearts and homes. He appropriated emergency funds and planes for Operation Babylon to carry New Yorkers to those places in the country willing to succor them. At this writing, Arkansas has welcomed up to 200,000 victims, but mostly the reaction is hostile. An Atlantan explained his hesitancy: “They wouldn't be happy here. They eat a different diet, fish eggs and liver pâté and things like that.” “I'll let 'em come here,” was another frequent remark, “but I'm not gonna send my kids to school with 'em.”

Cuba's Fidel Castro offered to take in unlimited numbers in return for an end to the embargo on Cuban cigars. “Send us your huddled masses,” he cabled Mayor Beame. “We can use them in the cane fields.” Washington, understandably, prefers “an American solution to an American problem.” To the millions left behind—legions of blue-collar Americans who have to struggle to get their bare needs, and several hundred thousand blacks and Puerto Ricans who got little even when New York prospered—this has an ominous sound. Do not be surprised, ladies and gentlemen, if you learn one day soon that New York has been floated out to sea, under a contract let to Howard Hughes.

Robert Manning

THE ATLANTIC

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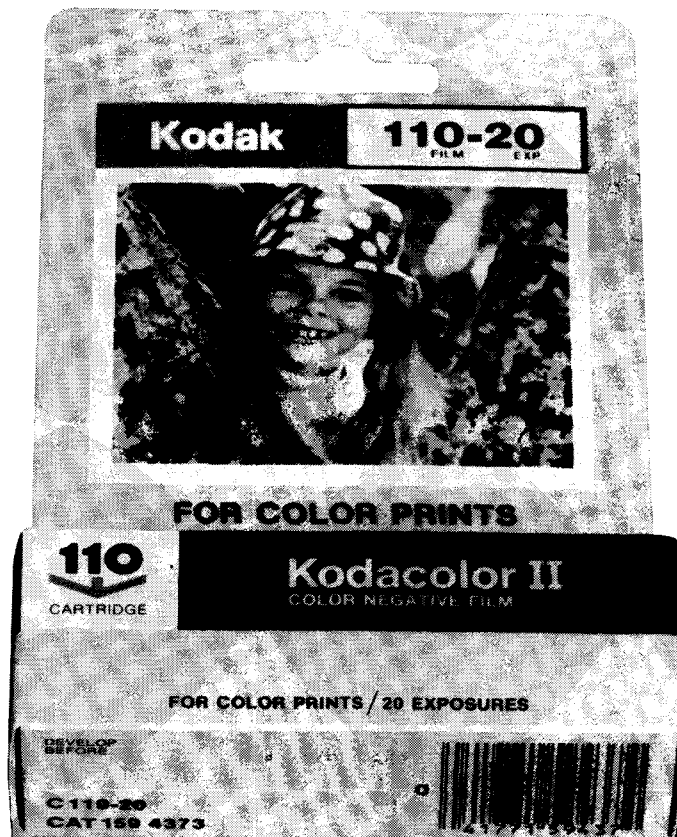
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Mystic symbol

That stripe symbol appears more and more on items picked up when shopping for necessities, film included.

Mystifying when first observed at a checkout counter. (The second time you will think nothing of it.) As your items slide along symbol-side down over a slit (even obliquely to the direction of the lines of the symbol), the paper tape that is generated tells more than before where your money went. No merry fingers flying over the cash-register keyboard.

Convinced after checking the tape at home that all

is as advertised for the week's bargains, you are fascinated and search for the secret. There are no buried magnets in the paper, merely ink printing like the rest of the label. The difference in the lines that distinguishes a 27¢ item from a \$4.59 one is difficult to discern. That 27¢ item was a "today only" special. Last week you paid a dime more for the same item at another store. The printed symbol on last week's purchase matches this week's in every detail. **There must be more to printing than meets the eye.**

Reflections in fine print:

Through the eye, the printing press first served to expand the human mind. Today the printing industry finds much of its work in marketing goods and services. For mind expansion, ink on paper no longer stands alone. Kodak works to raise the viability of such alternatives as audiovisuals and microfiche. At the same time we try to make the old art of printing ever more responsive to the needs of both the human mind and computers. Our part consists of continually updating that old art with photography-based products that make modern printing happen.

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We assume that continual advance in technology is inherently good. For a long time that has been a safe assumption. To try to argue down dissenters from that assumption would not be very smart. They are neither right nor wrong. They have their preferences. If much of humanity comes to share their preferences, they

must win out. Technologists and corporate officers to the contrary notwithstanding.

* * *

If there will be less need for stamping prices, punching cash registers, taking inventory, making out stock orders, there may be more need for higher skills by the companies that offer the clever devices that read the magic symbol and give polite notice when they discover (in the course of a thousandth of a second) that it has been scuffed beyond sense or that someone with a very fine pen has been having fun.

* * *

Freedom of choice is a goal worth fighting for. If you are willing to pay for having the prices clearly stamped and for a chance to deal with fellow-humans at various levels of skill and cleverness, you ought to have that choice when you pick a place to shop. The ancient pastime of haggling in the marketplace may be in decline but is still legal.



REPORTS & COMMENT

INDONESIA

For going on a decade, Indonesia has been making do without His Most Exalted Excellency, the late President Hadji Raden Sukarno, Mouthpiece of the Indonesian People, Caretaker of the Message of the People's Suffering, Supreme Commander of the Mental Revolution, and Supreme Leader of the National Association of Football Clubs, among other things. Life is certainly duller around here without him, and so few itinerant reporters still pass this way that one of the biggest and most strategically interesting countries on the map—the first and perhaps the last domino to fall Westward in Southeast Asia—has all but dropped out of sight. Whatever has become of Indonesia since the departure of Bung Karno?

As far as the capital goes, you'd never know the place. Ten years ago Jakarta was an unrelieved slum of makeshift *kampungs* (bamboo shanties), rancid canals, muddy, potholed streets, and the grotesque skeletons of rusting steel girders which were to have become skyscraper monuments to the nation's god-king. Now a traveler might spend days or weeks here without setting eyes on anything but an elevated four-lane expressway dissecting the downtown area, clogged by round-the-clock traffic jams and lined with brassy massage parlors, honky-tonk restaurants, purple-neon gambling casinos, high-rise office buildings, and higher-rise hotels that would make the best of the Hiltons look frumpy.

A Westerner might be especially hard put to notice that he had penetrated deep into the Orient, almost everything Indonesian except fake-leather puppets and batik shirts having been whisked out of sight. The characteristic bicycle taxis, called *betjaks*, are banished now from the tourist zone until late at night. Anything a tourist may care to buy is abundantly stocked in hotel boutiques or multistoried shopping arcades. And except for the standard rijsttafel, known to suburban housewives from Chevy Chase to Bel Air, traditional food has vanished.

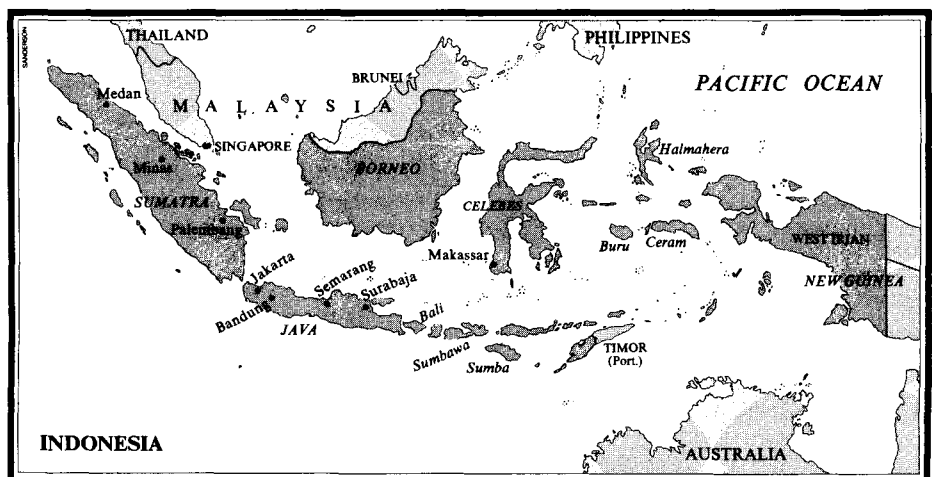
The hotels are half empty. Not even the charms of a package tour taking in Bali's virginal beaches and exotic dancers are enough, it seems, to fulfill the opium dreams of local real estate speculators. Nevertheless there are plenty of foreign visitors milling about, big spenders with bulging briefcases and winning smiles, the buy-now-pay-later

wheeler-dealer salesmen who unfailingly flock to Third World countries when business is looking very, very good there.

Opium dreams

Jakarta, which once reeled under the burden of Sukarno's imperial visions and empty treasury (he left behind nearly \$3 billion worth of unpayable foreign debts and a 629 percent inflation rate), is no longer the derelict capital of a bankrupt state. Indonesia has had ten years of the best economic therapy money can buy; and it has become the world's eighth largest exporter of petroleum.

Selling about 1.5 million barrels of crude a day at today's prices can be heady stuff, and the opium dreamers in some financial circles here are growing ever dreamier. But, as the editor of a Jakarta daily points out, "Indonesia has a lot more mouths to feed than Abu



INDONESIA

Dhabi.” Evenly divided among its 130 million citizens, the annual profits from all that oil would come to barely twenty dollars a head; and one has only to get off Jakarta’s four-lane expressway (no easy matter) to perceive that the profits, alas, are not being evenly divided.

There are Indonesians in the capital whose life-style runs to a Rolls-Royce or two and week-long weddings with a couple of thousand guests watching the ceremonies on closed-circuit television as they sip champagne under air-conditioned tents. At a less rarefied level, a relatively privileged few earn enough to be “monetized” (able to buy something, that is). Otherwise Jakarta is the same old slum. About half its five million inhabitants live in shanties of bamboo, burlap, and flattened tin cans without light or fuel, drinking, bathing, and excreting in canals awash with garbage and rotting animal carcasses. Another one or two million are squatters forever on the move, regularly carted off in municipal trucks to be dumped outside the city limits, only to wander back and be bundled off again. The epic changes of the post-Sukarno era have touched them little if at all. “Most of our leaders are clever, says the conscience of the people,” observed the daily paper *Indonesia Raya* before the government closed it down (and later arrested its editor, Mochtar Lubis). “But why does our life become harder and harder? Why have most of us been repelled from the marketplace, why has our life as pedicab drivers been restricted, why do most of us have no jobs, why are our children unable to go to school, why must we continually live in poverty, why . . . why?”

Nothing much has changed in the countryside either. Nine out of ten Indonesians are still earning less than fifty dollars a year, some less than a hundredth of a cent a day, and half consume no more than 1500 calories a day, officially considered below subsistence level by the United Nations. If anything they are poorer than they were in Sukarno’s time, because they are proliferating at such frightening speed

that there are about 40 million more of them now. The fact that an international consortium of thirteen nations—the United States, Japan, Australia, Belgium, Britain, Canada, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Italy, New Zealand, and Switzerland—has put up close to \$4 billion in aid since 1966, and that Indonesia’s government itself is at present collecting a windfall \$3 billion or so a year in oil revenues, hasn’t added a calorie to their diet or checked the implacably rising number of landless, homeless, and jobless among them.

This may sound like a familiar story in these parts, but it isn’t quite. Indonesia is a *success* story: a carefully controlled laboratory experiment that has turned out almost exactly as planned, the damning proof of how wrong practically everybody has been about the whole concept of development aid since the early fifties, when the world’s rich nations first set out to teach poor nations how to get richer.

There probably isn’t a poor country on earth that has had so much expert advice along those lines and taken it. God knows the Indonesians needed it. Rescued by their army in the nick of time, with their economy on the rocks and the Communists on their necks, Sukarno’s subjects were in terrible trouble when the West rushed in to help them. General Suharto, who led the army coup in 1966 and has led the nation since, was all for that expert advice. No economist himself, he has willingly left the excruciating problems of reconstruction and recovery to a remarkable team of American-trained Indonesian economists: the Berkeley Mafia, people here call them. Headed by the brilliant Professor Witjojo Nitisastro of BAPPENAS, the national planning commission, they are a small band of youngish intellectuals who fled Sukarno’s rule and got Ford Foundation grants to study at Harvard and MIT as well as Berkeley. To learn anything they might not know about the latest models in development planning, they have surrounded themselves from the start with dozens of international experts borrowed from the World Bank, the Bank’s own separate sizable resident staff, another large resident staff of the International Monetary Fund,

and, with the compliments of USAID, a high-powered Harvard advisory group which even sits in on Cabinet meetings.

They have done a sensational job. Sukarno’s colossal debts have been rescheduled for repayment by the end of the century; the nightmare of galloping inflation is over; the annual growth rate has been nipping along at 7 or 8 percent; the budget surplus is nearing \$2 billion; foreign-currency reserves have shot past \$2.5 billion; and private investments have reached nearly \$3 billion. The achievement is all the more impressive for having gotten well under way long before the windfall came—when world oil prices quadrupled—and for having so quickly weathered the worldwide inflationary tempest that followed. Though inflation shot up 46 percent last year, reawakening hideous memories, it has already been forced down to a tranquilizing 12 percent. What with that wonderfully reassuring performance, a cheap labor market, and the friendliest of governments and pleasantest of political climates, foreign investors are so happy here that only one has disinvested so far: Max Factor, because it could not compete with the local smugglers’ price for its own products. Such is the euphoria among businessmen that in the last year alone, eight new multinational investment groups backed by thirty-four foreign banks have decided to treble their investments here by 1980. “This place is going to be another Hong Kong before you know it,” remarked a European investment buff, never doubting how nice that would be for everyone.

Sharing poverty

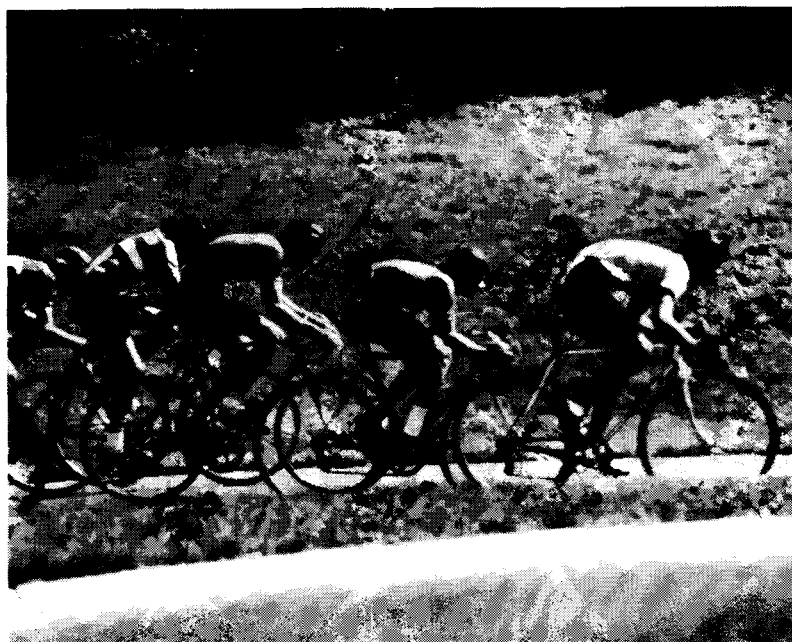
Of course there are flaws, not least the spread of truly awesome corruption. Former Vice Premier Hatta once remarked that “corruption has become an Indonesian art” (leading the daily *Indonesian Observer* to suggest that the Directorate-General of Culture might set up a Corruption Division in the Ministry of Education). Indonesia is, indeed, the only country I’ve come across where you actually get a receipt for “speed money,” the inevitable bribe which must change hands to get a child enrolled in

school, a telephone installed, a driving license, a turn on the golf course, a supposedly free condom from the family planning clinics, a shipment through customs—even the cash from the teller of a government office to pay its own staff. That is hardly surprising, considering how much a government employee makes. One college graduate in a high-ranking ministerial post, for instance, has a net monthly income of \$26.95; and a recent survey shows that not a single civil servant here earns enough officially to support his family. President Suharto, who promised last year to fight corruption personally, has tried to get at it by doubling all civil service salaries and raising those in the crucial Finance Ministry by 900 percent. In no way daunted, the Ministry's tax collectors continue to collect their speed money anyway. (Hauled before a government investigating committee recently and obliged to produce his two sets of books, a big Jakarta industrialist pointed out: "As you see, I do pay my taxes—only not to you.")

On the whole, though, such corruption is taken for granted in business circles as a built-in operating cost averaging about 15 percent, "a kind of tax-deductible cost-of-living bonus," an American manufacturer explains. Nobody blames it on the Berkeley Mafia, perhaps the only group of government servants whose hands are known to be clean. What many Indonesians do hold against these undeniably honest and efficient planners is something much more important: that in the process of putting a shattered economy back together again, they left the poor out of it.

The oversight is standard all over the developing world, and probably nowhere harder to correct than here. Indonesia's poor are scattered over an archipelago covering 3.5 million square miles of ocean between the Southeast Asian mainland and Australia. About 3000 of the country's 13,000 islands are inhabited, half of them depending for communications on sailing vessels that cannot turn about in the wind. The inhabitants include 300 ethnic groups speaking 250 distinct languages, ranging in cultural background from the richly complex mysticism of the Javanese to jungle

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INDONESIA

headhunters, cannibals, and Stone Age tribesmen dressed in penis shields, still struggling to cope with the wheel. Some islands have just two or three people to the square mile. Java, most heavily populated of the five biggest islands (the other four are Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and West Irian), has 1500 to the square mile, topping Bangladesh. With less than one seventh of the national territory, in fact, Java has nearly two thirds of the national population: 80 million people, growing by another two million every year.

The Javanese, who have a variety of subtly shaded words to describe their economic condition (and everything else—they have seven words for “yes,” meaning anything from yes to no), speak of themselves as *tjukupans* (“just-enoughs”) and *kukurangans* (“not-quite-enoughs”). They will rarely if ever admit to being unemployed. (“No Javanese would tell you he has no work, because that would imply there is something wrong with him,” an Indonesian journalist assured me. “He wouldn’t even tell you that he wouldn’t tell you. I’m telling you because I’m a Sumatran.”) The closest you can get to an idea of their true economic state is that about one Javanese in twenty may be a “have-little,” with six acres or so of land; nearly two thirds are “have-lessees,” with anything up to an acre; and the rest are “have-nots,” with nothing at all.

Java is moving unarrestably toward tragedy because its “shared poverty” system, perhaps the most wasteful of human labor ever devised by man, is breaking down. Sharing poverty has meant that a “have-less” family, with perhaps an acre of rice paddy and ten or twelve pairs of willing hands in its own household, has hired extra labor to help with the harvest: not long ago, 947 people were seen working on a single hectare (about two and a half acres) in a central Java village. Traditional rice harvesting has been done by throwing open the paddy fields to the village “have-nots,” each one bearing a tiny sickle, called an *ani-ani*, small enough to hide in the palm of his hand. The

ani-ani is supposed to be that small so as not to frighten the Rice Goddess, Dewi Sri, before it chops the heads off her sacred rice plants. Since it is used to cut the rice a single stalk at a time, it happens also to be the most labor-intensive tool in human use. By wielding the *ani-ani* from morning till night, a “have-not” may earn a handful of rice. Until recently, too, about half of Java’s rice crop was hulled by hand pounding, enabling women “have-nots” to earn another few handfuls. The breakdown is coming with a crash because poverty-sharing, even to this poignant degree, can no longer maintain Java’s relentlessly rising numbers of “have-nots,” some born, others made by the Green Revolution.

“Progress” in agriculture or anything else is none too simple in Java either, because, as the noted sociologist Selo Soemardjan points out, “Being different from others makes a man ‘malu,’ which means he feels ashamed.” Nevertheless, the fear of feeling “*malu*” has been giving way to the Green Revolution’s temptations. Nearly half of Java’s lush paddy land is planted now with miracle strains which, “different” though they may be, have doubled rice yields. The new seeds need a lot of fertilizer, which, being petroleum-based, has quadrupled in price on the world market, and is in very tight supply. Indonesia, luckier than most Third World countries because it has petrodollars, has been spending nearly half a billion of them a year in subsidies to keep the local price of fertilizer down. (Lucky though it may be in having oil to export, it still has to import three quarters of the fertilizer it needs.) Even so, the fertilizer is hard to come by, materially and financially. Javanese farmers sometimes walk twenty miles to get it, and smaller farmers, who can pay for it only by getting entangled in the coils of village moneylenders (who charge 25 percent a month interest), are ending up among the landless at a terrifying rate. More than half the smaller holdings in some parts of Java have already been swallowed up by larger farmers and newly rich absentee landlords; and experts predict that 80 percent of the Javan population will be landless within just the next generation.

Meanwhile, Javans are quickly losing their last miserable chance of work. The larger farmer can make much higher profits by selling his crop on the stalk to traders, whose hired work gangs harvest the rice with normal-sized sickles. (Miracle strains being foreign, the Rice Goddess doesn’t seem to mind.) The farmer can also cut his hulling costs in half by using a cheap Japanese machine instead of a live village “have-not.” Between the one and the other, “progress” has robbed Java’s “not-quite-enoughs” of 125 million man-hours of work a year; and the Japanese hulling machine alone has eliminated 1.2 million rural jobs for that many destitute families, at an annual loss to them of \$50 million.

The figures are worth noting, more in sorrow than anger, because the Indonesian government spent almost exactly the same amount last year (\$43.6 million) for nationwide rural unemployment relief; and in its new Five Year Plan, Repelita II, it estimates that exactly the same number of new rural jobs (1.2 million) “ought” to be created by 1980. “By that time,” observes one of the few editors here whose daily paper is still getting published, “Java’s population will have grown by another ten million; two or three or four million of them will have descended on Jakarta to join the other millions of homeless squatters living there already, if you call it living; and the Javanese will be that much closer to an orgy of religious hysteria as they prepare for the long-awaited advent of the legendary Ratu Adil, the Just King.”

“Cleansing”

The anguishing problem of Java suggests something of the monstrous deformities in development planning here, and popular anger has already started to spill over. A year ago January, the Suharto government got its first taste of incipient revolt when 600,000 people ran amok in Jakarta. The students started it, ostensibly to protest an excessive rise in Japanese financial influence (the occasion being a state visit by the Prime Minister of Japan). But the uncontrollable mobs rampaging through the streets, burning and smashing everything in sight and

screaming maledictions, were mostly Jakarta's disinherited poor.

The riots abruptly ended a long-standing friendly relationship between the army and the country's intellectual elite, going back to the overthrow of Sukarno and the destruction of the vast Communist net woven around him. President Suharto could hardly forget the students' solidarity when he and his fellow generals stopped an abortive Communist coup in 1965, and went on to wipe out a Communist movement with three million card-holding members and some 15 million followers—a massacre of 300,000 people and imprisonment of several hundred thousand others having been part of the wiping out. Within the constraints of civilianized army rule since then, President Suharto had been anxious to keep up two-way communication with an educated urban minority and a reasonably independent press. And it did work two ways, until the riots of January, 1974.

People often say now that Suharto overreacted to the riots, and he may have. Though far from being a caricature of a harsh military dictator, he is still the tough general who clobbered the Communists here a decade ago; and he is a Javanese. "Under Java's paternalistic value system, a leader is respected and obeyed like a father," I was told by Lim Bian Kie of Suharto's think tank, the Institute of Strategic Studies. "If you *must* criticize a father, it *must not* be in public. To criticize Suharto openly is to diminish his authority. For a Javanese, that is bound to have immediate repercussions: How could they criticize him unless they have some dark powers behind them? So they must have some dark powers behind them; and so it starts."

So it did start. Stung and frightened by the January outbreak—especially as it came barely a few months after rioting students in nearby Thailand had toppled the military regime there—Suharto promptly clapped 800 students, editors, and prominent intellectuals into jail, and closed down a dozen newspapers. He also got rid of his "thinking generals," to quote one diplomat here, starting with his own second-in-command, the popular and clever General Sumitro, who

headed the powerful state security apparatus, Kopkamtib (Operational Command for the Preservation of Security and Order), responsible for the nation's continuous anticommunist "cleansing." General Sumitro was a pretty good two-way communicator as well: apparently he was too good at it, in President Suharto's view, or had at any rate handled the January riots with too much restraint.

Several other thinking types have been eased out of public life, or dropped with a thud. (Outstanding among them is the engaging and cultivated former ambassador to Washington, "Koko" Soedjatmoko, who, having had his passport taken away, might be said to be under country arrest.) At the same time, though, President Suharto himself has tried in several ways to appease restless urban intellectuals. For one thing, he has demanded accelerated "Indonesianization" of foreign enterprises, leading to eventual majority control by indigenous personnel; and he has demanded an end to extravagantly conspicuous consumption, with the result that several millionaires turned their Rolls-

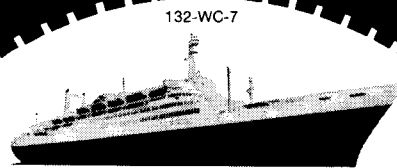
Royces over to the government.

Still, Suharto has yet to make Indonesia's conspicuous consumers pay any taxes to speak of; and nobody I've met here seems to think that anything else Suharto has done has helped much to restore his old relationship with the students and intellectuals. Of course, nobody can be sure. "The students don't hate Suharto: that much I can tell you with certainty," said one editor, who would plainly be joining his colleagues in prison soon if I named him. "But public opinion polls are outlawed in this country; the students themselves aren't talking; and even if they were, I wouldn't dare print what they said."

Growing pains

Last year's riots have left their mark in economists' circles. The first tentative note of critical self-examination has crept into the deliberations of the Berkeley Mafia and its close associates in the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, and I.G.G.I (Inter-Governmental Group on Indonesia) who coordi-

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INDONESIA

nate foreign aid; and a more acid note has crept into the ever critical tone of others in the Suharto regime who never cared much for the Berkeley crowd in the first place. The latter are mostly clustered around the Institute of Strategic Studies, whose dominant force, General Aly Moertopo, is not himself, as a rule, considered one of the "thinking generals." A cloak-and-dagger man from way back, General Moertopo has combined long years of service in the secret police with efforts to devise suitable neo-Sukarnoist rituals and incantations for a popular political movement called Golkar, which is safely under the army's wing. The think tank also has some extremely thoughtful Indonesians anxious to reknit the army's alliance with students and other civilian intellectuals through more farsighted economic and social policies. One such policy-maker, Lim Bian Kie, points out the folly of concentrating too much on big industry in a dirt poor country with an 80 percent rural population. "We must avoid the tragic mistake India made, of giving too much priority to heavy industry and not enough to agriculture," he told me.

In principle, at least on this point, the BAPPENAS planners agree with him. There is a growing awareness in these circles that salvation may not necessarily lie in computer-measured growth rates, or industrial giantism, or the idea of a nice big automated Indonesian Hong Kong. No amount of development along such lines could provide enough jobs for a largely illiterate and very nearly indigent population of 130 million, doomed to double in size by the turn of the century, 40 percent of whom are unemployed or underemployed already. (The figure is 60 percent for educated youths with high school and college diplomas, while many an "employed" university graduate works as a hotel bellhop.)

Yet, looking over the government's plans for the next five years, you'd never know Indonesia had such worries. Among other projects are new industries such as a \$1 billion copper mining complex that will employ about 600 workers; a \$1

billion steel mill which may employ a few thousand; an all-automated McKesson-Roberts project for the world's biggest sweetened condensed milk plant; and an Alcoa aluminum project expected to cost \$1.25 billion and provide 2000 jobs. The world's most modern domestic communications satellite, expected to cost \$.5 billion, not including a ground-switching system which doesn't exist yet, will also be up in space above Indonesia by next year, just in time for the 1977 presidential elections.

Wizard

Not all of this is the work of the Berkeley Mafia, whose once unchallenged authority in economic matters has been declining in direct ratio to the rise in oil revenues here. In the days when Indonesia was helplessly reliant on foreign aid, the government deferred without hesitation to the BAPPENAS planners who held the keys to the foreign aid dispensary. But that dispensary is no longer such a big deal: though the I.G.G.I. is still going to put up nearly \$1 billion for aid this year in spite of Indonesia's rising oil revenues, much of it will be in "hard" loans with irksome conditions. Furthermore, since the veins of xenophobic nationalism run very deep here, BAPPENAS has made enemies, especially with the emergence of a rival money-power center, Pertamina, the state oil trust created by General Ibnu Sutowo.

General Ibnu, who long ago exchanged an early and promising career in medicine for an incomparably more spectacular career in financial wizardry, is the richest man in Indonesia. Living in quiet opulence at home, he moves in princely style in the uppermost reaches of global banking circles. Thanks to his genius, Pertamina became a state within a state even before world oil prices shot sky-high. Having invented a brilliantly successful formula for "production-sharing" with foreign companies, he has retained management control of the nation's oil for Pertamina and branched out besides into several refineries, a vast distribution network, an eight-tanker fleet, two of his own airlines (with more aircraft than the national Garuda line), land development, housing, motels, oil

exploration, and an enormous industrial-tourist development project on the island of Batam. By last year, his credit standing abroad was such that he could borrow \$2 billion from foreign banks without being asked for a government guarantee.

Furthermore, such was his standing at home that his government wasn't receiving much in the way of an accounting for all that money either. Until just a few months ago, in fact, Pertamina's bookkeeping was an impenetrable mystery to the government in general and in particular to the Ministry of Mines, which happens to be formally in charge of Pertamina. Only when word came through from international banking circles that General Ibnu had gotten a little overextended did the government step in to take over his short-term debts, put a stop to his further borrowing for the moment, and set up a control commission to keep an eye on his future financial behavior. The new controls notwithstanding, Pertamina's capital turnover is still nearly half the size of Indonesia's entire state budget.

Not everybody loves General Ibnu. Urbanelly charming though he is, there is a cutting edge to his ambition as disquieting to some as it is dazzling to others. But as a man of infinite resource, dynamism, and enterprise, he has been coming in pretty handy lately. When the Berkeley Mafia, World Bank, and I.G.G.I. used to say "no," it was "no." (Unfortunately that is what they said to General Ibnu when he wanted to build a \$40 million fertilizer plant three years ago, and now they have had to let him build one for \$180 million instead.) Today, with Pertamina enjoying its power and oil revenues moving up from \$3 billion a year to what may well become twice that, the Suharto regime no longer has to do as it's told. "Of course we still want your people around," remarks Lim Bian Kie, meaning the United States. "We need your expertise, and the Javanese in particular need the security feeling of having friends everywhere. Now, though, we have more options open."

So they do. Already, as a World Bank official told me, the Suharto government is quietly whittling down its oversized colony of foreign

experts—whether for better or worse is an open question. It can hardly be argued that the rich world's finest economic minds have dealt effectively with this particularly poor country's most explosive question: how to provide enough food and work for an enormous population whose "have-littles" and "have-lesses" are becoming "have-nots" before our eyes. How much more, or less, effectively the Indonesians might deal with the question on their own remains to be seen. What with so many demands on the national purse, so many fingers in the public till, and so many delicious brochures in the bulging briefcases of those smiling salesmen, it isn't the sort of proposition one would like to bet one's shirt on.

Bumpy ride

Whatever his options, President Suharto seems most unlikely to try to get along entirely without his Western (and Japanese) friends. As a Javanese with an especially mystical bent (he keeps three spiritual advisers at his side and will not make a move unless they say that the omens are favorable), he needs the secure feeling of having friends everywhere. Furthermore, as a life-long and implacable anticommunist, he has an exceptional need—growing at a gallop these days—for friends. Lying just south of Communist China and newly Communist Vietnam, Indonesia itself came close to being overrun by the Communists barely ten years ago.

Since then, Suharto has been watching those dominoes in his part of the world with a careful and apprehensive eye. Among the shrinking number of Indonesia's anticommunist, or at least noncommunist, neighbors, it has formal ties only with a loosely knit grouping called ASEAN (Association of Southeast Asian Nations), including Malaysia, Singapore, Thailand, and the Philippines. Its relations with Japan, Australia, and New Zealand are close but altogether informal. While Indonesia has won considerable respect in the area and far beyond that, it has instinctively looked toward the United States for its ultimate protection. How much President Suharto can still count on the United States, after the Indochina

debacle, is another of those iffy questions. Nevertheless, for a man in his position, none too many options are still open.

Meanwhile he will need more than ardent mystical faith and Washington's undying affection to hang on as Indonesia's lifetime president, which he reportedly would like to be. Personally, he is still walking tall, the regime's shortcomings and intramural warfare having been kept to the layer of generals below him (thinking and otherwise). But hanging on to power could provide a bumpy ride.

Suharto's future is largely dependent upon oil. Indonesia's oil, of excellent low-sulphur quality, already accounts for three quarters of the country's foreign earnings and nearly two thirds of its tax revenues. Given the exceptionally high "success ratio" in exploration and the feverish exploring under way now—about \$.75 billion is going to be spent on exploration offshore and onshore this year—the earnings should keep going up for quite a while. The educated guess in Jakarta is that production should rise

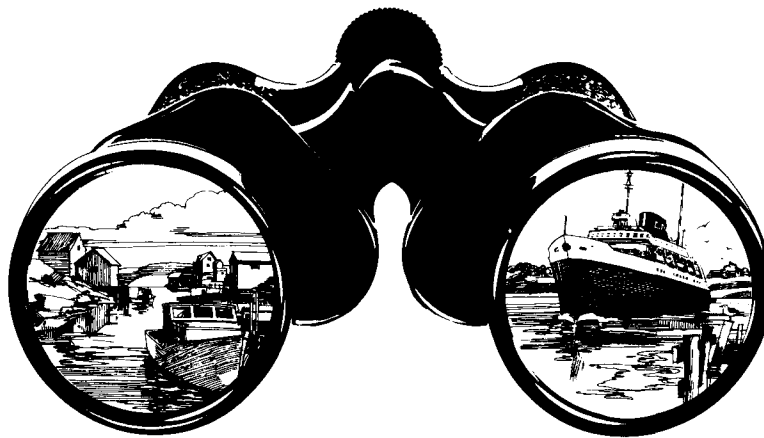
from about 1.5 million barrels a day to 2.25 million by 1984. Educated or not, though, that is still a guess. What is a dead certainty is that Indonesia's greatest oilfield—the Caltex field at Minas, in the Sumatran jungle, one of only twenty-two in the world to produce over a billion barrels—is beginning to give out, and all the newer, smaller fields found so far in Sumatra, Celebes, and West Irian have a shorter reservoir-life. As far as known reserves go, Indonesia's are expected to last for only another two decades or so. That isn't much time for this country to solve its monumental problems; for the two hundred millionth Indonesian is going to be born in our lifetime. Will the Indonesians' patience run out before the oil runs out? In a nation where people have seven ways of saying "yes," how can you tell?

—CLAIRE STERLING

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTOR

Claire Sterling's most recent *Atlantic Reports* were on the Italian Communist party (May, 1975) and Bangladesh (September, 1974).

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Innocent Bystander



The First Time I Saw Paris

by L. E. Sissman

On a transatlantic flight, dawn begins a couple of hours after the movie ends. (On an eastbound flight, that is.) The clouds below—there are always clouds below when I fly to Europe—turn blue, then pewter, then rose. As we “begin our descent,” in the words of the stewardess on the PA system, there is a moment of suspense before we break through those dense and tight-knit clouds shielding the earth below. Will this new—to me—country look precisely as I had expected, or will it be totally strange and ungraspable?

France—on the occasion of my first visit this spring—seemed, at least in the beginning, to fall into the second category. Under the cloud cover, the land looked flat and green; I could have been anywhere. The airport buildings, on the other hand (the new Charles de Gaulle Airport at Roissy-en-France, north of Paris), were instantly recognizable in their bluff whiteness (outside) and their echoing, escalatored, kilometer-long corridors (inside): this great aerodrome could as easily have sat outside any large American city. And the suburbs of Paris, seen from the airport bus, might have been American, too, with their hundreds of newly built high-rise apartments. For twenty minutes, it was possible to believe that the old Paris had been built over, wall to wall, with a new one. Then the sheer, pale gray brick walls fell providentially away, and there, tight-packed and low-lying, was the city I had come to see. Or so I thought.

The introduction was long overdue. Like most Americans, I had

spent much of my life reading about Paris in all its glories and vicissitudes. I had developed a detailed mental image of the city in all its ages, from the era of Villon to that of Atget and Lartigue. The court of Louis XIV seemed only marginally remote; the Revolution and the Terror seemed even closer at hand, as did the epoch of Napoleon; I half expected to encounter a clutch of Impressionists still painting in the Tuileries; and I *knew* that I could reach out and touch the American expatriates of the twenties at Shakespeare & Co. or the Deux Magots.

With an ungracious bump, the bus deposited us at our hotel: the Grand. The street—the rue Scribe—smelled, I noted for the first time, of that same rank diesel fume that now characterizes all of metropolitan London. Inside, in the hotel lobby, I still seemed to smell that vile exhaust. Up in our room, another minor shock: the Grand, oldest and most characterful of the big Paris hotels, had modernized with a vengeance. The room was clean, pleasant, sterile, and interchangeable with the rooms in any Sheraton, except for the bidet in the bathroom. The amenities included a (black-and-white) television set and a stunted white refrigerator labeled “Frigotel.” After reading several hundred words of closely printed instructions, I was able to determine that this artifact contained cold drinks, which could be liberated by turning a key and pressing a button; the act of button-pressing sent a signal flashing to a computer terminal at the front desk, which automatically entered on your account the proper charge for the cold drink.

Paris had quietly become modernized, too. The next morning, waiting for a sightseeing bus which was to take us on an orientation tour of the city, I was startled by the lavish use of neon and plastic signs—often in colors, such as lavender and puce, that no American downtown would tolerate—on the streets around the Place de l’Opéra. En route to Montmartre aboard the bus, I could see that this plastic blight had overtaken most of the center of the city; French business acumen had apparently won a battle over French aesthetics in the booming years of the sixties.

Montmartre was not entirely an improvement. After admiring what we could see of the view out over the city through scuds of cloud and rain, we visited Sacré Coeur and the Place du Tertre. That old haunt of artists was still a haunt of artists, but of a different order of magnitude: in the little square, a swarm of vacuous-looking hippies had set up their terrible daubs of big-eyed children, flowers of no discernible species, and garish landscapes dominated by the milk-white saltshaker of Sacré Coeur. We winced and, threading our way through the black hucksters (Senegalese?) selling mass-produced African objects on the sidewalks, regained our nice, dry bus.

Each landmark we saw differed, somehow, from our preconceptions: Notre Dame, for example, seemed small and dead compared to the great English and Spanish cathedrals we had seen; even the Seine was narrower and dirtier than we’d anticipated; and at the end of a day’s walking and touring, the city struck us as colder and more remote than we’d expected, partly, I think, because the spring was late and the 85,000 Paris trees (exclusive of those in parks) were only just beginning to leaf out. Finally, we were grievously disappointed by our first few experiences in (admittedly modest) restaurants: the prices were indigestible, but so was the food. (We had known, of course, that Paris was expensive, but it was still a shock to pay the equivalent of \$20 a person for a mediocre meal and to see men’s ready-made suits displayed in smart shops with price tags of \$600. While Parisians surely have less dear alternatives, they must be hard put to subsist on moderate incomes.)

It was two or three days before Paris started to get its own back. A little at a time we began to warm to the place, the people, and the culture they had built. What might have been just another tourist trap—dinner aboard a *bateau mouche* cruising down the Seine—turned out to be a delight, largely because of the friendliness of the crew and the cheerful skill of the boat’s two musicians, a classical harpist (of all

L. E. Sissman is a contributing editor of *The Atlantic*.

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BYSTANDER

things) and a bistro accordion-player. A visit to Fauchon, the elegant French answer to Fortnum & Mason, had us smiling all the way to our hotel with its visions of inexhaustible plenty, including bins of tiny *fraises*, gathered God knows where in April, and a bakeshop sugar-scented and replete with astonishingly elaborate *gâteaux*. A glimpse of the Madeleine, thronged with mourners for Josephine Baker (including Princess Grace), seemed to take Paris—and us—directly back to its heyday in the twenties. And a well-cooked, beautifully served meal at an unassuming restaurant called La Quetsch restored our opinion of the French cuisine, as did a much more lavish blowout at the Tour d'Argent, *caneton pressé* and all.

As we began to comprehend the city, we found we could also begin to appreciate its monuments, both formal and otherwise. For all its intimidating size, the Louvre proved good value, and not only for its ingratiatingly huge paintings by David and Delacroix: I'll never forget the shock and thrill of coming on Rembrandt's very late self-portrait, in which the artist stares starkly out of a ruined and runneled face as if he had stopped and turned to confront death walking just behind him. In the Jeu de Paume, despite the glaring and distracting light in the ground-floor gallery, I found myself almost able to identify with the Impressionists and their time; so coherent is the collection, so compelling its message, that one feels abducted into the nineteenth century.

Because we wanted to see the city in the context of its surrounding countryside, we took a couple of day tours to Fontainebleau and to Versailles and Chartres. Fontainebleau was a frothy delight of French excess in interior decoration; its neighboring village, Barbizon, the base of operations for Corot, Millet, and their followers, was a sleepily fetching backwater. Versailles, on the other hand, was the kind of disaster that only a tourist can stumble into. The morning was windy, cold, and drizzling; the partly unfurnished halls of the palace were unbelievably packed with teeming thousands of tourists,

drowning out our guide's reedy voice and threatening to stampede over our prostrate bodies; with a shuddering glance at a filthy crystal chandelier, uncleaned for perhaps a generation, we made our escape, froze in the gardens, and gravitated to a roadside café where we still had two hours and a half to wait for our bus. At least it was warm, and we easily beguiled the time with plenty of food and drink. The other half of the same day, when the bus finally arrived, was as enjoyable as Versailles was not. We made our way over back roads to the wide, red, arable fields of the Beauce, where we first saw the green, commanding silhouette of the cathedral of Chartres from many miles away. Up close, it was even more spectacular: the breathtaking asymmetry of its two spires, one Romanesque, one Gothic, was more than matched inside by the tingling beauty of its stained-glass windows looming out of the dark. Chartres made our day, a day that, by then, needed quite a lot of making.

Back in Paris. More exploring. A sudden sense of being at home in the Latin Quarter, despite the squads of carbine-carrying police dispersed on strategic corners around the University, as if a replay of May, 1968, were expected (none came): a sense of belonging we could never feel on the Right Bank. A dose of overdone, almost laughable French *gloire* under the Dôme des Invalides, where, in the sunken rotunda, Napoleon sleeps encased in multiple coffins, the outermost an ugly ark of red porphyry. And then a welcome antidote to such pomposity and pomp: in the Musée de l'Armée, a faded, wistful, human, and inglorious collection of the relics of World War I. No overstatement, no overemphasis on the role of France alone; instead, all the Allies are honored in a quiet, comprehensive exhibit of arms and uniforms, some of the latter, like an Italian *bersagliere* outfit with a black-plumed hat, touchingly jaunty, touchingly faded by the suns of sixty years.

Finally, a long walk back on the last afternoon of our stay. Across the Seine and its chunky barges to the Place de la Concorde, a whirling of traffic. Up into the constipated Place Vendôme, dun fronts

facing dun fronts, smart jewelers' shops baited to catch rich trade, the Ritz gliding evenly on behind its awnings. And, savingly, into the rue St.-Honoré, a narrow, slightly winding suburban street set down happily into the stiffest, richest precinct of the city; a street lined with grocers and patissiers, small bourgeois purveying the stuff of life to the residents of the big mansard-roofed apartment blocks nearby, proving the monolithic city is alive.

Next morning, as our old 707 lifted off the runway at Charles de Gaulle, the sky was blessedly clear. Laying aside my London Sunday *Times* and *France Dimanche*, I rubbernecked the whole way to the coast, watching the fields change from the open plains of the Beauce to the bocage of Normandy, watching the Seine meander down to its estuary at Le Havre, watching the last of France slip behind, to be replaced for a moment by the Channel Islands and then open sea.

The first time I saw Paris, it was a mixed experience. The plastic and the prices put me off; it was only slowly that the city won me over. And on my return, again I felt no compulsion to go back soon—or possibly ever. But then something changed, perhaps the initial twinge of an addiction, and I began to think otherwise. Which is why, before I go to bed tonight, I'll read a few more pages of Nairn's *Paris* and some of the *Guide Michelin*.

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THE MAIL

FETAL POLITICS

SIR: Gaylin and Lappé ("Fetal Politics," May *Atlantic*) suggest that the justification for permitting unborn children to be subjected to experiments prior to the "unimaginable violence" of abortion is that they are "not wanted."

But this is not true. These babies are wanted, by multitudes of adoptive parents, as we have most recently seen in the desperate rush to claim Vietnamese orphans, even those with handicaps.

What the Supreme Court has done is to permit a member of one class of human beings to be killed by the decision of *one other person*—in this case, his natural mother—even though a great many other people may want the child to live. The Gaylin and Lappé article raises the question whether we want to extend this ruling and apply the test of "wantedness" to other classes of human beings who, like the unborn, may not have "full functional capacity" of "all organ systems." By this criterion, of course, quite a few of us—the diabetic, the sexually impotent, and many others—would not qualify for full personhood and would therefore be at risk. Presumably, also, according to the Gaylin-Lappé ethic, any such person declared "unwanted" by one other individual could be "ennobled" by being used for experiments benefiting the "wanted" population prior to having his life terminated. Fantastic as these results may seem, they follow logically from the Gaylin-Lappé criteria for socially justifiable experimentation and termination of human lives.

The argument that reductions in

infant mortality depend upon fetal research is not supported by statistical evidence. U.S. infant mortality rates among families able to afford good medical care are extremely low. The average is raised by very high rates among families too poor to get good care. A better health care delivery system could reduce infant mortality to trivial levels without fetal research. Fetal research restrictions reduce researchers' income more significantly than they increase infant mortality, which of course explains the fuss.

The authors' great stress on the desirability of preventing the births of crippled children, even at the cost of killing the unborn who have low probabilities of abnormalities, was profoundly disturbing to me. They seem to be saying that our supreme value should be physical perfection, at any cost. I reject this ethic as unworthy of a society claiming to be civilized.

JACQUELINE R. KASUN, PH.D.
Bayside, Calif.

Gaylin and Lappé reply:

Crusaders on the road to Jerusalem are rarely accurate observers of the passing scene. And if Dr. Kasun insists on seeing us as the Saracens, I suspect we are no different from any others who cross the line of her personal vision. It is important, however, to restate that our article was *not* about the abortion decision. Each of the authors, in fact, has a different view on that ruling. We were asking what is to be done in a real world where thousands of fetuses will be destroyed as a result of abortion while untold thousands of other fetuses, which are intended to go to term, will suffer risk of death

and injury as the result of some potentially controllable factors. It is our responsibility to this latter class that moved us to advocate that *some* research on the about-to-be-aborted fetuses is morally necessary.

Better health care delivery is not the only answer. It will not reduce, for example, the epidemic of cytomegalovirus infection now raging in our urban centers (20 to 30 percent of the childbearing population of women). The one percent of fetuses in infected women that would be damaged by this organism needs to be protected; part of the necessary research will likely involve field trials of a vaccine whose safety for use during pregnancy needs to be established. Shall we test this on babies who will be allowed to go to term, or shall we test it on about-to-be-aborted fetuses?

Both of us have spoken out against the dangers of accepting the notion of the "perfectability of human procreation." But to reject the acceptability of research on human fetuses is to deny human responsibility for minimizing avoidable defect in our children.

ON THE ROAD

SIR: "I-80 Nebraska" (May *Atlantic*) was entertaining, but leaves a stale taste in the mouth of anyone associated with the truckers of America. The grossly absurd, derogatory, and perverse slanders of America's truckers by Mr. Sayles were blatantly presumptuous and wholly untrue.

I am a student and have been working for Global Van Lines for three summers, use my own CB rig constantly when driving between

school in New York and home in Kansas City, and not once in three years have I ever heard *even one* four-letter word over the air. Furthermore, the idea of two truckers forcing a car off the road is completely absurd and outlandish. America's truckers are nothing but the safest, most well-mannered drivers on the road. Safety is the number one governing factor in a trucker's life.

JOHN F. BENDER
Rochester, N.Y.

SIR: John Sayles' "I-80 Nebraska M.490-M.205" shook me up.

B. J. SHIELDS
Torrance, Calif.

SIR: "I-80 Nebraska" in the May issue gave me great pleasure.

MARIAN K. APPEL
Radnor, Pa.

SIR: "I-80" was the most interesting thing I've read in a slick lately and I wanted you to know.

MICHAEL WEST
Washington, D.C.

SIR: I can't understand why *The Atlantic* prints such drivel as "I-80 Nebraska" and "Company."

ESTHER LAKRITZ
Beloit, Wis.

ENCORE? ENCORE!

SIR: Irving Townsend notes that Ellington's *Newport Festival Suite* included Paul Gonsalves' historic solo of "one hundred and twenty-eight choruses" ("Ellington in Private," May *Atlantic*).

In fact, the performance actually appeared in "Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue," another Ellington composition, which closed the Newport set. Further, Gonsalves' solo is of somewhat lesser length: one hundred and one choruses less, to be precise.

This is not to deprecate the late saxophonist's flawless performance of well over six minutes. I merely suggest that Townsend's enthusiastic memory might be better served were it to be refreshed by the album which his then employer, Columbia Records, released of that extraordinary concert. (CL 934, Mr. Townsend.)

STEVE HENSCHEL
Los Angeles, Calif.

Mr. Townsend replies:

My comment about Paul's choruses on that famous night was not a result of counting choruses, although his on-stage solo was much longer than any I have ever heard anywhere. It is rather a fond memory of running into Paul Gonsalves right after the band left the stage. He was still purple from breathing hard. "How many choruses?" I asked. Paul puffed. Ellington suavely interceded. "At least one hundred and twenty-eight," he said, "but we had to interrupt him. The bus was leaving."

At any rate who cares? It was a triumphant night for Duke, and I am thankful I was there.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: I was distressed by Richard Todd's essay/review of R. Buckminster Fuller's book *Synergetics* ("The World is Round and Other Great Ideas of Western Man," May *Atlantic*). The outcome of his essay, if not its considered purpose, is to ensure that no one who reads Todd will take the trouble to read Fuller.

The reviewer's fundamental objection, that the scope of Fuller's thinking conspires with the shape of his prose to erode all sense of value, stems from Mr. Todd's limitations, not Fuller's. Mr. Todd calls Fuller a "great reductionist," but is unashamed to reduce the man's entire career to his own antiquated categories of success and failure. Fuller "lost money," we are told, on many of his early projects, but beyond this nothing is said of them. (James Joyce "lost money" on *Dubliners* when the entire first printing was burned by the publisher.) And, Mr. Todd goes on to say, Fuller's life "by most reckonings was a failure until he was sixty and his domes began to blossom." Fuller would smile at the "by most reckonings." It's those "reckonings" that are the problem. Fame, fortune, even critical receptivity are but a small part of "success," whether we speak of a work of art or of design science.

RALPH V. LOMBREGLIA, JR.
Bellefonte, Pa.

SIR: Daniel Yergin's report on Riga in your April issue was interesting, well-written, and informative. However, the article contained an in-

accuracy which should be corrected.

Mr. Yergin states: "... in the spring of 1934, a right-wing coup, instigated by Nazi sympathizers, occurred, and the short-lived Latvian republic came to an end." Actually, the change of government which took place in Latvia in May, 1934, was the direct result of a Latvian National Unity movement led by the late Dr. K. Ulmanis, and not a "coup, instigated by Nazi sympathizers." In fact, the new government declared the Nazi party illegal.

A. DINBERGS
Chargé d'Affaires of Latvia
Washington, D.C.

SIR: The aptness of Midge Decter's essay ("A Letter to the Young," February *Atlantic*) and some of the specious responses (April) prompt this letter.

Ms. Decter, in analyzing why the adolescents of the sixties are the idiots of the seventies, spoke clearly, if generally, about a problem well worth consideration. Some of the response letters, however, calling her "narrow-minded" and "irrelevant," were symptoms of the problem they sought to solve.

Any attempt to cut through the trivia clogging our youthful minds seems to meet a wall of opinionated nit-picking. The "don't bother me with the facts, I have an opinion" syndrome is again elbowing out wisdom and respect.

I've come to value the ability to listen far more than the ability to come to an instant opinion. I learned that whatever happens to me is my own fault, and since then I've stopped blaming and started learning. Radicalism and apathy are related to the degree that they steep in the problem and ignore the solutions. The people who tell me things are rotten to the core are usually talking about themselves.

CHARLES BAUER
Moscow, Idaho

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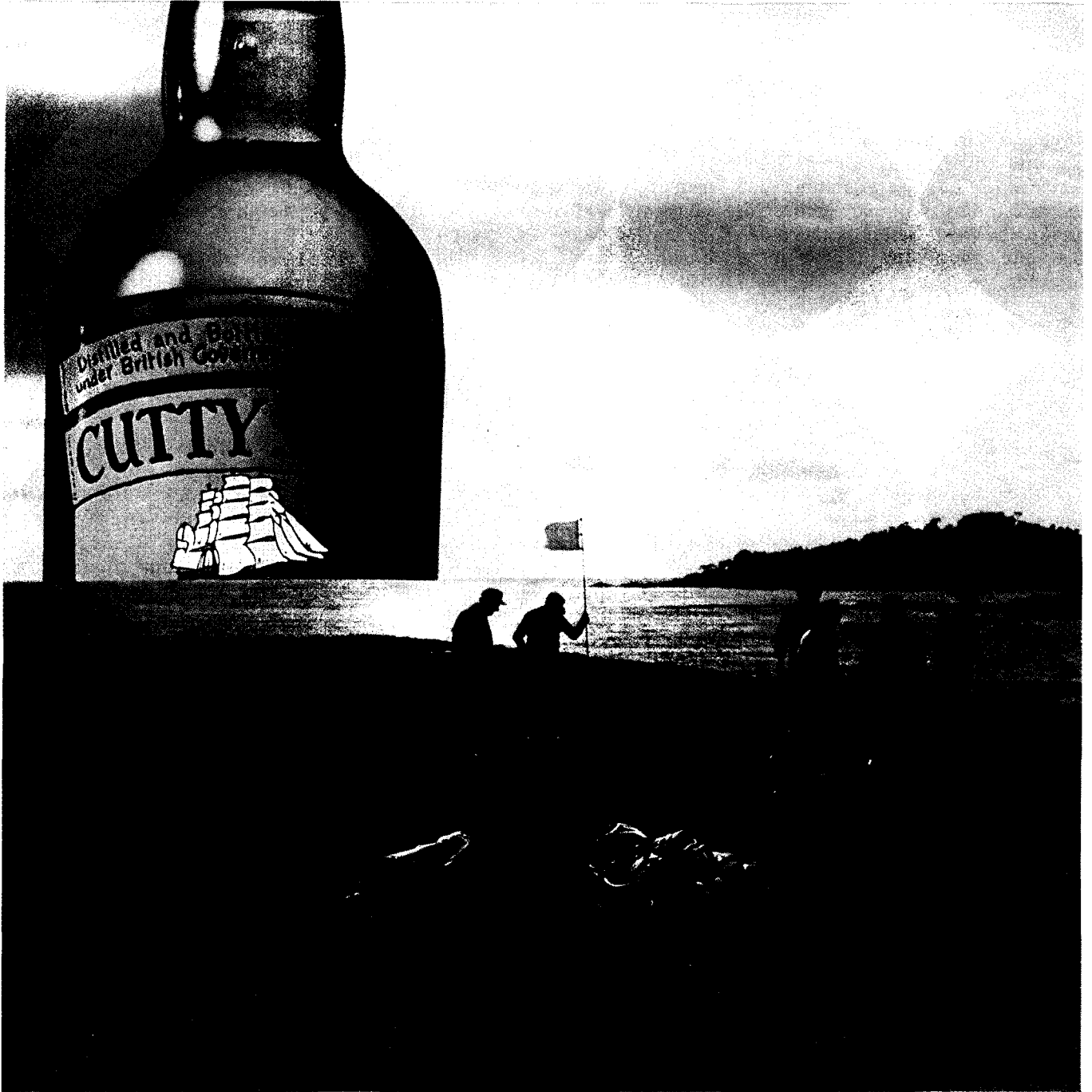
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...and now it's time for a Cutty.

HOW MUCH DOES FREEDOM MATTER?

by Daniel P. Moynihan

The men most responsible for making American foreign policy in the last three decades no longer think that policy successful, or no longer think it honorable, or no longer think it can be successfully defended. They are still in place, "but they are mostly immobilized," says the author of this article. And that is why a dismal silence afflicts the American scene.

At some point in the early hours, presumably, of the week of April 20, 1975, the first slogan of the new era of peace appeared on the walls of an eating club in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "THE WAR," it proclaimed in the neo-Togliatti style of the region, black on red brick, "IS NOT OVER."

And yet it is, and its aftermath commences now to engage us. Promptly, there has arisen a debate over the reliability of American commitments, variously described, to other nations. For the third quarter of the twentieth century was, in truth, characterized by all manner of American-initiated military alliances and a not less considerable profusion of alliances for economic and social

progress. As these commitments have not always produced results either of security or of progress, the question arises as to how good such commitments may be.

It is not, however, too soon to ask: How willing is the United States any longer to make such commitments? Clearly, certain necessities impose themselves here. Supposedly the nation will remain resolute in that range of concerns that touch directly on security interests, or are thought to do so. Widening and deepening the Rio Grande, for example. But what of the far larger sense of our role in the world that prompted an American President to declare, in his inaugural address:

Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty.

Clearly, a statesman in any way sensible of what has gone on in the almost fifteen years since would not be likely to make such a statement in public; but would any think in such ways? Would any seek to convey such an impression through a subtlety of language, a nuance of reference? How much does freedom matter to us? Not only our own, but that of others? Not only among nations, but within nations? Does democracy, other than American democracy, much matter to us anymore?

These are thoughts an American ambassador to India unavoidably brings home after some time in the world's largest democracy, observing from a

distance the ways of the world's second largest—unavoidably, because to have lived in India as a representative of the United States is to have been surrounded and suffused with evidence of an extraordinary American commitment to that nation, made at the time of independence, and based almost wholly on the fact that India was a democracy. No strategic interest took us there. No economic interest. No interest of consanguinity or coreligiosity. No cultural ties; at most a flickering recollection that a German professor had established that our languages are somehow related.

There were, in truth, some serious connections, but few knew about them. For example, the first Indian rebellion against the British was organized in California in 1913, among Sikh immigrants, with a Stanford professor appropriately involved. But even there the influence went from us to them, rather than the other direction. No: in 1947 the most the Indians could claim to have done for us was to have occasioned Columbus' discovery, and to have provided the designation Brahmin for the elders of Boston. And yet, unhesitatingly—I believe the term is warranted—we undertook to provide India economic support in very large amounts, and military support also, *because it was a democracy*.

It was impossible for anyone living there in the final years of the Vietnam agony not to see that our relation to India was in ways the reverse of the Vietnam coin. We provided some economic assistance to South Vietnam, a prosperous enough area, and enormous military aid, including our own forces. To India, a military power, we supplied relatively small amounts of military aid, but vast amounts of economic assistance. The same men did both, and for much the same reasons. How, then, if the Vietnam commitment was so terribly wrong, could the Indian commitment have been right?

A man sits in Delhi with the temperature 115 degrees at noon and thinks of such matters, especially if he had desired to see the first involvement ended, having for a long time thought it mistaken, and worse,¹ and yet wished to see the second involvement continued and strengthened. It did not

take much insight to see that both were ending, nor any especial sensibility to know that things would thereafter be different.

I kept busy, but more at *undoing* things than otherwise. One legacy of our earlier involvement was a vast rupee debt owed to the United States by India, mostly for food shipments during the 1950s and 1960s. I got the greater part of it written off: the largest debt settlement in history. The Indians noticed, and took the point, I like to think, that the United States wanted a relationship of equals, which could never obtain where one party owned a third of the currency of the other. The check got into the Guinness Book of Records—World's Largest—but the response at home was rather like that to the closing of Cam Ranh Bay—an embarrassment being put out of mind.

Another legacy of the earlier era—American suspicion and disapproval of nonalignment—was also liquidated. The Secretary of State came to New Delhi, and in a formal address said, "The United States accepts nonalignment." But again, while the Indians noticed, the Americans did not. Were it not for Murray Marder of the *Washington Post*, Americans might not even have learned of it, for the press corps accompanying the Secretary was not much interested. Congress, certainly, was interested not at all. It only wanted India to go away. A veteran congressman, formerly an economics professor from Maryland, amended an appropriation for the World Bank to provide that the American representative shall automatically vote against any loan to India. (We now vote against, but do not lobby against, and so the loans go through. But still . . .) A young businessman from Texas, in his second term in Congress, got a \$50 million limitation on aid to India. Before my tour was ended, a reform Democrat from Manhattan and an unreconstructed Republican from Waterloo, Iowa, joined to lead the floor debate in the House on a measure to prohibit any aid at all. Although we had scraped up a respectable sum with which to resume an aid program, the Indians, reading the signs perhaps better than I did, simply never responded to my report that we were ready to get going again.

I was saddened by all this, for I believed that the initial conception of American policy was correct. Indian democracy did represent in Asia an identifiable and credible alternative to Chinese totalitarianism. I could accept with no difficulty that we had exaggerated our ability to influence the

¹It is perhaps useful to state here what my own limited and inconsequential views of the war had been. In 1967 I became national cochairman, with Clark Kerr, Seymour Martin Lipset, and others, of Negotiation Now, a group seeking a negotiated end to the war, but opposed to unilateral withdrawal. In 1968, as a member of the national board of Americans for Democratic Action, I voted for the endorsement of Senator Eugene McCarthy as Democratic candidate for President. In the ominous winter of 1968–1969, I agreed to join the new Republican Administration. On January 3, 1969, I sent a long first memorandum to the President-elect in which I urged above all that he not become identified with the war, saying it was lost. I argued that if he were to become so identified, he would be destroyed by it as his predecessor had been. I was puzzled then, and continue to be puzzled, by the inability of so many who thought the war a necessary and defensible action to see that, nonetheless, it was not going to succeed.

Mr. Moynihan, a Harvard professor, served in the Kennedy, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford Administrations, was U.S. ambassador to India from February, 1973, to December, 1974, and is the newly designated U.S. ambassador to the United Nations.

outcome of this competition, but wondered at the increasing assertions, echoing the demands for military disengagement, that we should avoid peaceable entanglements too.

The essential fact of India at the present is that the Hindu nation is free of foreign rulers for the first time in a thousand years. It is free of Western rulers for the first time in centuries. And yet it is in some essentials a Western culture. The British failed to Christianize the subcontinent (even as their predecessors had failed to bring about a mass conversion to Islam), but did bring about a secular conversion without equal in history. They left behind them a unified, contiguous nation occupying the whole of the subcontinent and governing itself as an English-speaking parliamentary democracy. (The Muslim areas broke off, of course. English may yet be replaced by Hindi, but it is still the normal language of Parliament

and a common speech of the capital.) Equally as a result of this invasion of ideas and of men, India was to become a secular nation and a socialist one, its economic doctrines modeled on the British collectivist tradition, of which Professor Samuel Beer has written, just as its political doctrines flow from the British liberal tradition. Now all this is something astounding: not only to have changed political forms, but to have changed economic forms as well, and to have changed language in the process. To find anything comparable in human experience, one must go back to the Christian conversion of Europe, with the emergence—a much slower process—of monarchy, feudalism, and Latin.

Such an event could scarce but attract some attention, and American policy-makers were hugely interested at first, and at some level have remained so, recognizing that the United States has a stake in the success of the second most populous nation on earth, and the largest democracy. Every President since Franklin Roosevelt has said as much, and pursued foreign policies based on principles which clearly imply such a stake. At first certain kinds of commitment seemed naturally to flow from this interest. A huge American presence formed in India, a veritable demi-Raj, devoted not to governance but to development. But it lasted only a brief time, from the mid-fifties to the mid-sixties. After that, our presence began to decline, and then almost disappear. Leaving India, I commented that our relations were cordial enough, but they were so thin as scarcely to exist.

How can this have happened? A nation which poured blood and treasure into the defense of mere independence in Southeast Asia, arguing a “domino theory” in which the most important end event would be the collapse of independence and

democracy in India, came in the process to care very little whether either survived where India is concerned.

There is no time for niceties in this matter, and no need. There are three reasons why this happened. The first is that India did not support our efforts—as we saw them—to protect its independence, which is to say India opposed our role in the Vietnam War. The second is that India does not appear to be succeeding with respect to its influence in the world generally. When it first became the world’s largest democracy, it seemed an ornament to that calling. Increasingly of late, it seems something less. While a political success—it

Elites have lost wars before without losing their nerve, generally by blaming others, or somehow eliding the fact of failure.

remains independent, it remains a democracy—India has scarcely been an economic success.

And the third reason flows from the preceding two. This is the failure of nerve of the interconnected elites which shaped postwar American foreign policy around the matching themes of the military containment of Communist expansion and the economic development of the noncommunist world—a failure of nerve, preceded by a failure of specific undertakings: the failure of arms, the failure to receive support from regimes the arms were intended to defend; the failure of development, the failure of the effort to aid development to be seen as supportive rather than exploitative. (How many nations still have a Peace Corps—a program for sending young men and women abroad, launched at the same time and in the same spirit and by the same Administration that sent advisers to Vietnam?)

These have all, of course, been *relative* failures in the context of a generally successful policy. The Communist borders are about where they were in 1948, with but few exceptions; the economies of the noncommunist world range from the spectacularly successful to the merely marginally so, with but few instances of stagnation or actual decline, and the latter, in truth, more likely to involve nations such as Burma, where there has been little American influence, rather than India, where there has been considerable.

The fact that one could make a fairly positive case for our performance in recent decades is nothing alongside the fact that the will to do so has so much faltered. There has been a failure of nerve among those whose will is, or was, indispensable to a successful assertion of this kind, an assertion which in the past produced a mandate to do pretty

much whatever seemed best in pursuit of what was evidently on balance a successful and honorable policy. The elites who made that policy either no longer think it successful or no longer think it honorable, or in any event no longer think it can be successfully defended. They have been effectively silenced. They have not been displaced, however. In the main, the elites who could shape American foreign policy, and did so in the decades after World War II, are still in place. But they are mostly immobilized. And so if one asks, "How much does freedom matter to the United States today?" those in a position to answer for the most part do not do so. Clearly this could constitute an accommodation to totalitarianism without precedent in our history.

I wish here to make a distinction between necessity and choice in dealing with the totalitarian world. Nuclear destruction is the great danger facing mankind, and will remain so certainly through our time. This has necessitated the compromises and accommodations—and they have come from both directions, for nothing was possible until the totalitarian powers came to share our view of the primacy of danger—which we know as détente, and which are an outstanding achievement of American diplomacy in this age. My concern is not with this newest realm of necessity, but rather with the area of choice. We have for a long while been quietly moving away from a posture in the world in which we chose freedom, and saw ourselves as its natural ally and defender. But this was at first a barely perceptible process of dis-

where not to win was to lose. In the long history of the Republic, this had never before happened to us. Moreover, we need not have lost in the sense that we did not have to fight. We chose to. The "we" in this sense refers in the first instance to the network of interconnected elites, supported by a not uninformed but essentially permissive public opinion, which accorded the greatest leeway to these elites to choose how an agreed-upon foreign policy should be pursued.

One risks vagueness to use the term "elites" without a detailed accounting, and yet in this case—those fifteen to twenty years of American life—there was a singular concreteness to the notion that this particular aspect of national policy was the province of an identifiable group of persons who knew one another, largely agreed with one another, presided over a variety of informal and not so informal procedures for co-opting new members, and exercised the mandate they had been accorded by informed public opinion and major power centers to conduct foreign policy. In those years there was much talk of "the Establishment," and for such purposes, there surely was one. As was only proper, New York was its capital, law and finance its primary occupations. But there was the closest connection and cooperation with the great universities of the land, and with the media. These channels kept it in touch with other centers of power in the nation, and for all the disputation, a substantially bipartisan consensus foreign policy was pursued. As the term "elite" or "Establishment" imparts a conservative cast, it needs to be emphasized that this elite was in most respects liberal, and in nothing more so than its

concern for liberal values abroad, its concern preeminently for freedom as it understood freedom.

At the grave risk of being misunderstood and coming to wish I had *not* tried, I shall try

To talk today of keeping commitments necessarily raises the question of who made what commitments and how. And by whose leave?

engagement. More recently, there has been a sudden and definitive shift. It has been rather like a great sailing ship coming about. The boom, hauled and tugged, moves slowly, resistingly at first, when with an abandoned sweep it hurtles across the keel line. The ship lurches, settles, and then, as if there had never been another direction, moves forward on the opposite tack. Those who were tugging knew what to expect, even if they may have doubted for a moment their ultimate success. Those who ducked are still on deck. The ship moves on, oblivious of its past, an affair henceforth of logs and courts of enquiry.

How has this happened? The answer, obvious if painful, is that in a contest of arms, we lost. We were not defeated, but we withdrew in a situation

nonetheless to make a point here which appears to be essential to an understanding of where we are now, and where we are likely to be heading. Writing at the time, William Pfaff described Vietnam as "American liberalism's war." Not all liberals by any means: as early as 1962, David Riesman and Nathan Glazer had started a "Committee of Correspondence" to raise questions as to what was going on, while Benjamin V. Cohen was speaking in private of "the Top Secret War." But *most* liberals. Now is this really a dark and threatening misdeed, much to be concealed? Or is it rather an historical fact which is indispensable to a compassionate understanding of what happened and a sufficient reconciliation with it all? Decent men undertook this cause, and decent men and women supported it.

How Much Does Freedom Matter?

Anthony Lewis puts it that “the early American decisions on Indochina can be regarded as blundering efforts to do good,” and that about says it.

It is perhaps common in the world for individuals (and nations?) to suffer for their noble qualities more than for their ignoble ones. For nobility is an occasion for pride, the most treacherous of sentiments. Pride led us into that morass in near Faustian defiance of the Second Law of War as laid down by Montgomery of Alamein: “Never send troops to the mainland of Asia” (the First Law being, “Never march on Moscow”). Pride made it impossible to accept that it was not going to succeed, a fact that was abundantly clear by, say, 1966. And so a group that had never known defeat entered a long dark tunnel, at the end of which no light appeared, and in the course of which the group itself all but vanished.

This too was an act of pride, or if you will, of honor. Elites have lost wars before without losing their nerve, generally by blaming others, or somehow eliding the fact of failure. There are exceptions. Some who had more than their share in the decision go about saying that they were only carrying out orders. Others, equally in evidence at the time, have succumbed to a form of childhood amnesia, to use Freud’s term, a repression brought about by the “psychic forces of loathing, shame, and moral and aesthetic ideal demands.” The adult dare not know what the child thought and did. But these *are* exceptions. In general, the American foreign policy establishment has not done this. It chose not to because, as I believe, it was and is superior in honesty and in intelligence to most such congeries of talent and position that have exercised their brief or prolonged authority in the affairs of the world.

But this does not account wholly for the silence. Another event intervened. In the face of mounting failure of policy abroad, support for it collapsed at home. Not a total collapse; not for a very long time at least. Rather, it was a most selective event, and it occurred where it was least expected. The foreign policy elites, thinking themselves perhaps a shade more liberal, more advanced in their views than possibly they were, were more than alert to thunder on the right. At times they seemed almost to long for it, as if it would have a confirming effect on the liberalism of those being attacked. And in truth, something of this sort occurred in the course of the Korean War. But not this time. In the case of Vietnam, opposition appeared instead on the left, and it appeared in precisely those institutions and settings in which the policy being attacked had originally been conceived. Probably most important, it appeared in the universities where, along with much principled and reasoned opposition, there occurred a minority response that

was almost a caricature—fashioned with near infantile cunning to be a devastating, homegrown caricature—of just that totalitarian mentality against which the United States found itself arrayed abroad. Before the decade was out, the Viet Cong flag would fly from the Washington headquarters of the Peace Corps.

It is not necessary to the argument being made here that one agree or disagree with the harsh charges made against American leaders during this period. Someone such as I, who does not agree, is forced nonetheless to grant that a great many men one had thought of as good acted in ways unmistakably bad; that men one thought of as sane acted in ways that were not sane. In particular, and unforgivably, the American government, after a time, commenced to lie and to conceal. This deceit was especially devastating in the relations of the foreign policy elite to its own institutions, and the cadres that had been conducting foreign policy for so long, and had for so long successfully defended themselves from outside attack, now found themselves attacked from the inside, and proved defenseless. “Defending liberty” came to be redefined as “killing babies.” In time not only the morality of the actions was called into question, but the legality as well. To talk today of keeping commitments necessarily raises the question of who made what commitments and how. And with what right? And by whose leave? And with whose knowledge? To repeat, one may see these events in quite different ways—as a merely incremental extension of previously extended presidential powers, or as wholesale subversion of the Constitution—and still agree that it was the charges coming where they did and from whom they did that had the greatest unsettling effect.

William Schneider, in a remarkably informative analysis of survey data, notes that in the aftermath of the 1960s, the well-educated classes of the nation have become singularly ideological in their views of foreign policy, and that among the college-educated, an extraordinary cleavage in ideological opinion has opened between young and old. He writes:

Working-class Americans have tended to see the entire generational conflict of the last decade as a war between the upper middle class and its children—and they were right.

The consensus among the college-educated, which supported postwar foreign policy, has “disintegrated,” he continues:

The fallout from the Vietnam war among liberals has taken the form of anti-militarism—opposition to defense spending and pressure for military disengagement—while the effect on their partners in the great antiwar coalition, the poor and the poorly-edu-

cated, has been more fundamental—mistrust of leaders on such issues as aid and hostility toward all international involvement.

Now of course this coalition was not all-inclusive. The American labor movement's leaders, in part perhaps because they have not encountered such generational conflict, have not wavered in their support of the libertarian commitment implicit in our postwar policy. Were President Kennedy to return, they—many of them—would wish him to sound that very trumpet once again. But few others would. The American Catholic hierarchy, for example, once so militant in such matters, is silent now. To use a medical analogy, it seems very much a case of sympathetic silence, for those to whom they looked, the core elite, are most silent of all.

And this may be the most devastating loss. For to strip our past of glory is no great loss, but to deny it honor is devastating. A generation or two hence, historians will perhaps tell us what President Kennedy was talking about; but if those who were part of that history decline now to defend what is defensible about it, then our time will know no such defense. As Christians believe in the immortality of the soul, so social scientists profess the "circulation of elites," and there is no need to despair of new circles moving into one another's orbits and recreating a network of influence and opinion which can give stability and coherence to American foreign policy. But one cannot conceive that any consensus likely to emerge in the future would have anything like the commitment to freedom abroad comparable to that of the past. What there will be instead is freedom *from* American involvement.

If one thinks of Indochina, the case surely can be made that freedom *from* American involvement is no necessary loss. It all comes down to that infantry captain who in 1966 said of a village that it was necessary to destroy it in order to save it. We don't find much freedom in the world anyway. What: fifteen countries? Thirty? And unless I am altogether misled, there has been a sea change in our understanding of what it is we represent to the world. We commence to see the liberty of which President Kennedy spoke—mindlessly maybe, but with conviction—as a social arrangement which may or may not obtain in the United States and a few such nations, but which has no necessary relevance to any other place. It may command our loyalty, as Christianity once did for most of us; but in no wise are we warranted in proselytizing and propagandizing, for who can be sure what is best?

Fair enough. But it is useful to be clear that when the heirs of a fighting creed commence to talk in such manner, there has been a change. For the better, some will say. Others will say otherwise. But when crusades come to an end, a change has occurred.

Solely as an exercise, let us suppose that India were to become involved in a military contest, open or indirect, with its great neighbor to the east. When this happened in 1962, the Indians came instantly to us, asking for help, and just as instantly help was provided. In a farewell address on leaving India in 1963, Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith took note of America's unbending determination to continue that military support, speculating that the Chinese had invaded India (a point itself since disputed) because the Indian economy was proving too successful, and that Chinese communism stood to suffer by comparison. What in such circumstances would the United States do today? Nothing. Or next to nothing. Somewhere in *that* range of options.

We would have to do some talking to ourselves. Many voices, perhaps a majority of those likely to be heard, would explain that no one could clearly state where the interests of the people of India lay. The present regime, it would be said, is corrupt and inefficient. What, it would be asked, does democracy mean to a starving man? The masses, it would be said, are ruled by an upper-caste clique, an exploitative class of landowning and capitalist families, with here and there the token untouchable. This clique, it would be said, even speaks a foreign language, so it is cut off from the people of India. The ruling party, it would be pondered, has never once attained a majority in a nationwide election, and this despite widespread corruption, based on levies exacted from capitalist interests, a fact attested to by sources of unimpeachably anti-communist sentiment. In consequence of exploitation and corruption, the masses of India live lives of undescrivable suffering and unrelieved despair. It is little wonder, it would be hinted, that they secretly identify with those they know come from a society where, whatever else may be, every family is guaranteed food and clothing, shelter, medical care, and education.

Others would speak more pragmatically. They would point out that we fought in Vietnam, as we thought, to preserve the freedom of such as India, and got precious little support for doing so. Indeed, got little but abuse. Where we have been involved in the defense of other free societies, such as that of Israel, India has hardly been with us. We have helped with economic aid, more than to any other nation; we have been available for advice and assistance concerning matters which on the record we know something about. Growing food, for example. But India of late has been scornful of American involvement in any of these areas. All it has managed to do is preserve a democracy. Again, all this is speculative, and yet again, we are not without data. A recent survey, "American Public Opinion and U.S. Foreign Policy 1975," sponsored by the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, found that only 16 percent of a

“public” and 17 percent of a “leader” sample would favor U.S. military involvement “if Communist China attacked India.” A full 70 percent of leaders would oppose any such involvement. (Only 39 percent of the public would fight for Western Europe.)

It is the second of the two possible responses to Indian difficulties which seems to me the more serious, for it is the more honest. It speaks for the post-Vietnam mind, and for its conscience also. There are things we no longer feel can be justifiably done in defense of freedom in the world, and things no longer worth doing. The most conspicuous of the latter is that we no longer much care for those nations, whatever the nature of their regimes, which do not think much of us and cannot do much to us.

There is a true loss here, for most of the new nations started out with a genuine commitment to just those principles President Kennedy said we would do anything to defend. Edward Shils writes of those splendid beginnings:

There are no new states in Asia or Africa, whether monarchies or republics, in which the elites who demanded independence did not, at the moment just prior to their success, believe that self-government and democratic government were identical . . . something like liberal democracy was generally thought to be prerequisite for the new order of things.

I believe the legacy of those brave beginnings persists, and that it is still the best hope we have that the world at large will not enter that dark totalitarian night we in the older democracies so very much feared at the time the new nations made their appearance. Yet the new nations, most of them (India being a major exception), have been none too careful of preserving liberal democracy where it existed, much less creating it where it did not. And they have been surpassingly indifferent to the fact that we have managed to preserve ours; indeed have all too readily adopted the auto-therapeutic rhetoric that in America liberty is oppression and freedom confinement. There are leaders of that new world who knew better, and history is not likely to be kindly with them, for in diminishing the reputation of the American democracy, it is likely that they will have more than a little imperiled their own. They might well be measured by the warning of President Kennedy’s inaugural: “. . . we pledge,” he said, “our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny.” He said we shall not expect them always to be supporting us. “But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom. . . .” Well, we have not so found them. And they may yet find themselves—I would expect

probably will find themselves—in a world in which the United States will respond with surpassing inattention to the demise of Western political institutions in nonwestern nations. We could *all* end up courting the favor of the totalitarians.

To wish otherwise, as surely I would do, and probably most of us would do, is scarcely to affect events. Harry C. McPherson, Jr. has written of the void of leadership across the widest spectrum of activity. This appears as a failure of individuals, but in truth, it is whole cohorts which do not respond. For institutions have collapsed along with confidence—or diminished where not collapsed; all in

To strip our past of glory is no great loss, but to deny it honor is devastating.

a torment of conscience that will not be appeased. One thinks back to Henry James’s description of Nathaniel Hawthorne’s world:

No State, in the European sense of the word, and indeed barely a specific national name. . . . No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service . . . no great Universities nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow . . . no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot.

Leaving aside James’s possibly excessive partiality for Olde England, it is a fact that institutions formed slowly in America, and it is a further fact that such authority as they exercised has been grievously reduced in recent years. Or properly so, if one chooses that gloss. Either way, there is less than there was, and as we recall Robert Nisbet’s formulation, “freedom lives in the interstices of authority,” we sense the larger movement of which I have been discussing one aspect. James today could compile a similar list, puzzling only to those who could not see—as recently as the presidency of John F. Kennedy—a sovereign, a court, personal loyalty, a diplomatic service, great universities, a political society, a sporting class. A society, in other words, in which something as abstract as freedom could be regarded as a concrete object of foreign policy.

James instructs us further as to why in the end it doesn’t seem to have come off. We are hopelessly a culture of conscience, and usually of bad conscience, and never more so than when pointing to our sins of affluence and arrogance. This, James said, was so much the result of “the importance of the individual in the American world.” And with that American individual, the American conscience.

An Englishman, a Frenchman—a Frenchman above all—judges quickly, easily, from his own social standpoint, and makes an end of it. He has not that rather chilly and isolated sense of moral responsi-

bility which is apt to visit a New Englander in such processes. . . . American intellectual standards are vague, and Hawthorne's countrymen are apt to hold the scales with a rather uncertain hand and a somewhat agitated conscience.

What it comes to is that life is tragic for those who are impelled by conscience to pursue objectives which can be attained only through means which conscience finds abhorrent. Whereupon that conscience turns on itself, and a fearsome thing it is when loose. Rather like the artillery of the Duke of Urbino, whose sad but instructive history it may be useful to recall. In the Holy Year 1500, Cesare Borgia, at the end of the Pope's forces, was intent

on laying siege to Camerino, and persuaded the pious and learned Duke to lend him his artillery and other forces, the better he might smite the foes of righteousness. And so Borgia marched off, but then turned and lay siege to Urbino instead. The Duke fled to exile.

A sad history indeed, and yet one from which the wrong lesson can be learned. Borgia was dead at thirty. The Duke returned to his library. The very conscience that makes us hate what we have done will very likely before long have us hating what we are *not* doing. Freedom concerns us, and will continue to do. But in a world of which we no longer think of ourselves as the natural leader. □

A GOOD VIEW FROM FLAGSTAFF

Let's take it as it is: acres flowing
yellow north and people so small in the distance
we believe them happy working fields.
Despite the heat, the sun is less than cruel.
Soil is wet black and the wheat rolls far enough
to be a lemon sea. Silos waver
and are silver salmon two wines into lunch.

This view is what one needs to love the world
when things go bad. Take Naples, '67, me alone
in Vomero, no sleep for nights, endless sweat,
my system out of chemical whack from weeks
of suicidal drinking and the sad scenes of my life
locked with me in the hotel room like bats.
Far off, through my window, a white apartment
building gleamed each morning and I knew
out there beyond me somewhere was a world
worth having because it caught the sun
and sent the light back to the sea confirmed.
Because it sat there quiet far away.

A good view here. We ignore the mean acts
in the houses though we can't forget they go on
daily with the soul's attrition. We are certain
why the plow horse limps. Spread the way it is
by wind, the world in cultivated patchwork
claims we travel on the right freight one day
and the years are gone. At worst
they're more than nothing. The best friends
we remember took us home the way we are.

by Richard Hugo

THERE ARE MORE THINGS

To the memory of H. P. Lovecraft

An entertainment by Jorge Luis Borges



n the point of taking my last examination at the University of Texas, in Austin, I learned that my uncle Edwin Arnett had died of an aneurysm at the far end of the South American continent. I felt what we all feel when someone dies—the remorse, now pointless, for not having been kinder. We forget that we are all dead men conversing with dead men. My course of study was philosophy. I remembered that it was my uncle, at the Casa Colorada, his home near Lomas, on the edge of Buenos Aires, who, without invoking a single proper name, had first revealed to me philosophy's beautiful perplexities. One of the after-dinner oranges was his aid in initiating me into Berkeley's idealism; a chessboard was enough to illustrate the paradoxes of the Eleatics. Years later, he was to lend me Hinton's treatises which attempt to demonstrate the reality of four-dimensional space and which the reader is meant to imagine by means of complicated exercises with multicolored cubes. I shall never forget the prisms and pyramids that we erected on the floor of his study.

My uncle was an engineer. Before retiring from his job with the railroad, he decided to build himself a house in Turdera, which offered the advantages of an almost countrylike solitude and a proximity to the city. Nothing was more predictable than that the architect should be his close friend Alexander Muir. This uncompromising man followed the uncompromising teachings of John Knox. My uncle, like almost all the gentlemen of

this day, had been a freethinker or, rather, an agnostic, but he was interested in theology, just as he was interested in Hinton's unreal cubes and in the well-constructed nightmares of the young H. G. Wells. He liked dogs, and he had a great sheepdog that he had named Samuel Johnson, in memory of Lichfield, his far-off birthplace.

The Casa Colorada stood on a height of land, bordered on the west by sun-blackened fields. Inside its fence, the araucarias did not soften its air of gloom. Instead of a flat roof, there was a slate-tiled saddle roof and a square tower with a clock. These seemed to oppress the walls and the meager windows. As a boy, I used to accept all this ugliness, just as one accepts those incompatible things which, only because they coexist, bear the name of universe.

I returned home in 1921. To avoid legal complications, the house had been auctioned off. It was bought by a foreigner, a Max Preetorius, who paid double what was offered by the highest bidder. No sooner was the deed signed than he arrived, late one afternoon, with two helpers and they carted off to a rubbish dump, not far from the old Drover's Road, all the furniture, all the books, and all the utensils of the house. (I sadly recalled the diagrams in the Hinton volumes and the great globe.) The next day, Preetorius went to Muir and proposed certain alterations that the architect indignantly rejected. In the end, a firm from Buenos Aires took charge of the work. The local carpenters refused to furnish the house again. Finally, a certain Mariani, from Glew, accepted the conditions laid down by Preetorius. For an entire fortnight he had to labor behind closed doors—at night. It was also at night that the new owner of the Casa Colorada moved in. The windows no longer opened, but white chinks of light could be made out in the dark. One morning, the milkman found the sheep-

dog dead on the walk, headless and mutilated. That winter they felled the araucarias. Nobody saw Preetorius again.



ews of these events, as may be imagined, left me uneasy. I know that my most obvious trait is curiosity—that same curiosity that brought me together with a woman completely different from me only in order to find out who she was and what she was like, to take up (without appreciable results) the use of laudanum, to explore transfinite numbers, and to undertake the hideous adventure that I am about to tell. Ominously, I decided to look into the matter.

My first step was to see Alexander Muir. I remembered him as tall-standing and dark, with a wiry build that suggested strength. Now the years had stooped him and his black beard had gone gray. He received me at his Temperley house, which, foreseeably, was like my uncle's, since both houses followed the solid standards of the good poet and bad builder William Morris.

Conversation was spare—Scotland's symbol, after all, is the thistle. I had the feeling, nonetheless, that the strong Ceylon tea and the no less generous plate of scones (which my host broke in two and buttered for me as if I were still a boy) were, in fact, a frugal Calvinistic feast, devoted to the memory of his friend. Their intricate theological differences had been a long game of chess, demanding of each opponent the collaboration of his counterpart.

Time passed and I was no nearer my business. There was an uncomfortable silence and Muir spoke. "Young man," he said, "you have not come all this way to talk about Edwin or the United States, a country that I have little interest in. What's troubling you is the sale of the Casa Colorado and its odd buyer. They do me, too. Frankly, the story displeases me, but I'll tell you what I can. It will not be much."

After a while he went on, unhurriedly. "Before Edwin died, the mayor called me into his office. He was with the parish priest. They asked me to draw the plans for a Catholic chapel. My work would be well paid. On the spot, I answered no. I am a servant of God and I cannot commit the

abomination of erecting altars to idols." Here he stopped.

"Is that all?" I finally dared ask.

"No. This whelp of a Jew Preetorius wanted me to destroy my work and in its place get up a monstrous thing. Abomination comes in many shapes." He pronounced these words gravely and got to his feet.

On turning the corner I was approached by Daniel Iberra. We knew one another the way people in small towns do. He suggested that we accompany each other back. I have never been keen on hoodlums, and I expected a sordid litany of violent and more or less apocryphal back-room stories, but I gave in and accepted his invitation. It was nearly nightfall. On seeing the Casa Colorado come into view from a few blocks off, Iberra made a detour. I asked him why. His reply was not what I anticipated.

"I am don Felipe's right arm," he said. "Nobody has ever called me soft. That young man Bruges who came after me from Ciudadela—you probably remember him and what happened. A man has to be a man, but some things no one can stand up to twice." Angrily, he added a swear word.

That night I did not sleep. Around dawn I dreamed about an engraving that I had never seen before or that I had seen and forgotten; it was in the style of Piranesi, and it had a labyrinth in it. It was a stone amphitheater ringed by cypresses, above whose tops it reached. There were neither doors nor windows; rather, it displayed an endless row of narrow vertical slits. With a magnifying glass, I tried to see the Minotaur inside. At last, I made it out. It was a monster of a monster, more bison than bull, and, its human body stretched out on the ground, it seemed to be asleep and dreaming. Dreaming of what or of whom?

That evening I passed by the Casa Colorado. The iron gate was shut and some of its bars were bent. What once was garden was now overgrown with weeds. To the right, there was a shallow ditch and its outer edges were trampled.

There was only one move left, but for days I kept putting it off—not because I felt it to be altogether a waste, but because it would drag me to the inevitable, to the last.

Without much hope, I went to Glew. Mariani, the carpenter, was a stout, pink-faced Italian, common and cordial and now somewhat advanced in years. A glance at him was enough for me to dismiss the stratagems I had contrived the night before. I handed him my card, which he pompously spelled out aloud with a certain reverential stumbling when he reached the "Ph.D." I told him I was interested in the furniture made by him for the house in Turdera that had been my uncle's. The man spoke on and on. I shall not try to transcribe his torrent of words and gestures, but he told me that his motto was to satisfy his customer's

Jorge Luis Borges' latest story collections are *Doctor Brodie's Report* (1972) and *In Praise of Darkness* (1974).

every demand, no matter how outlandish it was, and that he had carried out his work to the letter. After rummaging in various drawers he showed me some papers that I could not make head or tail of; they were signed by the elusive Preetorius. (Doubtless, Mariani mistook me for a lawyer.) On saying good-bye, he confided to me that even for all the world's gold he would never again set foot in Turdera, let alone that house. He added that the customer is sacred, but that in his humble opinion Mr. Preetorius was crazy. Then he grew quiet, obviously repentant. I was unable to worm anything more out of him.

I had allowed for this failure, but it is one thing to allow for something and quite another to see it happen.

Time and again, I said to myself that the solution of this enigma did not concern me and that the one true enigma was time, that seamless chain of past, present, and future, of the ever and the never. Such reflections turned out to be useless, however; after whole afternoons devoted to the study of Schopenhauer or Royce, night after night I would walk the dirt roads ringing the Casa Colorado. Sometimes I caught a glimpse upstairs of a very white light; other times, I thought I heard a moaning. It went on this way until the nineteenth of January.

It was one of those Buenos Aires days when a man feels himself not only bullied and insulted by the summer but even debased by it. At around eleven o'clock at night the storm broke out. First came the south wind, and then the water in torrents. I went astray looking for a tree. In the sudden glare of a lightning flash I found myself a few steps from the fence. I don't know whether out of fear or hope I tried the gate. Unexpectedly, it opened. I made my way, pushed along by the storm. Sky and earth threatened me. The door of the house was also open. A squall of rain lashed my face and I went in.

Inside, the floor tiles had been torn up and I stepped on matted grass. A sweet, sickening smell filled the house. Right or left, I'm not sure which, I tripped on a stone ramp. Quickly, I went up. Almost unawares, I turned on the light switch.

The dining room and the library of my memories were now, with the wall between them torn down, a single great bare room with one or two pieces of furniture. I shall not try to describe them, since I am not altogether sure—in spite of the cruel white light—of having seen them. Let me explain myself. To see a thing one has to comprehend it. An armchair presupposes the human body, its joints and limbs; a pair of scissors, the act of cutting. What can be said of a lamp or a car? The savage cannot comprehend the missionary's Bible; the passenger does not see the same rigging as the

sailors. If we really saw the world, maybe we would understand it.

None of the meaningless shapes that that night granted me corresponded to the human figure or, for that matter, to any conceivable use. I felt revulsion and terror. In one of the corners, I found a ladder which led to the upper floor. The spaces between the iron rungs, which were no more than ten, were wide and irregular. That ladder, implying hands and feet, was comprehensible, and in some way this relieved me. I put out the light and waited for some time in the dark. I did not hear the least sound, but the presence there of incomprehensible things disquieted me. In the end, I made up my mind.



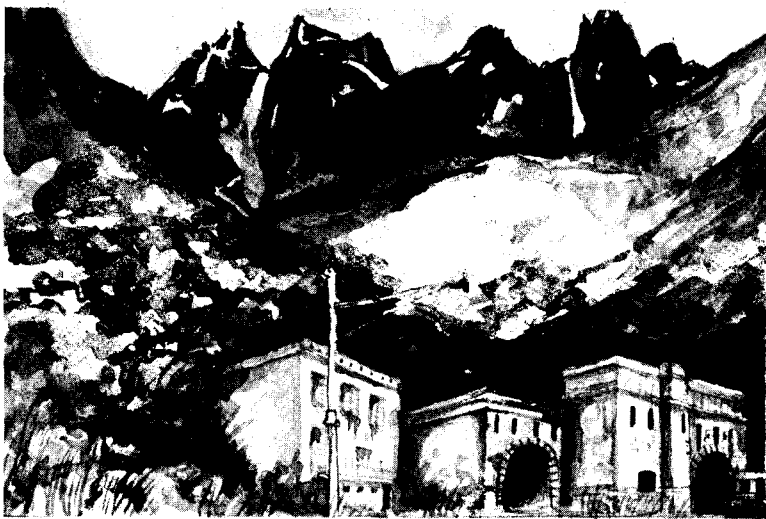
nce upstairs, my fearful hand switched on the light a second time. The nightmare that had foreshadowed the lower floor grew gigantic and flowered on the next. Here there were either many objects or a few linked together. I now recall a sort of long operating table, very high and in the shape of a U, with round hollows at each end. I thought that maybe it was the bed of the house's inhabitant, whose monstrous anatomy revealed itself in this way, implicitly, like an animal's or a god's by its shadow. From some page or other of Lucan there came to my lips the word "*amphisbaena*," which hinted at, but which certainly did not exhaust, what my eyes were later to see. I also remember a V of mirrors that became lost in the upper darkness.

What would the inhabitant be like? What could it be looking for on this planet, no less hideous to it than it to us? From what secret regions of astronomy or time, from what ancient and now incalculable dusk can it have reached this South American suburb and this particular night?

I felt an intruder in the chaos. Outside, the rain had stopped. I looked at my watch and saw with astonishment that it was almost two o'clock. I left the light on and carefully began climbing down. To get down the way I had come up was not impossible—to get down before the inhabitant returned. I guessed that it had not locked the doors because it did not know how.

My feet were touching the next to last rung of the ladder when I felt that something, slow and oppressive and twofold, was coming up the ramp. □

(Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni)



MISERY ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

by Paul Theroux



Roughing it from Paris to Istanbul.

It goes without saying that the Orient Express is the most famous train in the world. Like the Trans-Siberian, it links Europe with Asia, which accounts for some of its romance. But it has also been hallowed by fiction: Lady Chatterley's husband took it; so did Hercule Poirot and James Bond; Graham Greene sent some of his prowling unbelievers on it, even before he took it himself ("As I couldn't take a train to Istanbul the best I could do was buy a record of Honegger's *Pacific 231*," Greene writes in the introduction to *Stamboul Train*).

In the end I stopped wondering why so many writers had used this train as a setting for criminal intrigues, since in most respects the Orient Express really is murder.

My compartment was a cramped two-berth closet with an intruding ladder. I swung my suitcase in, and when I had done this there was no room for me. The conductor showed me how to kick my suitcase under the lower berth. He hesitated, hoping to be tipped.

"Anybody else in here?" It had not occurred to me that I would have company; the conceit of the long-distance traveler is the belief that he is going so far that he will be alone.

The conductor shrugged, perhaps yes, perhaps no. His vagueness made me withhold my tip. I took a stroll down the car: a Japanese couple in a double couchette—it was the first and last time I saw them; an elderly American couple next to them; a fat French mother breathing suspicion on her lovely daughter; a Belgian girl of extraordinary

size—well over six feet tall, wearing enormous shoes—traveling with a chic Frenchwoman; and (the door was shutting) either a nun or a plump diabolist. At the far end of the car, a man wearing a turtleneck, a seaman's cap, and a monocle was setting up bottles on the windowsill: three wine bottles, Perrier water, a broad-shouldered bottle of gin—he was obviously going some distance.

An old man was standing outside my compartment. He was out of breath; he had had trouble finding the right car, he said, because his French was rusty. He took a deep breath and slid off his gabardine coat and hung that and his cap on the hook next to mine.

"I'm up here," he said, patting the upper berth. He was a small man, but I noticed that as soon as he stepped into the compartment he filled it. His name, he said, was Duffill.

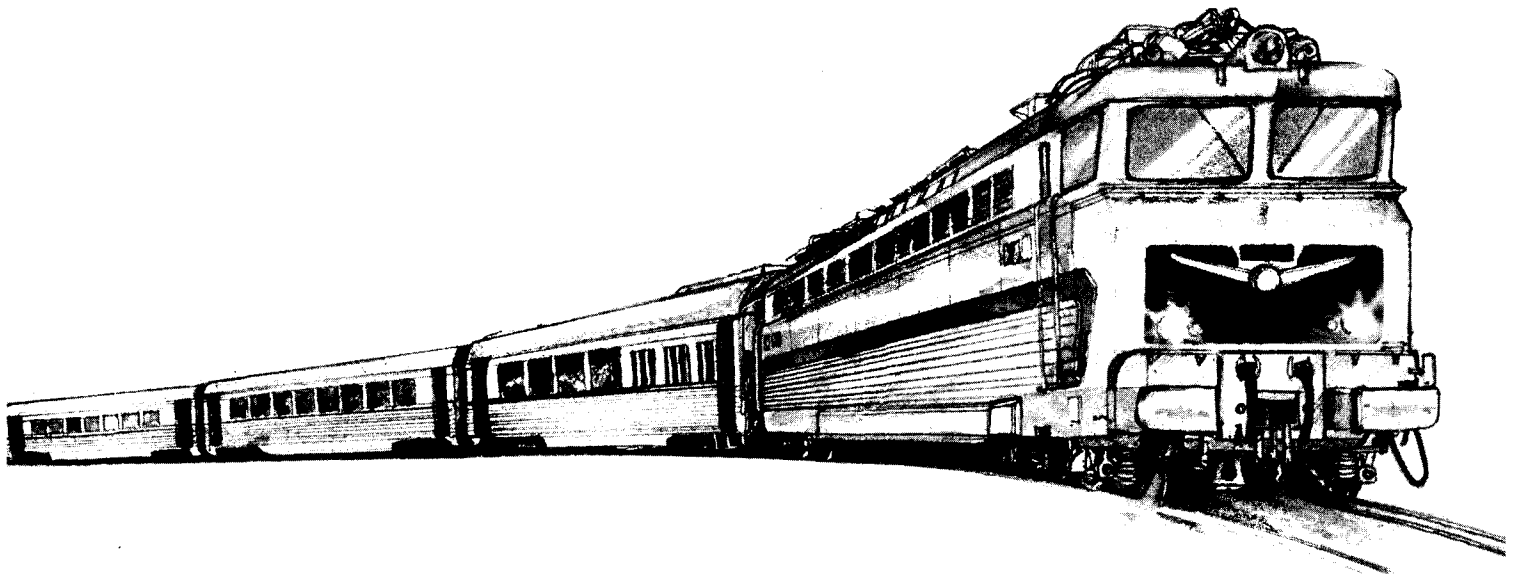
"How far are you going?" I asked gamely, and even though I knew his reply, when I heard it I cringed. I was counting on having the compartment to myself. This was unwelcome news. He saw I was taking it badly.

He said, "I won't get in your way." His parcels were on the floor. "I just have to find a home for these."

"I'll leave you to it," I said. The others were in the corridor waiting for the train to start. The Americans rubbed the window until they realized that the dirt was on the outside; the man with the monocle peered and drank; the Frenchwoman was saying, "—Switzerland."

"Istanbul," said the Belgian girl. She had a broad face which a large pair of glasses only complicated, and she was a head taller than I. "My first time."

"I am in Istanbul two years before," said the



Frenchwoman, wincing the way the French do before lapsing into their own language.

"What is it like?" asked the Belgian girl. She waited. I waited. She helped the woman. "Very nice?"

The Frenchwoman smiled at each of us. She shook her head and said, "*Très sale.*"

The train had started to move, and at the end of the car the man in the seaman's cap was braced at his door, drinking and watching our progress. After several minutes the rest of the passengers went into their compartments; from my own I heard the smashing of paper parcels being stuffed into corners. This left the drinker, whom I had started to think of as The Captain, and myself alone in the passage. He looked my way and said, "Istanbul?"

"Yes."

"Have a drink."

"I've been drinking all day," I said. "Do you have any mineral water?"

"I do," he said. "But I keep it for my teeth. I never touch water on trains. Have a real drink. Go on. What will it be?"

"A beer would be nice."

"I never drink beer," he said. "Have some of this." He showed me his glass and then went to his shelf and poured me some, saying, "It's a very drinkable Chablis, not at all chalky—the ones they export often are, you know."

We clinked glasses. The train was now moving fast. "Istanbul."

"Istanbul! Right you are."

His name was Molesworth, but he said it so distinctly that the first time I heard it I thought it was

a double-barreled name. There was something military in his posture and the promptness of his speech, and at the same time this flair could have been an actor's. He was in his indignant late fifties, and I could see him cutting a junior officer at the club, either at Aldershot or in the third act of a Rattigan play. The small glass disk he wore around his neck on a chain was not, I saw, a monocle but a magnifying glass. He had used it to find the bottle of Chablis.

"I'm an actors' agent," he said. "I've got my own firm in London. It's a smallish firm, but we always have more than we can handle."

"Any actors I might know?"

He named several famous actors.

I said, "I thought you might be army."

"Did you?" He said that he had been in the Indian army—Poona, Simla, Madras—and his duties there were of a theatrical nature, organizing shows for the troops. He had arranged Noel Coward's tour of India in 1946. He had loved the army, and he said that there were many Indians who were so well-bred you could treat them as absolute equals.

We talked about Indian trains. Molesworth said they were magnificent: "They have showers, and there's always a little man who brings you what you need. At mealtime they telegraph ahead to the next station for hampers."

Molesworth surveyed the car. "This train isn't what it was. Pity. It used to be one of the best, a *train de luxe*. Royalty took it. Now, I'm not sure, but I don't think we have a dining car, which is going to be a terrible bore if it's true. Have you got a hamper?"

I said I hadn't, though I had been advised to bring one.

"That was good advice," Molesworth said. "I

This is the first of two excerpts drawn from Paul Theroux's forthcoming book, *The Great Railway Bazaar*.

don't have a hamper myself, but then I don't eat much. I like the *thought* of food, but I much prefer drinking. How do you like your Chablis? Will you have more?" He inserted his eyeglass and found the bottle, and pouring, said, "These French wines take an awful lot of beating."

A half-hour later I went into my compartment. The lights were blazing, and in his upper berth Duffill was sleeping. The expression on his face was one of agony; his features were fixed and his head moved as the train did. I turned out the lights and crawled into my berth.

In the morning Duffill was gone. I lay in bed and worked the window curtain up with my foot; after a few inches it shot up on its roller, revealing a sunny mountainside, the Alps dappled with light and moving past the window.

Duffill came back in time to admire my rechargeable electric razor. He said that he used a blade, and on trains always cut himself to pieces; he showed me a nick on his throat. He'd be spending two months in Turkey, he told me, but didn't say what he'd be doing. In the bright sunlight he looked about seventy. But he was not in the least spry, and I could not imagine why anyone except a fleeing embezzler would spend two months in Turkey.

He looked out at the Alps. He said, "They say if the Swiss had designed these mountains, um, they'd be rather flatter."

I decided to have breakfast, but I walked to both ends of the Direct-Orient and saw no dining car, nothing except more sleeping cars and people dozing in their second-class seats. On the way back to my car, I was followed by three Swiss boys who at each compartment door tried the handle; if it responded they slid the door open and looked in, presumably at people dressing or lounging in bed. Then the boys called out, "*Pardon, Madame!*" "*Pardon, Monsieur!*" as the occupants hastily covered themselves.

The door to the Americans' compartment opened. The man was out first, swinging the knot of his tie, and then the woman, feebly balancing on a cane, tottered out and followed after, bumping the windows as she went. The Alps were rising, and in the sheerest places wide-roofed chalets were planted, as close to the ground as mushrooms and clustered in the same way, at various distances from gravity-defying churches. Many of the valleys were dark, the sun showing only farther up on cliff faces and at the summits. At ground level the train passed fruit farms and clean villages and Swiss cycling in kerchiefs—calendar scenes that you admire for a moment before feeling an urge to move on to a new month.

The American couple returned. The man looked in my direction and said, "Did you find it?"

"What?"

"The dining car."

"There isn't one," I said. "I looked."

"Then why the hell," the man said, only now releasing his anger, "why the hell did they call us for breakfast?"

The Swiss boys, yelling and sliding open the compartment doors, had preceded the Americans' appearance; this commotion had been interpreted as a summons to breakfast. Hunger's ear is not finely tuned.

Duffill was eating the last of his salami. He offered me some, but I said that I was planning to buy my breakfast at an Italian station. Duffill lifted the piece of salami and brought it to his mouth, but just as he bit into it we entered a tunnel and everything went black.

"Try the lights," he said. "I can't eat in the dark. I can't taste it."

I groped for the light switch and flicked it, but we stayed in darkness.

Duffill said, "Maybe they're trying to save electricity."

His voice in the darkness sounded very near to my face. I moved to the window and tried to see the tunnel walls, but I saw only blackness. The sound of the wheels drumming seemed louder in the dark and the train itself was gathering speed, the motion and the dark producing in me a suffocating feeling of claustrophobia and an acute awareness of the smell of the room, the salami, Duffill's woolens, and bread crusts. Minutes had passed and we were still in the tunnel: we might be dropping down a well, a great sinkhole in the Alps that would land us in the clockwork interior of Switzerland, glacial cogs and ratchets and frost-bitten cuckoos.

Duffill said, "This must be the Simplon."

I said, "I wish they'd turn the lights on."

I heard Duffill wrapping his uneaten salami and punching the parcel into a corner.

I said, "What do you aim to do in Turkey?"

"Me?" Duffill said, as if the compartment was crammed with old men bound for Turkey, each waiting to state a reason. He paused, then said, "I'll be in Istanbul for a while. After that I'll be traveling around the country."

"Business or pleasure?" I was dying to know and, in the confessional darkness, did not feel so bad about badgering him; he could not see the eagerness on my face. On the other hand, I could hear the tremulous hesitation in his replies.

"A little of both," he said.

This was not helpful. I waited for him to say more, but when he added nothing further, I said, "What exactly do you do, Mr. Duffill?"

"Me?" he said again, but before I could reply with the sarcasm he was pleading for, the train left the tunnel and the compartment filled with sun-

Misery on the Orient Express

light, and Duffill said, "This must be Italy." He dug out his parcel of salami and resumed the meal the Simplon tunnel had interrupted.

At 9:35 we stopped at the Italian station of Domodossola, where a man poured cups of coffee from a jug and sold food from a heavily laden pushcart. He had fruit, loaves of bread and rolls, various kinds of salami, and lunch bags which, he said, contained "*tante belle cose*." He also had a stock of wine. Molesworth bought a Bardolino and ("just in case") three bottles of Chianti; I bought an Orvieto and a Chianti, and Duffill had his hand on a bottle of claret.

Molesworth said, "I'll take these back to the compartment. Get me a lunch bag, will you?"

I bought two lunch bags and some apples.

Duffill said, "English money, I only have English money."

The Italian snatched a pound from the old man and gave him change in lire.

Molesworth came back and said, "Those apples want washing. There's cholera here." He looked again at the pushcart and said, "I think *two* lunch bags, just to be safe."

"How long are we staying here?" I asked.

No one knew. Molesworth called out to the train guard, "I say, George, how long are we stopping for?"

The guard shrugged, and as he did so the train began to back up.

"Do you think we should board?" I asked.

"It's going backwards," said Molesworth. "I expect they're shunting."

The train guard said, "*Andiamo*."

"The Italians love wearing uniforms," said Molesworth. "Look at him, will you? And the uniforms are always so wretched. They really are like overgrown schoolboys. Are you talking to us, George?"

"I think he wants us to board," I said. The train stopped going backwards. I hopped aboard and looked down. Molesworth and Duffill were at the bottom of the stairs.

"You've got parcels," said Duffill. "You go first."

"I'm quite all right," said Molesworth. "Up you go."

"But you've got parcels," said Duffill. He produced a pipe from his coat and began sucking on the stem. "Carry on." He moved back and gave Molesworth room.

Molesworth stepped aboard and climbed up, slowly, because he was carrying a bottle of wine and his second lunch bag. Duffill grasped the rails beside the door, and as he did so the train began to move and he let go. He dropped his arms. Two train guards rushed behind him and held his arms and hustled him along the platform to the moving stairs of the car. Duffill, feeling the Italians' hands, resisted the embrace, went feeble, and stepped back; he made a half-turn to smile wanly at the

fugitive door. He looked a hundred years old. The train was moving swiftly past his face.

"George!" cried Molesworth. "Stop the train!"

I was leaning out of the door. I said, "He's still on the platform."

There were two Italians beside us, the conductor and a bedmaker. Their shoulders were poised, preparing to shrug.

"Pull the emergency cord!" said Molesworth.

"No, no, no, no," said the conductor. "If I pull that I must pay five thousand lire. Don't touch!"

"Is there another train?" I asked.

"Si," said the bedmaker in a tone of irritation. "He can catch us in Milano."

"What time does the next train get to Milano?" I asked.

"Two o'clock."

"When do we get to Milano?"

"One o'clock," said the conductor. "We leave at two."

"Well, how the hell—"

"The old man can take a car," explained the bedmaker. "Don't worry. He hires a taxi at Domodossola, the taxi goes *varoom*! He's in Milano before us!"

Molesworth said, "These chaps could use a few lessons in how to run a railroad."

The meal that followed the abandoning of Duffill only made that point plainer. It was a picnic in Molesworth's compartment; we were joined by the Belgian girl, Monique, who brought her own cheese.

"I wasn't quite prepared for this," said Molesworth. "I think each country should have its own dining car. Shunt it on at the frontier and serve slap-up meals." He nibbled a hard-boiled egg and said, "Perhaps we should get together and write a letter to Cook's."

The Orient Express, once unique for its service, is now unique among trains for its lack of it. The Indian Rajdhani Express serves curries in its dining car, and so does the Pakistani Khyber Mail; the Meshed Express serves Iranian chicken kebab, and the train to Sapporo, in northern Japan, smoked fish and glutinous rice. Box lunches are sold at the station in Rangoon, and Malaysian Railways always include a dining car that resembles a noodle stall, where you can buy mee-hoon soup. And Amtrak, which I had always thought to be the worst railway in the world, serves hamburgers on "The James Whitcomb Riley" (Washington-Chicago). Starvation takes the fun out of travel, and from this point of view the Orient Express is more inadequate than the poorest Madrassi train, where you exchange stained lunch coupons for a tin tray of vegetables and a quart of rice.

Monique said, "I hope he takes a taxi."

"Poor old chap," said Molesworth. "If he's got any sense at all he'll sit down and have a drink. Then he'll get a taxi to Milan. It's not far, but if he panics again, he's lost."

It was after one o'clock when we arrived at Milan. There was no sign of Duffill, either on the platform or in the crowded waiting room. The station, modeled on a cathedral, had high vaulted ceilings, and simple signs like USCITA gained the metaphorical quality of religious mottos from their size and dramatic position on the walls; balconies served no further purpose than to provide roosts for fat brooding stone eagles. We bought more lunch bags, another bottle of wine, and the *Herald-Tribune*.

"Poor old chap," said Molesworth, looking around for Duffill.

"Doesn't look as if he's going to make it."

"They warn you about that, don't they? Missing the train. You think it's shunting, but really it's on its way. The Orient Express especially. There was something in the *Observer* about it. Everyone misses it. It's famous for that."

Now, as we traveled to Venice, there was no hope for him. There wasn't the slightest chance of his catching up with us. We finished another bottle of wine and I went to my compartment. Duffill's suitcase, shopping bag, and paper parcels were piled in a corner. I sat down and looked out the window, resisting the urge to rummage through Duffill's effects for a clue to his going to Turkey. It had grown hotter; the cornfields were baked yellow and strewn with shucks and stubble. Beyond Brescia, the shattered windows in a row of houses gave me a headache. Moments later, drugged by the Italian heat, I was asleep.

Venice, a drawing room in a gas station, is approached through a vast apron of infertile industrial flatlands, crisscrossed with black sewer troughs and stinking of oil, the gigantic sinks and stoves of refineries and factories, all intimidating the delicate, dwarfed city beyond. The graffiti along the way are as professionally executed as the names of the firms on the billboards: MOTTA GELATI, LOTTA COMUNISTA, AGIP, NOI SIAMO TUTTI ASSASSINI, RENAULT, UNITÁ. The lagoon with its luminous patches of oil slick, as if hopelessly retouched by Canaletto, has a yard-wide wrack of rubble, plastic bottles, broken toilet seats, raw sewage, and that bone-white factory froth the wind beats into drifts of foam. The edges of the city have succumbed to industry's erosion, and what shows are the cracked back windows and derelict posterns of waterlogged villas, a few brittle Venetian steeples, and farther in, but low and almost visibly sinking, walls of spaghetti-colored stucco and red roofs, over which flocks of soaring swallows are teaching pigeons to fly.

I handed Duffill's abandoned belongings over to the Venetian *controllare* and asked him to contact Milan and reassure Duffill. He said he would, but spoke with the kind of Italianate carelessness that mocks trust. I demanded a receipt. This he provided, showing me his sour resignation as he slowly and distastefully itemized Duffill's parcels on the chit. As soon as we left Venice, I clawed it to pieces and threw it out the window. I had asked for it only to chasten him.

At Sežana, on the Yugoslav border, Yugoslav policemen with puffy faces and crossed black belts on their chests crowded the train corridor and examined passports. I showed mine. The policeman pawed it, licked his thumb, and wiped at pages, leaving damp smudges until he found my visa. He passed it back to me. I tried to step by him to retrieve my wineglass from Molesworth's compartment. The policeman spread his fingers on my chest and gave me a shove; seeing me stumble backward he smiled, lifting his lips over his terrible teeth.

"You can imagine how these Jug policemen behave in third class," said Molesworth, in a rare display of social conscience.

"And still she cried, and still the world pursues," I said, "'Jug Jug' to dirty ears.' Who says *The Wasteland's* irrelevant?"

"Jug" seemed uncannily exact, for outside the train little Jugs frolicked on the tracks, big parental Jugs crouched in rows, balanced on suitcases, and uniformed Jugs with leather pouches and truncheons strolled, smoking evil-smelling cigarettes with the apt brand name Stop!

More passengers had installed themselves in our car at Venice: an Armenian lady from Turkey who was traveling with her son (each time I talked to this pretty woman the boy burst into tears, until I got the message and went away); an Italian nun with the face of a Roman emperor and traces of a moustache; Enrico, the nun's brother, who was now in Duffill's berth; three Turkish men, who somehow managed to sleep in two berths; and a doctor from Verona.

I was shaving the next morning, amazing Enrico as I had Duffill with my portable electric razor, when we pulled level with a train which bore an enameled plate on its side inscribed MOSKVA-BEOGRAD. The Direct-Orient halted, making its couplings grunt, and Enrico dashed out of the door. This was Belgrade, calling attention to the fact with acronyms, CENTRO-COOP, ATEKS, RAD, and one I loved, TRANSJUG. It was here, at Belgrade station, that I thought I would try out my camera. I found a group of Yugoslav peasants, Mama Jug, Papa Jug, Granny Jug, and a lot of little Jugs; the men had Halloween moustaches, and one of the women wore a green satin dress over a pair of men's trousers; the granny, wearing a shawl which hid everything but her enormous

nose, carried a battered Gladstone bag. *Migrants in Belgrade*: a poignant portrait of futility. I focused and prepared to snap, but in my viewfinder I saw the granny muttering to the man, who whipped around and made a threatening gesture at me. After that I took my pictures with more stealth.

Molesworth saw me idling on the platform and said, "I think I shall board. I don't trust this train anymore."

But everyone was on the platform; indeed, all the platforms at Belgrade station were filled with travelers, leaving with me the unforgettable image of Belgrade as a terminal where people wait for trains that will never arrive, watching locomotives endlessly shunting. I pointed this out to Molesworth.

He said, "I think of it now as getting Duffilled. I don't want to get Duffilled." He hoisted himself into our car and called out, "Don't you get Duffilled!"

The Belgrade outskirts were leafy and pleasant, and as it was noon by the time we had left the station, the laborers we passed had downed their tools and were sitting cross-legged in shady spots by the railway line having lunch. The train was going so slowly one could see the plates of sodden cabbage and could count the black olives in the chipped bowls. These groups of eaters passed loaves of bread the size of footballs, reducing the loaves by hunks and scrubbing their plates with them.

The landscape was low and uneven, barely supporting in its dust a few farm animals, five motionless cows, and a herdsman leaning on a stick watching them starve in the same way the scarecrow, two plastic bags on a bony crosspiece, watched the unharvested fields of cabbages and peppers. And beyond the rows of blue cabbage, a pink pig butted the splintery fence of his small pen and a cow lay under a goal of saplings in a disused football field. Red peppers, as crimson and pointed as clusters of poinsettias, dried in the sun outside farm cottages in districts where farming consists of a man stumbling after oxen dragging wooden plows and harrows.

A woman paused to tip a water bottle to her mouth; she swallowed and bent from the waist to continue tying up cornstalks. I saw large ocher squashes sitting plumply in fields of withering vines; people priming pumps and swinging buckets out of wells on long poles; tall narrow haystacks, and pepper fields in so many stages of ripeness I first took them for flower gardens. It was a feeling of utter quietness, deep rural isolation which the train briefly penetrated. It went on without a change for hours, this afternoon in Yugoslavia, and then all people disappeared and the effect was eerie: roads without cars or bicycles, cottages with

empty windows at the fringes of empty fields; trees heavy with apples and no one picking them. Perhaps it was the wrong time—3:30; perhaps it was too hot. But where were the people who stacked that hay and set those peppers so carefully to dry? The train passed on—that's the beauty of a train, that heedless movement—but it passed on to more of the same: six neat beehives; a derelict steam engine with wildflowers garlanding its smokestack; a stalled ox at a level crossing. At each river and bridge there were square brick emplacements, like Croatian copies of Martello towers, pocked by bombs. Then I saw a man, bent over in a field, camouflaged by cornstalks which were taller than he; I wondered if I had missed all the others because they were made so tiny by their crops.

"I hate sightseeing," said Molesworth. We were at the corridor window and I had just been reprimanded by a Yugoslav policeman for snapping a picture of a steam locomotive. In the late afternoon sun, and the whirling dust the thousands of homeward-bound commuters had raised crossing the railway lines, it stood amidst a magnificent exhalation of blue vapors mingled with clouds of gold gnats. Now we were in a rocky gorge outside Niš, on the way to Dimitrovgrad, the cliffs rising as we moved and holding occasional symmetries, like remainders of belligerent brickwork in the battlements of a ruined castle. The sight of this seemed to tire Molesworth, and I think he felt called upon to explain his fatigue. "All that tramping around with guidebooks," he said after a moment. "In those horrible crocodiles of tourists, in and out of churches, museums, and mosques. No, no, no. I just like to be still, find a comfortable chair. Do you see what I mean? I like to *absorb* a country."

He was drinking. We were both drinking, but drink made him reflective and it made me hungry. All I had had to eat during the day was a cheese bun in Belgrade, an envelope of pretzels, and a sour apple. The sight of Bulgaria, with its decrepit houses and skinny goats, did not make me hopeful of a good meal at Sofia station.

I found the Bulgarian conductor and asked him to describe for me a typical Bulgarian meal. Then I wrote down the Bulgarian words for the delicacies he had mentioned: cheese, potatoes, bread, sausages, salad with beans, and so forth. He assured me that there would be food in Sofia.

It was after eleven at night when we pulled in, and as Molesworth and I leaped off the train the conductor told us to hurry: "Fifteen minutes, maybe ten."

"You said we'd have a half-hour!"

"But we are running late now. Don't talk—hurry!"

We quick-marched down the platform, searching for food. There was a cafeteria with a mob at the

counter and then nothing more until, at the far end of the platform, a man with a steaming metal pushcart. He was bald; he held a small paper bag in one hand, and with the other he flipped open the several tabernacles of his pushcart and stabbed at white buns and red, dripping sausages the size of bananas, with pink meat showing in slightly burst seams. There were three customers ahead of us. He served them, taking his time, urging buns and sausages into the bags with his busy fork. When my turn came I showed him two fingers, changed my mind, three fingers. He bagged three of each.

"The same again," said Molesworth and handed him a thousand-lire note.

"No, no," said the man; he pushed my dollar away and at the same time took my bag from me and put it on the pushcart.

"He won't take our money," said Molesworth.

"Banka, banka," said the man. We ran in the direction his finger was pointing and found a teller's cage where a long line of disconsolate people stood clutching pieces of paper and kicking their luggage as the line inched forward.

"I think we'll have to give this up as a bad job," said Molesworth.

"I'm dying for one of those sausages."

"Unless you want to get Duffilled," said Molesworth, "you should get back on the train. I think I shall."

We did, and minutes later the whistle blew and the Bulgarian darkness swallowed Sofia. Enrico, seeing us empty-handed, got Italian crackers from his sister, the nun, and gave them to us; the Armenian lady presented a slab of cheese, and even sat with us and had a drink.

"It's usually a good rule to drink the wine of the country you're passing through," said Molesworth. He glanced out the window into the blackness. "I suppose that's still Bulgaria. What a great pity."

Large gray dogs, a pack of seven, presumably wild, were chasing across the harsh steppes of northwestern Turkey, barking at the train. They had awakened me in Thrace, and when they slackened their pace and fell behind the fleeing train, there was little to see but a dreary monotony of unambitious hills. The occasional army posts, the men shoveling sugar beets caked with dirt into steel hoppers, and the absence of trees made its dreariness emphatic. And I couldn't bear those hairless hills. Edirne was to the north, Istanbul still four hours away; but we traveled over the steppes stopping at only the smallest stations, an

unremarkable journey across a barren landscape. Featurelessness is the steppes' single attribute, and having said that, and assigned it a shade of brown, there is nothing more to say.

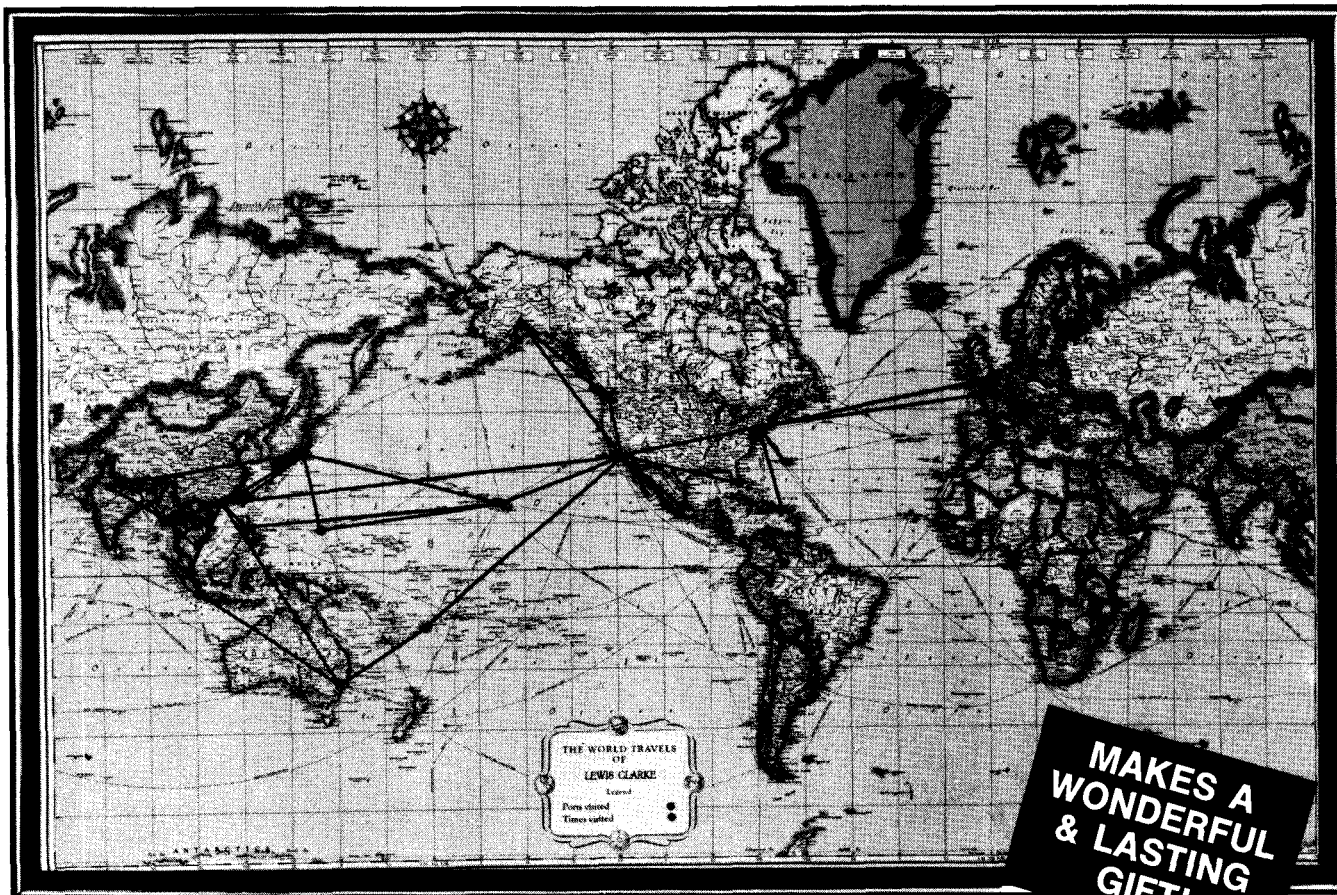
The great express from Paris became a doubtful and irritating Turkish local once it got to Istanbul's outskirts, stopping at every station simply to give conductors a chance to fool with notebooks in the Turkish Clapham Junctions and Scarsdales.

On the right-hand side of the train was the Sea of Marmara, where freighters with rusty hulls and fishing boats with the contours of scimitars lay surrounded by caiques in the glittering water; on our left the suburbs were passing, altering every fifty yards. Scattered tent settlements and fishing villages gave way to highrise apartment houses with shacks at their ankles; then a shantytown on an outcrop of rock, bungalows where the terrain leveled out, and an uneven terrace of wooden houses toppling grandly from a cliff. It takes a while to realize that it's not social classes which are represented in these vastly different building styles, but rather centuries (Istanbul has been a city for twenty-seven centuries), each style an example of its own age and getting older and more solid (shingle to timber, timber to brick, brick to stone) as you get closer to the Seraglio.

Istanbul begins as the train passes the city wall at the Golden Gate, the Arch of Triumph of Theodosius, built in 380 but not appreciably more decrepit than the strings of laundry that flap at its base. Here, for no apparent reason, the train picked up speed and rushed east along Istanbul's snout, past the Blue Mosque and the Topkapi Sarayı, and then circled to the Golden Horn. Sirkeçi Station is nothing compared to its sister station, Haydarpaşa, just across the Bosphorus, but its nearness to the busy Eminönü Square and to one of the oldest mosques in the city, Yenikapı, not to mention the Galata Bridge (which accommodates a whole community of hawkers, fish stalls, shops, restaurants, and pickpockets disguised as peddlers and touts), gives to one's arrival in Istanbul by the Direct-Orient Express the combined shock and exhilaration of being pitched headfirst into a bazaar.

"It all looks absolutely hideous," said Molesworth. But he was smiling. "I think I'm going to like it." He was off to the high-priced fishing village of Tarabya. He gave me his telephone number and said I should ring if I got bored. We were still on the platform at Sirkeçi. Molesworth turned to the train. "I must say I'm not sad to see the back of that train, are you?" But he said it in a tone of fussy endearment, in the way a person who calls himself a fool really means the opposite. □

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WILLIAMS FOR THE DEFENSE

The trial of John Connally

by Larry L. King

Edward Bennett Williams prances and preens, whispers, shouts, arches his eyebrows, and in the end intones: "The government has no case. Its case is in shambles." The jury agrees. And John Connally—whose political career was widely thought to be over—is a free man with a bright future.

It was in July of 1974 that they threw him off the bandwagon and into the briar patch. He had just returned home to Texas from a thirty-six-state speaking tour, one that the suspicious equated with future presidential plans. And why not? Though they'd laughed when John B. Connally switched political parties so untimely as to become identified immediately with the Watergate gang ("The only known case of a rat swimming out to the sinking ship"), he seemed to be overcoming the secondhand taint. Big crowds. Headlines. For all his partisan or ideological detractors, Connally carried no personal odor of wrongdoing; he was determinedly keeping a high profile; at the rate large Republican cookies were crumbling, it seemed that John Connally shortly might be the only unbroken one in the box.

And then the Watergate special prosecutors turned their attention to John Bowden Connally, Jr., fifty-seven, the only show hog in a Republican pigsty—that distinguished and glamorous study in silver and bronze; the poor boy who'd worked up to three terms as governor of Texas and head of one of the nation's larger law firms; the man who'd served three Presidents and had been shot at the side of one and had spoken the eulogy over another. This man who'd walked among kings and pharaohs he'd sometimes lectured was, incredibly, indicted by a federal grand jury for the taking of a grubby \$10,000 bribe and then lying in a conspiracy to conceal it.

Juror Number 13 (though he did not yet think of himself as such) was stunned when he heard the

news, and not a little gleeful. Though his personal contacts with the man had been few and perfunctory, he had never been fond of John B. Connally. Often he had fumed at Connally's utterances and actions, judging him a public official with little compassion for the disadvantaged, seeing in the overall package, despite Connally's advertised charm, a man who could be arrogant, cold, impatient, ruthless. Connally cuddled up to the high and the mighty, had superhawk instincts, was apathetic or hostile toward minorities or civil liberties; his complaints against the better parts of LBJ's Great Society, despite Connally's background as LBJ's favorite pupil and creature, had once prompted Johnson to say, "John ain't been worth a damn since he started wearing \$300 suits." Connally had employed the harshest rhetoric against such a decent man as George McGovern in heading Democrats-for-Nixon. For these reasons, Juror Number 13 was quick to enjoy laughter when Connally signed on as cabin boy aboard the political *Titanic*—only to leave the Nixon White House, mumbling about "that goddamned mess over there," after a dozen frustrating weeks as a presidential adviser no longer able to influence, and rarely able to see, the increasingly reclusive President. Connally's indictment gave the Juror hope that another of the bastards might get exactly what was coming to him.

The indictment charged that John B. Connally, Jr., while Secretary of the Treasury in 1971, had accepted two illegal gratuities of \$5000 from one Jake Jacobsen, a lawyer-lobbyist for Associated Milk Producers of America, Inc.—a dairy farmers' cooperative—in return for having influenced the Nixon Administration to increase federal milk price supports. Then (Jacobsen had sworn), when the Watergate going got sticky in 1973, Connally had returned \$10,000 in cash and had conspired with him to conceal the original bribes by concocting a cover story that the money had remained in Jacobsen's lockbox in an Austin bank, untouched, for more than two years.

John Connally, over a period of months before his indictment, had increasingly sounded troubled and disenchanted: public men were willy-nilly hounded, slandered, used for handy scapegoats in the post-Watergate morality (he said again and again) until the day might be fast approaching when good men would refuse to sacrifice themselves, their reputations, their families, their privacy. What most people did not know was that Connally had become convinced, in the months following his appearance before a federal grand jury, of a dark plot by the omnipotent They: "They are out to assassinate me politically," he gloomed to friends and family.

He was resting at his ranch near his native Floresville, in South Texas—where in better days he had lavishly entertained the Richard Nixons and the Big Rich—when the government's bomb went off. Connally called in the media boys to deny the allegations and defy the allegator. "Nobody can buy me," Connally said, and went into seclusion. "But the thing was in John's head twenty-four hours a day for over a year," an associate says. "He's prouder than a pen full of peacocks, and he felt disgraced. We worried about him."

While John Connally was in limbo and preparing his defense—choosing as his lawyer the celebrated Edward Bennett Williams, who is not only president of the Washington Redskins, but treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, and was high on the Nixon enemies list—Juror Number 13 did not much preoccupy himself with the matter; it is axiomatic that the troubles of others, while walking slowly through the heads of the afflicted, whiz through the minds of the uninvolved at race-car speeds. But as the trial approached, and John Connally suddenly bloomed forth again, granting interviews to select friendlies, speaking to standing ovations before the Houston Rotary Club, even meeting for forty-five minutes with Jerry Ford during the President's Texas visit last February, it became apparent that this strategy aimed at depicting Connally as a proud, strong, victimized defendant. Connally associates increasingly put the bad mouth on Jake Jacobsen, and let it leak that some dark conspiracy existed: this rotten charge against John was the only way Democrats had of keeping him out of the White House. So there would be a bloody fight, one that Connally's friends saw as vital not only to his personal restoration but to his political resurrection. The Juror began to consider what he knew of the case and of the people in it.

Of Jake Jacobsen it must be said that the Juror held him, at best, in minimal high regard. Jacobsen he had known as the man who raised money for Governor Price Daniel in Texas, and who arranged those efficient scenarios wherein Daniel's

Tory Democrats steamrolled the liberals at stacked state conventions, then went on to whop them at the polls. Jake had always been a shadowy figure, one who stood in the wings and manipulated the puppets. He had always seemed a bit . . . well, opportunistic. There was something of the political eunuch in him, sniffs of one capable of serving many masters. Indeed, Jake could in 1962 back Governor Daniel against John Connally, and then—once Connally won—ingratiate himself with the new king; he could leap forward to serve President Johnson in the White House, and later—with LBJ bitter and withering in retirement while having bad dreams of his own death—cheerfully join John Connally in his Democrats-for-Nixon subterfuge. You thought of Jake Jacobsen and you thought of one who always knew where the bread was buttered, and would be there to get his. And perhaps more than his.

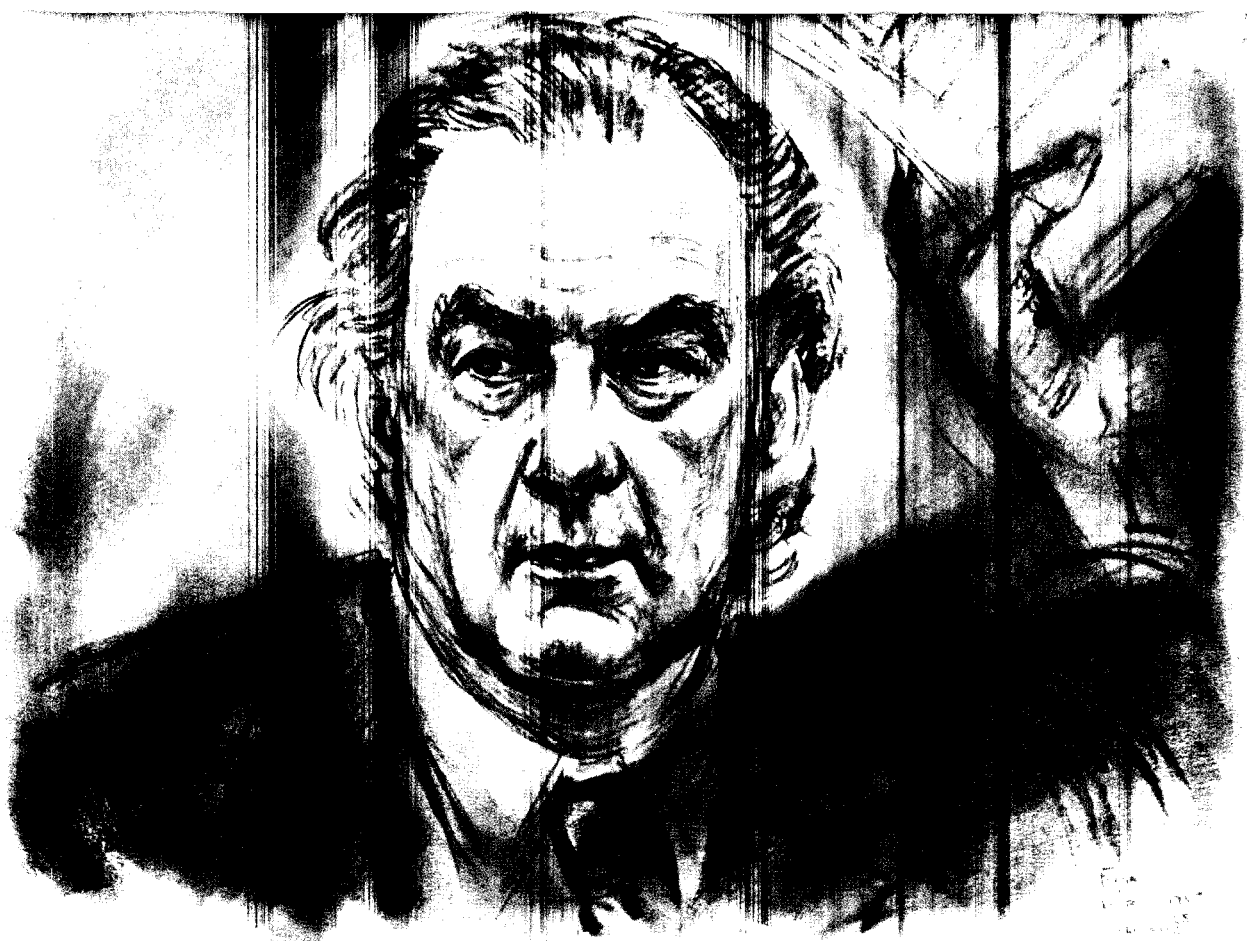
The State of Texas had accused him of plundering savings-and-loan companies (in which he had an interest) in multiple conspiracies to divert funds for his own use. In a matter of months, the bankrupt Jacobsen went from assets of \$3 million to deficits of \$8 million; where once he had been an official of a dozen banks, he now had trouble cashing checks.

By the time Texas got through with Jake Jacobsen at the grand jury level, he had been indicted on charges capable of sending him to the slammer for forty years. Think about it: 14,600 days and nights. Jake was fifty-odd. Forty years. It was then he plea-bargained with the Feds, agreeing to testify against John Connally *only* if allowed to plead guilty to bribing him . . . and to nothing else. All other charges, state and federal, must be dropped, and efforts made to prevent Jake's disbarment in Texas. He thus traded a potential forty years for what appeared to be a certain two years: not a bad day's work.

Juror Number 13 had seen many boys off Texas farms and out of Texas factories and from the Texas slums grow rich while becoming Great, or pretending to. He knew the habits of Texas politics, knew that big money sources played it fast and loose, knew that powerful incumbents had a way of being adopted by wealthy patrons: they mingled socially and ruled the state in something close to partnership. Periodically, scandals would erupt and people would go to jail or be driven from office—state representatives, a land commissioner, a former attorney general or two, a speaker of the House. Was John B. Connally capable of the usual shortcuts?

In the large sense, perhaps. The Juror never had been wholly satisfied with Connally's explanation, at hearings to confirm him as Secretary of the Treasury, that the \$225,000 he'd accepted in executor's fees from the Sid Richardson estate during three years as governor had been deferred pay-

Larry L. King is a longtime student of Texas politics.



Edward Bennett Williams

ments for work earlier performed, and therefore represented no conflict of interest. Connally had not made his contention more credible by telling the Senate Finance Committee how he had sacrificed by waiving a portion of his executor's fee in order to accept appointment from President Kennedy as Secretary of the Navy: "I don't go around, Senators, bragging about it. I never said to anybody until this morning that I took \$400,000 to \$500,000 less than I could have taken to serve my country." Without belittling the patriotic instincts, did this ring true from a man who'd several times quit public service for the announced purpose of making more money faster, and who obviously loved and accumulated the finer things?

But in the narrow sense, no. Was Connally not too proud a human unit to hold his hand out for a nickel here or a dime there? Was he not too vain? Didn't he perhaps have a shade too much *class*, yes, to creep around accommodating a procession of small-time bagmen?

But hold on. There seemed a third possibility, one neither fish nor fowl. Both Jake and John were old-pro pols who'd shared common political geography and cultures; they knew how elastic campaign financing laws had been, and understood the benefits of mutual back-scratching. Could it be that with little embarrassment on the part of either man—given old friendships and an unspoken understanding of the sophisticated operating nuances—money had changed hands in transactions that neither had troubled to weigh on any particular moral scale? Had their sensibilities been dead-

ened by habit and custom? And, later, once the Watergate pot heated up and new rules seemed to be proclaimed, had they panicked out of a sudden tardy suspicion that the old rules might be terribly difficult to explain? *Possible*, the Juror thought. *Very possible.*

The defendant emerged from a black limousine into the stammer of flashbulbs and the yammerings of nearby jackhammers, running the gauntlet of press people, cameramen, the morbidly curious. Earlier, leaving the Washington Mayflower for the U.S. courthouse in a relatively scabby part of town, he had grumbled of dreading this spectacle most of all: it would make him feel like something in a zoo.

In the courtroom, after greeting a sparse committee of Texas friends and perfunctorily joking about a weight loss, Connally appeared nervous and dry-mouthed; he rubbed his hands and sampled the room in quick random glances. And why not a little sweat on the brow, some flutters in the gut? He knew something of power, had chased it and caught it, had learned to use it like a club. Now, the power of the state could send him to prison for up to four years and assess fines of up to \$20,000 upon conviction for bribery; later, should perjury and conspiracy counts be successfully brought, it could total penalties of nineteen years and \$50,000. Perhaps he now felt something of Jake Jacobsen's earlier fear and desperation.

Little at the prosecutor's table could have given



Tuerkheimer, the prosecutor

the defendant comfort: four young, grim men of such dogged intensity that before the week was out newsmen would dub them "The Undertakers," and offer a bounty of \$5 for the first sighting of a smile. Of these the honcho was Frank M. Tuerkheimer, thirty-five, the son of a Bronx butcher, who'd won honors at Columbia and New York University Law School before becoming an assistant to Robert Morgenthau, the U.S. attorney in the southern district of New York. Stolid and dark, with a tumble of neglected black hair, he seemed near to shy: a closemouthed man who would prove indifferent to small talk. His chief assistant was Jon A. Sale, thirty-one, also a graduate of NYU Law and of Morgenthau's office. These were cautious men, whose advertised common attraction was "a passion for justice"; they were young men with causes.

Of Edward Bennett Williams, fifty-five, heading the defense, it has been said, not entirely accurately, that he is a man of clients, not of causes. Senator Joe McCarthy. The Washington *Post*. Jimmy Hoffa. Congressman Adam Clayton Powell. Bernard Goldfine. The Democratic National Committee. *Playboy's* Hugh Hefner. Senator Thomas Dodd. Folk singer Peter Yarrow. Bobby Baker. Tough Tony Boyle. Frank Costello. Robert Vesco. Almost every time he represented one of them, the crank mail or hate calls came in. Robert Kennedy privately remarked in anger that Williams should have been disbarred for permitting Hoffa to take the Fifth Amendment more than a hundred times; Dick Nixon is on tape as threatening to "fix" Williams. Perhaps defensively, Williams developed a standard response: "If the day ever comes when lawyers grow timid about taking unpopular causes, the whole criminal procedure under our Constitution is in pretty serious trouble."

Williams . . . how to describe him? A man of many parts and faces. Sometimes he looks like Art



The jury

Carney. Sometimes like an Irish bartender or a respectable, possibly dull senator from one of the prairie states. Sometimes a beefy-shouldered gumshoe, a union organizer, an old single-wing blocking back gone slightly to suet. Almost always he appears a little glum, as if maybe his feet hurt, or he'd rather not keep his next appointment. His eyes are narrow in a broad face, his nose is a potato, his hair sweeps back from a high forehead as if for efficient storage, and terminates high on the neck in tight ringlets.

Juror Number 13 had heard that in private Williams is a great raconteur, a fine and affable entertainer who, while relaxing with such chums as columnist Art Buchwald and Washington *Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee, is careful to consume his share of the whiskey. It was reported that in preparation for the Connally trial he'd not touched even a social drop in eight weeks. A man, therefore, capable of the tougher disciplines; a serious man when it counts. In control. The gossip ran that E. B. Williams almost desperately coveted a big victory; while he had won a settlement for the Democratic National Committee from the Committee for the Re-Election of the President—resulting from the Watergate break-in—and had successfully represented the Washington *Post* in its Pentagon Papers actions, his last three or four noted criminal clients had gone directly to jail.

On the bench sat Judge George L. Hart, Jr. of the United States district court, sixtyish, a frail man with a pinched face, arthritic hands, and a wispy island of black hair atop his bald dome. Judge Hart, who'd been criticized for virtually apologizing to Richard Kleindienst while wrist-tapping the former Attorney General with a thirty-day suspended sentence, had been advertised as stern and churlish. Through the trial of John Connally, however, he would appear affable and folksy.

The jury, that delicate democratic instrument al-



Jacobsen, the accuser

ways capable of the unexpected, in its final statistics comprised ten blacks and two whites, eight women and four men. It contained an art historian, a cafeteria worker, three clerks and a retired clerk, a receptionist-secretary, a retired printer, a cook, a maid, and two unemployed persons. It averaged 48.7 in years, only two of the members being under thirty-five and only one under thirty; three had passed sixty and three more were rapidly gaining on it. Edward Bennett Williams appeared to have made his selections well: he wanted no hippies, no young black dudes, no revolutionaries; none who might enjoy seeing a rich white Establishment figure marched off in chains. Indeed, much of the jury looked like what might be found in the choir on Sunday mornings at the Church-of-God-in-Jesus-Christ-on-Georgia-Avenue: aging or aged black ladies, given to decorous dress and fruit hats and random shouts of *A-men*. Juror Number 13 wrote a prediction: *Williams will not hesitate to quote the Good Book.*

Williams' good work, alas, was not immediately recognized by all Texans who'd come to see John Connally through his dark hour. For months the word had gone around Texas, in time taking on the weight of gospel, that Big John had no more chance of a fair trial in Washington, Dee-Cee, than the proverbial snowball had in hell. Only the roughnecks and rednecks said *nigger*, though *nigger* often was well implied. "I'd pick that jury by complexion," said a prominent Texas lawyer not noted for bigotry.

“We will demonstrate,” said Jon Sale, in opening for the prosecution, “that in 1971, Mr. Jake Jacobsen—then representing American Milk Producers, Inc.—spent more time with John Connally, then Secretary of the Treasury, than any person other than government

employees. . . .” Less than a month after Connally became Secretary in February of 1971, Sale noted, Jake told him that his 40,000-member organization raised political action funds by a method similar to payroll checkoffs used by labor unions: “Mr. Jacobsen made it clear his organization had money and would spend it to get what it wanted.” It then wanted government milk price supports raised from \$4.66 per hundredweight, or 80 percent of parity, to \$4.92 per hundredweight, or 85 percent of parity.¹ The 5 percent difference would gain ten cents per quart for milk producers. “Mr. Connally agreed to try to be helpful.”

But only eight days later, on March 12, Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin ruled that milk price supports would remain at the old level. “This was unhappy news, so Mr. Jacobsen went back to see his friend John Connally on March 15. Mr. Connally again agreed to be helpful. You shall hear on a tape in evidence—a tape recorded in the White House—just how helpful Mr. Connally was. President Nixon was there. Secretary Hardin was there. Mr. Erlichman was there. . . . Mr. Connally certainly was there. He *dominated* that meeting . . . only two days later Secretary Hardin . . . established milk price supports at 85 percent of parity.”

On May 14, “John Connally accepted as a ‘thank you’ a gratuity for what he’d done. That act began this criminal case.” On April 28, by Sale’s version, Jacobsen had visited Connally’s office and was told, “You know, I was of help on that milk producers thing and I understand they have some political money. You think you can get some of that money for me?” (Connally, at the defense table, reddens, shakes his head: *no no no no no*.) Sale said Jacobsen then told an official of the dairy co-op,

¹Parity: a level for farm-product prices, maintained by government support, and intended to give farmers the same purchasing power they had during a chosen base period.

Bob A. Lilly, that he needed \$10,000 for Secretary Connally. "Cash is generally hard to trace," Sale said, "but this time the cash left footprints—a trail running from Mr. Lilly to Mr. Connally." On May 4, Bob Lilly borrowed \$10,000 from the Citizens National Bank of Austin, took the money in cash, and handed it over to Jacobsen.

The prosecution's story continues:

On May 13 Jacobsen took the money to Washington in a briefcase, keeping it overnight in the Madison Hotel. The next morning he divided it into two \$5000 bundles. One he delivered to John Connally with the comment, "There's more where this came from." He then rented a lockbox and stored the remaining \$5000: "We shall introduce documents showing the time he rented that lockbox; Mr. Connally's logs will affirm that Mr. Jacobsen earlier went to Mr. Connally's office on that morning of May 14—at the time he will tell you he did, and left when he will tell you he did."

Jake thought "to get more credit" by twice bearing gifts: "The trail of the second \$5000 is as clear as the first." On September 23, again visiting Connally's office, Jake told him, "I've got some more of that money." Connally responded, "Fine. Why don't you bring it over tomorrow morning?" "The log will show that [they] met the next morning—September 24, 1971. . . . little more than an hour before meeting Mr. Connally, Mr. Jacobsen entered his deposit box at American Security and Trust. . . . A year and a half later, when that box was forced open by the authorities, it was found empty." Bank records would show that Mr. Jacobsen had not entered it since September 24, 1971.

"Events developed which caused Mr. Connally to return the money." In August of 1973, when the milk producers came under federal investigation, Jake Jacobsen learned that Bob Lilly might spill it all to the Feds. Jake frets; hopes the problem will go away. But by October 24, 1973, Jake knows *he* soon must give an accounting. He telephones John Connally (whom he has not seen for more than a year, and who has resigned from the Nixon Cabinet) at his Houston law office. Connally says he's coming to Austin, and asks Jake to meet him there at the Sheraton-Crest Motor Inn on Friday, October 26. Over morning coffee in Connally's motel room, they agree that the cash surely will be traced to Jacobsen. They concoct a story:

Jake will tell the grand jury he offered the money to Connally "to make political contributions with," but that Connally turned it down. Why? "Because as a Democrat in a Republican Administration I don't want to give it to Democrats, and as a member of the Democratic party I can't give it to Republicans." Sale also says they agreed Jake would testify that a year later he offered the money to Democrats-for-Nixon—but that Connally refused on the grounds that (1) milk producers were being criticized for throwing cash around,

and (2) he didn't want to accept large cash contributions as a matter of policy.²

Sale's narrative goes on:

Within hours of the Austin meeting, Jake is subpoenaed. He telephones Connally, who blurts, "Jake, we've got to get that money back in your hands right away." Connally instructs Jacobsen to charter an airplane from Austin and pick up \$10,000 in Connally's law office on Monday morning, October 29, 1973. There Connally leaves his private chambers for ten minutes; Jake, waiting, looks at pictures on the walls. Connally returns with a cigar box holding \$10,000 in small bills and "a rubber glove or rubber gloves"; he throws the glove or gloves into his wastebasket and comments, "All this money is old enough." Jake flies back to Austin, and at 2 P.M. places the money in a Citizens National Bank lockbox.

In late November, 1973, Jacobsen tells the grand jury the cover story. Will he permit federal agents to look into his Austin lockbox to affirm the \$10,000 is still there? "Yes," Jake tells the grand jury. He beats it back to Texas; soon he's called by George Christian, former press secretary to Connally and LBJ, who asks him to meet Connally at Christian's Austin home on Sunday, November 25.

They meet there. After small talk, Christian excuses himself. Connally then says, "Jake, there's a problem. Some of that money I gave you is too new to have been available in 1971. You couldn't possibly have had it in your lockbox then. I've brought another \$10,000 to replace that money with older bills." Now it's Jake's turn to sweat: "John, I told 'em in Washington I wouldn't touch that . . . box until the FBI inspects it. I'll have hell getting in." Connally replies, "Well, Jake. . . . You've simply *got* to get in that box without leaving a trace." The prosecution says Connally then took \$10,000—"wrapped in a newspaper"—from his briefcase. But Jake says, "Not in here. Wait 'til we leave." They call good-bye to George Christian and enter Connally's car, where Jake takes the newspaper-wrapped money.

The events that follow are uncontested.

The next morning Jake seeks out Joe Long, his Austin law partner—and, conveniently, an official of the Citizens National Bank. After the bank closes to customers and few employees remain, Long opens the appropriate vault. But a late-staying bank employee, Virginia Straughan, on seeing this irregularity, insists that the men sign cards showing their entry. Long signs; Jake does not, mumbling that he is merely *with* Long—though, by his later testimony, he'd already switched the money. The following morning FBI agents look into Jacobsen's lockbox and find \$10,000. "I'm sure glad it's all there," Jake tells the G-men.

²Under cross-examination, Connally will say he accepted up to \$3000 in individual cash contributions for Nixon, "and they were duly reported."

But hold your horses: *forty-nine* bills bear the signature of Secretary of the Treasury George Shultz, who in mid-1972 had *succeeded* Connally . . . and who, obviously, could not have signed them in 1971 or earlier. They simply could *not* have been in Jake's lockbox as long as he'd sworn. Faced with this discrepancy, his financial empire crumbling, and now under multiple indictments in Texas, Jake arranges to plea-bargain with the Feds.

Edward Bennett Williams begins with a story of an old mountaineer who said of his pan-cakes, "No matter how thin I mix 'em, there's always two sides." Williams knows that even George McGovern soundly trounced Nixon in the District of Columbia. "This is *not* a Watergate case. John Connally had left government *long before* Watergate." He lays the Democratic butter on: Connally's service under Kennedy; old ties with LBJ; his client is described as "the first Democrat" in the Nixon Cabinet.

Williams talks of price supports, parity, cost-price ratios; he drones figures and percentages until the eyes glaze. The purpose of this windy harangue suddenly dawns on Juror Number 13. For now Williams has John B. Connally in hip boots and gallused overalls; you can almost see Big John shoveling the cow barns for the poor downtrodden dairy farmer, helping with the milking, driving the milk cans to market in a pickup truck. No sir, farmers have no greater friend than this Texan who understands; he, too, is of and from the soil. Lived on a little hardscrabble farm in his youth. *Of course* he wanted to help the dairy farmers! He knew better than most what happened when the market's bottom dropped out, when drought came or blackleg hit the herd or feed prices went up. He knew that in 1971 dairy farmers were in such bad shape that many were selling their cows for beef and quitting milk production. So, yes, John Connally told President Nixon and Secretary Hardin and anybody who'd listen, *By golly, we gotta help those dairy farmers.* . . . But he didn't take a dime for it.

Who and what was this fella Jake Jacobsen, anyway? Well, Jake had been *twice* indicted by the Feds for perjury. "Evidence will show he also was indicted, at the very time with which we are concerned, by a state grand jury in San Angelo, Texas, for fraud, crooked deals, and crooked loans." Warmed up like a good relief pitcher, Williams now is selectively shouting. "*Seven* felonies. He could get up to five years for *each* of them. And five *more* from the federal government for perjury." Williams stands near the jury box, quaking in outrage. *Imagine such a badass as Jake*, his attitude says, *telling lies on decent people. Fibbing on the farmer's friend.*

We do not dispute, Williams said, that Jake Ja-

cobsen got \$10,000 from Bob Lilly and *represented* it as being for John Connally. Sure, Jake twice offered it to John; and John declined. Why, looksee, Jake had known John Connally for twenty-five years and he *knew* he'd refuse any shady deal. He *knew* he wasn't talking to a thief. Jake was safe in his offer! He *knew* he could keep the money for himself and nobody would be the wiser.

Then came Watergate's brush-fire investigations. A worried Jake calls John Connally and asks to see him; they meet at the Sheraton-Crest two days later. There, Jake tells John over morning coffee, "I'm gonna have to testify before a grand jury and your name may come up because . . . Bob Lilly . . . may have given the impression I gave you [\$10,000]. But if I mention your name . . . it may hurt you politically." Connally responds, "No, Jake, tell it like it is. I've done nothing wrong. You go tell 'em the truth and let the chips fall where they may."

Lawyer Williams notes that on five occasions, Jacobsen—under oath—said he'd never given money to Connally. "Then, on February 6, 1974, a grand jury in Texas returns indictments against him . . . he was stealing money from his stockholders. And he also was indicted for perjury. *The . . . next . . . day . . .* Jacobsen tells two lawyers . . . 'I never gave John Connally that money and I'll return the money to A.M.P.I. when I get a clearance from my lawyer.'"

Williams glares at the prosecution, seemingly so mad he could stomp. "Two weeks went by. Jacobsen's now under several indictments. Now—*now*—begins his scheme to see how he might extricate himself. In March, 1974, he began negotiations to get many charges dropped. . . . On May 21, 1974, Jacobsen entered into an arrangement that *all* pending Texas charges would be dropped. Perjury charges here in the District of Columbia would not be pressed. There is a letter . . . to Jake Jacobsen *from the prosecution* making that deal!" Long stare. Much silence. Jury rapt. Softly: "All he had to do was deliver John Connally . . ."

Scene: the hall outside the courtroom. Time: Two minutes after E. B. Williams' opening remarks.

Fred Graham, CBS-TV correspondent: "What do you think?"

Juror Number 13: "Williams didn't touch the lockbox records, didn't explain away the chartered airplane, left it fuzzy about the purpose of all those meetings."

Graham: "He'll let Connally testify to those details. Frankly, I don't think the government has much."

Juror Number 13: "Well . . . lotta documentation."

Graham: "Bullshit, there's no corroboration! I

think the jury will demand more than Jake's testimony and a few slips of paper. It's all circumstantial."

Juror Number 13: "But they correlate! Twice Jake goes to the lockbox, then he goes to see Connally. And during the money re-exchange he reverses it: Connally first, lockbox second. Again, it happens twice. Doesn't it bother you?"

Graham: "Well, you maybe wonder why."

That night Juror Number 13, full of whiskey wisdom, bets a bottle of good wine on conviction: John Connally is going to jail.

Moments before Jake Jacobsen will take the witness stand, brother Merrill Connally says, "John, now, don't lose your composure when that man starts testifying." Connally booms a harsh laugh short of mirth: "Don't worry. I've known so many lying sons of bitches that one more won't crater me."

Jake Jacobsen looks like an astonished lizard: sallow, lean, gray hair, sharply arching black eyebrows accounting for the startled look; he peers over the top of half-moon reading glasses at his inquisitors. Prosecutor Tuerkheimer leads Jake through his oft-told story. Press row consensus is that Jacobsen hasn't handled himself badly under friendly guidance. But now Edward Bennett Williams rises for cross-examination.

Williams brings out that Jake has many times gone over his testimony with the prosecutors. Yes; the prosecutors pretended to be Williams and cross-examined him. Yes, they pointed out inconsistencies and refreshed his memory with documents. The lawyer fires a barrage of questions as rapid as a Muhammad Ali flurry: How long after you were indicted did you begin to plea-bargain? Who made the first contact? How many hours did you meet with the prosecutors? Over how many days? How many weeks? When and where? Jake sometimes is uncertain; thinks maybe; is not sure. Another flurry: You had fifteen bank accounts, didn't you? How many lockboxes? Didn't you swear in 1967 that you were deeply in debt? But in 1971 you swore your net worth was three million dollars? Perhaps; not sure; don't recall that. Williams provides transcripts. Jake admits to indictment on seven counts, culminating in perjury; agrees it could total forty years. Judge Hart intervenes to instruct that Jacobsen "has never been tried for those charges, and to this point is assumed to be innocent of them."

Jake testified that in all their dealings Connally never told him how much money he expected.

Williams: "And he didn't appear curious about how much he might be getting?"

Jake: "No, sir."

Williams grins as if he's just heard that elephants fly.

Jacobsen is drinking more and more water; licking his lips; on press row a colleague whispers that Jake looks beaten down, subservient, "like Uriah Heep."

Williams: "Did there come a time when Mr. Lilly said he gave you a *third* \$5000?"

Jake: "Yes, but—"

Williams: "And you remember there came a time when you had no recollection of it? You said you had an annoying 'inkling' that it *might* have happened?"

Jake: "That's correct."

Williams: "Did you say that due to this 'inkling' you *might* have given the third \$5000 to Mr. Connally? . . . on December 16, 1971?"

Jake: "Yes, that's what I said. My records show I'd been in my Austin lockbox on December 14."

Williams: "Did you say that as a product of your 'inkling' you deduced you'd given it to him?"

Jake: "Well, I said I had no firm recollection. But I must have given it to him, because I'd have only brought it here for that purpose."

Williams: "Oh. You get all that out of an 'inkling'?"

Objection. Sustained.

Edward Bennett Williams now leads Jacobsen into a discussion of when he flew from Austin to Houston, allegedly to pick up the first \$10,000.

Williams: "What changed your recollection from it being 'one glove' to 'gloves'?"

Jake: "The logic of it."

Williams: "Was it because the prosecution suggested that nobody would count money with *one* rubber glove on *one* hand?"

Jake: "Well, the fact is you couldn't hardly count money that way."

Williams: "That's right, you 'couldn't hardly' do it, could you? Now, was it a fifty- or twenty-five-cigar box?"

Jake: "I don't know the difference."

Williams: "You carried it to Austin, but you can't describe it? Can't say how big it was?"

Jake: "I won't guess."

Jake says the \$10,000 he removed from his lockbox remained for four months in a bedside nightstand. When he denies having cautioned his wife that it was there, Williams permits his eyebrows a skeptical dance.

Williams: "Do you recall saying to Mr. Connally that there was no possible way to express your gratitude for all he's done for you? That you had *never* been treated so decently by any high public official, and so on? Did you ever say that?"

Jake: "I don't remember saying that. But I might have said it."

Williams hands Jacobsen a letter dated April 28, 1972; it says roughly what he has just summarized. Jake reads it, looks up, blinks.

Williams: "Did you write that letter to John Connally?"

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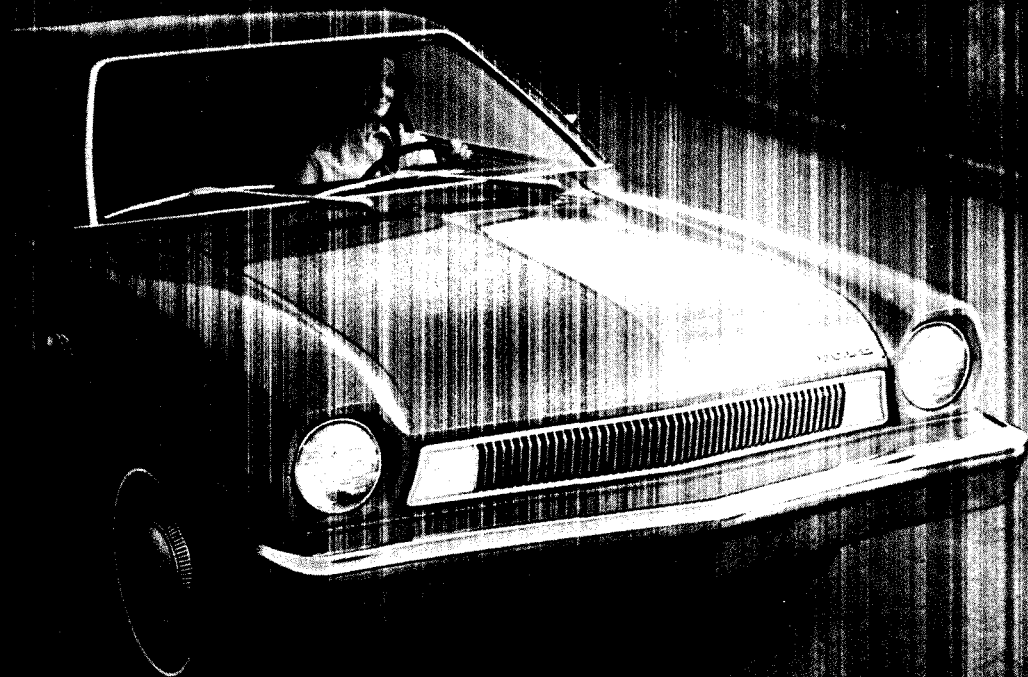
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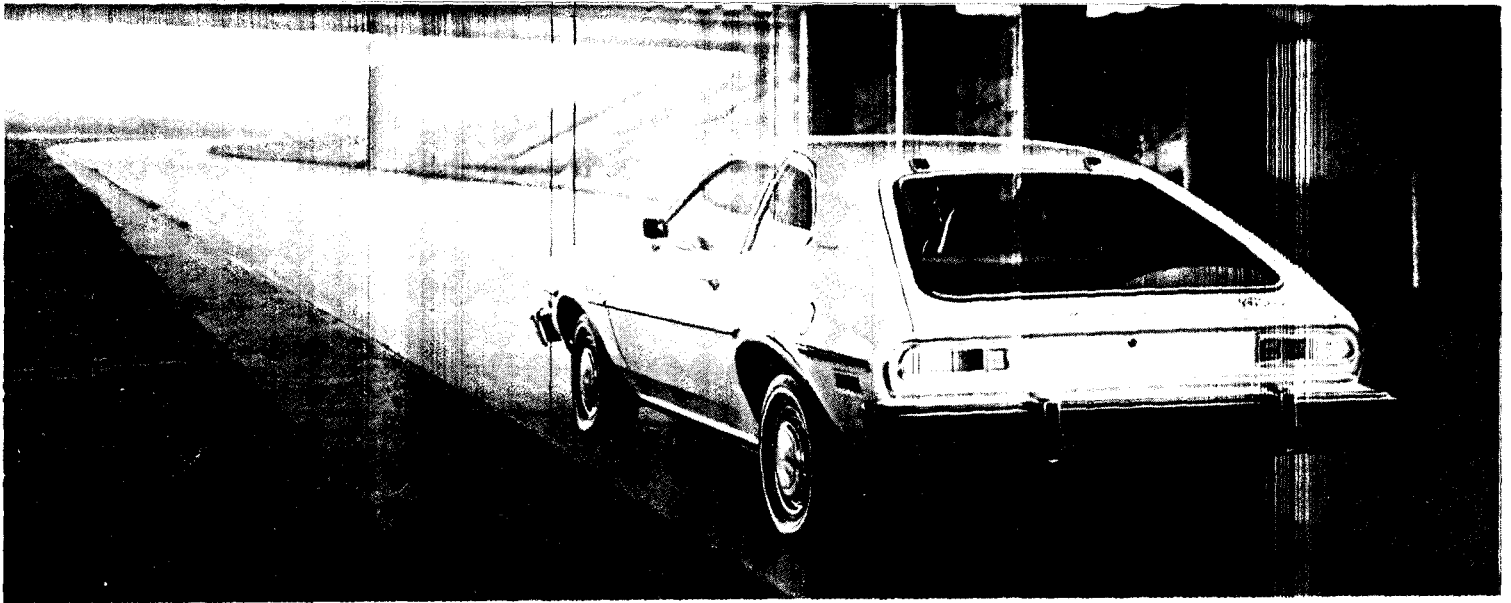
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MPG

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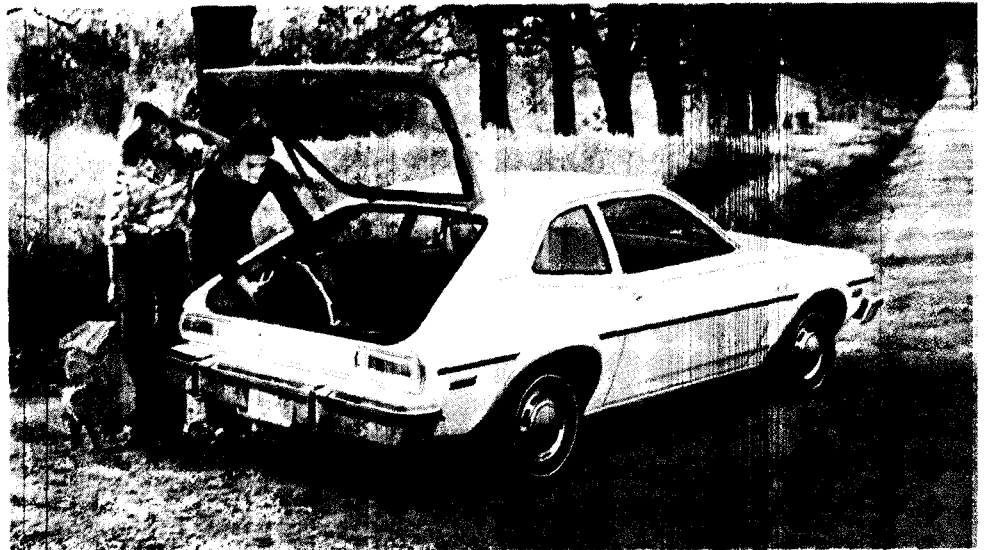
Pinto **MPG** High mileage with wide choice of models.

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The new Pinto MPG is available in three models, including the popular 3-Door Runabout. That handy rear door flips up and the rear seat flips down to give you a five-foot-long carpeted load floor. The Runabout also includes such standard Pinto features as all-vinyl front bucket seats, and a mini-console. You can have the flexibility of the Runabout—and EPA highway test economy of 28 miles a gallon (city 18 mpg)—if you see your Ford Dealer now and order a new Pinto MPG.

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Pinto MPG comes with a 2.3-liter 2V 4-cylinder engine, 4-speed manual (or optional automatic transmission, see box on facing page), a 3.40 axle ratio and catalytic converter. This is the equipment that produced these high results in the EPA tests.

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Official U.S. Government Environmental Protection Agency

28mpg (4-speed manual)
highway...18mpg city.

26mpg (automatic)
highway...18mpg city.

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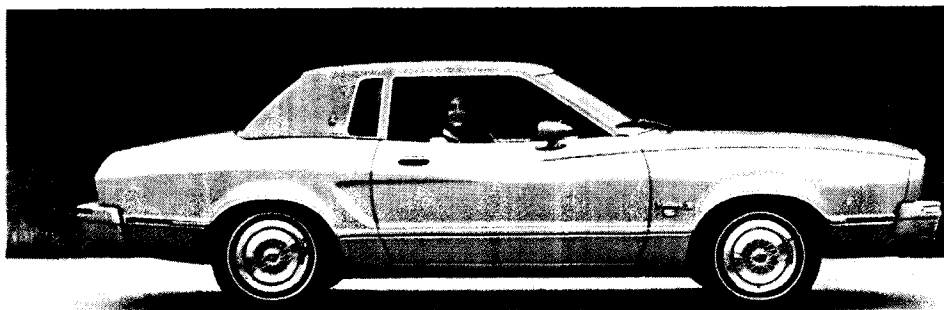
\$2,534 less than Datsun 280Z
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Mustang II **MPG Ghia.** Opera windows, vinyl roof and bodyside moldings are just some of the elegant touches that are standard on Ghia and make it such a distinctive small luxury car.

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Jake: "Yes, I did."

Williams: "Did you send it?"

Jake: "Yessir."

Williams: "Pass the witness . . ."

Jacobsen attempts to flee the press by choosing a back elevator; poor bumbler, he selects one directly across the hall from press headquarters and is besieged. "How do you feel about all this?" someone shouts. "I don't feel good about it," Jake mumbles, inspecting his shoes. "The man was a friend of mine."

When the government's case is in, it appears weak. There are, and will remain, the nagging questions of Jake's timely visits to lockboxes before and after meeting Connally. But Jacobsen's testimony has so often appeared vague and bumbuzzled that a guilty verdict demands more. The government has presented very little more: people to prove that Jake had lockboxes and entered them; the pilot who flew him to Houston; Bob Lilly; a dozen technical experts attempting to explain how and when money circulates once printed—using up a day, to the layman's eye, proving that money is green and has numbers on it: it all amounts to little more than convincing proof of the uncontested facts. Juror Number 13 is not unaware that eyewitnesses to bribery are rarer than the whooping crane; few conspirators, after all, trouble to call in Howard Cosell to telecast their best moves. Still . . .

Gasps and stirrings in the courtroom when Ed Williams opens the defense by presenting famous character witnesses. Robert McNamara. Lady Bird Johnson. Dean Rusk. James Rowe, the FDR brain truster. Robert Strauss, an old friend of Republican John Connally and now *Democratic* National Chairman. Barbara Jordan, a black congresswoman from Houston. These say that Connally's reputation for reliability, honesty, and integrity is "perfect . . . excellent . . . among the highest . . . extremely high."

But the star of stars is Dr. William Franklin Graham, Jr.—yes, the fabled Baptist Billy. God's own. His silver hair appears so well sprayed it resembles a crash helmet; he is lean and tan and jutting of jaw. Asked his occupation, Dr. Graham says: "I'm an evangelist preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ all over the world." He has known the defendant for twenty-one years: "I was in Texas reading the Bible to a friend [Sid Richardson, the late oil king] and he said, 'Wait a minute. I'd like to have my lawyer hear this.' And in walked John Connally." Laughter. Yes, he'd kept up an association with Mr. Connally: "He's spoken from the platform in two of my crusades, and has attended others. In Washington or Texas we've sometimes played golf . . . and we always have a little prayer together."

At a recess the Juror rails against the government's not having exposed Dr. Graham as the official moralist of the Nixon Administration: "Why, goddamnit, not six weeks ago Billy Graham came away from San Clemente proclaiming *Dick Nixon* to be a man of great faith!" A visiting Texas lawyer, Warren Burnett, and Lynn Coleman, head of the Connally firm's Washington branch, grin at this naïveté. One of them says, "Well, about five or six women on that jury have *got* to be Baptists—unless somebody's tampered with their religion." This skeptic's acceptance further outrages the Juror; he vows he now would vote to give Connally five years, Billy Graham two, and Ed Williams no less than six months in jail.

The defense puts on Beverie Ware and Cynthia McMann, secretaries in John Connally's Houston office. Williams establishes that they could see anyone going in or out of Connally's private office. They say they did not see Connally leave during his meeting with Jacobsen, contrary to Jacobsen's claim that Connally went out to get the cigar box full of money.

George Christian, now in public relations in Austin, is a pudgy man with thin hair and the earnest but friendly manner of a football coach hoping to recruit your son. He testifies that John Connally, distressed over stories he was being investigated in Watergate matters, telephoned asking that Christian get together Jake Jacobsen and Larry Temple, a former Connally aide, to discuss whether Connally should demand a public hearing before the Ervin Committee or some other forum. Temple is out of town; Jacobsen consents to the meeting.

Christian: "I left them after a few minutes because my four-year-old child waked up. I went upstairs, dressed him, took him to the kitchen for a bowl of cereal, and then rejoined them. . . ."

Williams: "They did not call good-bye to you, and leave the house alone?"

Christian: "No, sir. . . . We all walked out to the porch. I shook hands with both of them. Mr. Connally got in his car, and Mr. Jacobsen got in his."

Williams: "At any time, did you see Mr. Jacobsen get in Mr. Connally's car?"

Christian: "No."

Williams: "Did you see Mr. Jacobsen carrying a package wrapped in newspapers, or anything else in his hands?"

Christian: "Not that I recall."

Williams: "Was Mr. Jacobsen wearing any clothing under which he could have secreted a package?"

Christian: "No, he had on a short-sleeved sport shirt and slacks."

Cross-examination by Jon Sale:

"Did Mr. Connally have a briefcase with him?"

"Yes."

"Did he open that briefcase in your presence?"

"No, sir."

All right: so George Christian had refuted Jake's recollections of packaged money, of a money exchange in Connally's car. But a vexing thought: *Why* had Connally taken a briefcase to George Christian's home? He had come from his daughter's home, only a few blocks away, and it was there he returned. Why, then, had he toted a briefcase into the house with him—one that Christian never saw him open, one that apparently had no purpose?

John Connally is on the stand, impeccable in a pinstripe suit, looking like a two-million-dollar shipment of silver. Yes, he advised President Nixon to raise milk price supports. "As I recall, it was a meeting that dealt primarily with politics . . . Frankly, I was the only one there who knew much about the problem, and so I led the discussion." (The White House tape did not appear to have harmed Connally: jurors heard him pitch for higher milk support prices on the grounds that (1) several midwestern states might be lost to McGovern if Nixon did not; (2) Congress was certain to do it by legislation even if the Administration didn't; (3) the milk boys were in an economic bind; *ergo*, it should be promptly done and credit claimed.)

Williams: "You've heard testimony that in April of 1971, you asked Mr. Jacobsen for some money. Did you do that?"

Connally: "*I . . . did . . . not! . . .* No such conversation ever took place!" (He is red, grim, grinding his teeth.)

Williams: "Did you ever *receive* any money from Mr. Jacobsen?"

Connally: "I did not. No, sir."

Why, Williams asks, had Jacobsen come to Secretary Connally's office in Washington on September 24, 1971?

Connally: "Well, he told me [on the 23rd] that the Home Loan Bank Board wanted him out of the savings-and-loan business and was trying to force him to sell under an unfair formula. He asked me to raise the question with Chairman Thruston Morton. My records show I made two calls to Mr. Morton that day, and I'm sure that's what we talked about. . . . I think Jake came by [on the 24th] to find out if I'd learned anything."

Williams asks why Connally had Jake fly to Houston on October 29, 1973.

Connally: "One of my best clients—Gus Wortham, of General Insurance Company—had applied for a bank charter . . . and he feared it

wasn't being processed in an orderly manner, that somebody might be holding it up. I told Jake I was leaving for Europe . . . and asked him to fly to Houston. . . . He said he might not be able to get a timely commercial flight, so I suggested he charter an airplane. When he arrived . . . I explained the Gus Wortham problem . . . and asked him to determine . . . what might be causing the delay."

Williams: "Did you leave your office at any time during that meeting?"

Connally: "No."

Williams: "Did you give Mr. Jacobsen any money?"

Connally: "I did not."

Williams: "You've heard testimony that you took \$5000 from him on May 14, 1971?"

Connally: "That is false. Absolutely false."

Williams: "And again on September 24?"

Connally: "That's false. I did no such thing."

Williams: "And that you gave him \$10,000 on October 29, 1973, and again on November 25, 1973?"

Connally: "That is absolutely false."

Nellie Connally squeezed her husband's hand just before his cross-examination; he appeared slightly agitated: toyed with his glasses, smoothed his hair, fussed with a microphone. Prosecutor Tuerkheimer, indulging in what Williams later would characterize as "nit-picking," faulted the witness for discrepancies between his direct testimony and testimony earlier given to various investigative units: "Why didn't you just say your memory was poor?"

Connally: "Well, I was trying to respond as fully as I could . . . in retrospect, I should have said I didn't know or wasn't sure. . . . Frankly, I didn't think this was gonna amount to a hill of beans. . . . I knew I hadn't done anything wrong, and I thought my appearance would be over in thirty minutes. . . . Never in my wildest dreams—in my wildest nightmare—could I have dreamed I'd be sitting here today."

Couldn't Connally have talked to Jake on the telephone rather than have him charter a plane to Houston?

Connally: "Well, the Gus Wortham matter was of considerable embarrassment to me. Mr. Wortham had mentioned his bank charter application much earlier, and had called me again on October 10. And, frankly, I'd not done anything about it. The Vice President of the United States had just resigned" (here a small grin) "and I had a complete lack of memory on the Wortham thing for a while, because other things injected into my mental processes. Moreover, I'd heard that Mr. Jacobsen had been morose. I was concerned with his mental attitude. He wouldn't see anybody. Wouldn't even go out to lunch. I wanted to be sure he wasn't so withdrawn he wouldn't perform."



The client and his attorney

(Juror Number 13 to himself: Connally had seen Jake only three days earlier at the Sheraton-Crest in Austin. Why had he not *then* perceived Jake's condition?)

Tuerkheimer: "Did you give Mr. Jacobsen any files or folders in the Wortham matter?"

Connally: "No, I only had a few notes jotted down. . . ."

Tuerkheimer: "Did you pay for the charter flight?"

Connally: "Yes, I gave Mr. Jacobsen two one-hundred-dollar bills. . . ."

Tuerkheimer: "At the meeting at Mr. Christian's home. . . . Did you have any discussion of [Mr. Jacobsen's] or of your grand jury testimony?"

Connally: "No, I asked how he was feeling. We engaged in a little small talk."

Tuerkheimer: "What did you say to him as you walked across Mr. Christian's lawn to leave?"

Connally: "I asked him if he'd heard anything on the Gus Wortham matter. He gave me an indirect answer. I thought to myself that he hadn't done anything on it. So I gave him, perhaps, a little unwanted advice. I said, 'Jake, you're going around with this hangdog look, you won't see your friends, you go around looking like a sheep-killing dog. You've got to get ahold of yourself. It's no disgrace to go broke. Take your bankruptcy, and then go practice law. Other people have done it.'"

Juror Number 13 now agreed with the newsroom consensus: acquittal seemed certain. The government had failed to shake—or even to touch—the refuting testimony of Connally's secretaries and George Christian. The defendant himself

had appeared poised, confident, and coherent. "I kept waiting for the government to turn up the person who drove Big John to get the cigar box full of money," a Texas lawyer said, "or a cleaning woman who'd found the rubber gloves in John's wastebasket. I mean, I just couldn't *believe* the government didn't have an ace up its sleeve. Some little *dab*, anyway, of corroboration."

Summing up, Frank Tuerkheimer sang of the lockbox records. After they'd met at George Christian's, why, the next day, had Jake and Joe Long sneaked into the Austin lockbox? "These are two very remarkable coincidences, aren't they? Mr. Connally and Mr. Jacobsen are together again, and at the *next possible* opportunity Mr. Jacobsen goes to the safety-deposit box. There he is! After hours! And the next morning, sure enough, FBI agents find \$10,000 there. . . ."

"If Mr. Jacobsen made up a story, why did he tell you he broke the \$10,000 down into two \$5000 payments? It would only double his jeopardy. If the tale is contrived, why didn't he say he'd given it all at once so there'd be fewer details to remember? Why would he risk exposure by concocting a money exchange at Mr. Christian's home? And if he didn't get that \$10,000 from Mr. Connally, where did it come from? Mr. Jacobsen was in bankruptcy! *He* had no loose cash floating around. When Mr. Jacobsen came to the government prosecutors, he said, 'I made payments to Mr. Connally on dates that will be reflected by my safety-deposit box records.' The evidence is consistent with that claim. . . ."

"Mr. Connally . . . originally told a grand jury the meeting at the Sheraton-Crest in Austin didn't happen. He was asked if he'd seen Mr. Jacobsen

within the last three or four weeks. . . . He said, 'Oh, gosh, I last saw Jake a long time ago. I don't remember when.' This was just *nineteen days* after he'd met him at the Sheraton-Crest in Austin. . . . This man who tells you of all the important people he meets, all the speeches he made and wrote, all the powerful offices he's held, said from this witness stand . . . that he had so answered the grand jury because he didn't understand the question. John Connally understands the English language better than anyone in this room! He's a very, very smart man . . .

"Why did Mr. Jacobsen have to charter a plane and go to Houston. . . ? Why couldn't they have talked about the Wortham bank charter by telephone? Mr. Connally gave him no files. By his own testimony he was 'busy as hell' and trying to leave for Europe. Oh, Mr. Connally says, he wanted to *look* at Mr. Jacobsen to see if he was okay. . . . This would indicate he hadn't seen him 'in a long, long time.' But we *know*, now, that he had seen him only three days earlier at the Sheraton-Crest . . .

"And isn't it strange, when the two met at Mr. Christian's house, they didn't discuss their respective grand jury testimony? They were still friends. Isn't it incredible they didn't compare notes? Mr. Connally says they met to discuss how he might handle 'bad publicity'. . . . But they didn't discuss what they'd *said* before the grand jury? . . ."

Jake Jacobsen's mother wouldn't have enjoyed what Edward Bennett Williams said of her son: "a fraud . . . a perjurer . . . a swindler . . . a witness who cut a cynical deal for himself to avoid the penalty of his misdeeds." He dithyrambs against perjury: "For a man to swear to God, with his hand on the Bible" (and Williams assumes the pose) "that he's gonna tell the truth, and then spew forth lies, *that* is so despicable as to be beyond description. . . .

"Why do you think Jake Jacobsen kept dipping in and out of those deposit boxes? *Why, to clean them out!* Almost every week he had a note coming due; on the very day he took \$10,000 from Bob Lilly—allegedly for John Connally—he borrowed \$100,000 from a Dallas bank. On the same day he took that *third* \$5000 from Lilly, he paid \$5000 on an indebtedness to [a bank] in Fredericksburg, Texas. The bankruptcy referees were after him, his house was crumbling, his financial empire gone, the sheriff was practically *at the door* in 1971. . . . He was a desperate man, embattled and beleaguered . . .

"There came a time when he feared charges of embezzling his client's funds, and so a case conceived in greed was born in lies! He went to the prosecutors to cut a [sweet] deal. . . .

"This morning, Mr. Tuerkheimer called John

Connally a 'very, very smart man.' Well, no one has ever suggested he's stupid! So, I ask you, would John Connally hand \$10,000 to Jacobsen and say 'It's old enough to have come from Bob Lilly'—when that money had been signed by his successor, George Shultz, who didn't take office until June 12, 1972? He might not have *thought* of the money's age. But would 'a very, very smart man' have claimed the money was 'old enough' under those circumstances? I say it beggars our intelligence . . .

"Jacobsen tells you that when *he* had the money in *his* box in Austin, John Connally suddenly says 'Uh-oh'" (and here Williams smartly smacks his own forehead) "'there are some Shultz bills in there.' Now, how in the name of reason would *John Connally* know that? Who had the money, and access to Jacobsen's box, and could make that discovery?" (Williams now is prancing and preening before the jury, coming on like an old-time pulpit pounder or a Chautauqua show rider.)

"Jacobsen tells you he took \$10,000 away from George Christian's house. Wrapped in a newspaper. You heard Mr. Christian testify that he saw him carrying nothing. You heard him say that Jacobsen wore a short-sleeved shirt and slacks. Where'd he hide the money so that people didn't see it? . . . Every time we've had the opportunity *to prove* that what Jacobsen said was false, we have brought witnesses *who proved him false*.

"And what of John B. Connally? Is he some captain of crime? Some scoundrel to be caught? Don't you know that once we introduced character witnesses, the state then could bring out *anything it had* to show his past was stained?" Williams glares at the prosecutors: "Don't you know they examined every record and bank account he has, trying to find loose money? You didn't hear anything from them of John Connally having money stashed in safety-deposit boxes, did you? No. They found no irregularities! Did you hear the prosecution once ask, '*John Connally, did you take any money from Jake Jacobsen?*' No. The government has no case. Its case is in shambles . . .

"For you, members of the jury, this case is three weeks old. For this defendant, it is more than a year old. A year of accusations, humiliations, anguish, assaults on his integrity. Three weeks from now, this case may have faded from your recollections. You'll have gone on to other things. The prosecution will go on to other matters. The court will go on to other cases. But what you do in that jury room will place an indelible mark on John B. Connally for the rest of his life. Nothing in a life of glory and tragedy will be as final as your verdict. . . ."

In the halls the betting is on instant acquittal: "*No way* they can convict after Judge Hart's instructions!" (He had instructed the jury that Jacobsen's testimony should be "received with suspi-

cion and acted on with caution.”) New speculation was of John Connally’s political future: would he make a comeback, even shoot for the presidency?

One hour passes. Two. The jury sends a note requesting documents.

The Connally family and friends, apparently relaxed in the early going, now seemed to pay more in strain for their cheerful stances; E. B. Williams prowled the halls, preoccupied, engaged by talk neither of his beloved Redskins nor of Democratic politics. Connally was seen reading a Bible; coast-to-coast reports soon had him thumbing the Good Book for comfort. In truth, he was looking up a biblical reference Williams had made in his closing arguments about “the first recorded cross-examination in history” being in the Book of Daniel.

Juror Number 13 wandered off to consult himself. *Okay, how do you vote?* Not guilty. Yes. *Not* guilty. Certain matters continued to vex and haunt: those damnable lockbox records dancing in concert with Jake-John meetings; why Connally took the briefcase to George Christian’s home; why Connally required Jake to charter a plane so as to inspect his demeanor, when he’d seen him only three days earlier. But the law stressed reasonable doubt. One need only have *reasonable doubt* to acquit; Juror Number 13 had it aplenty. The government had brought a poor case, timidly presented. Jake was about all they had and Jake, poor soul, wasn’t much stuffings. To err on the side of John Connally in this one would probably be to err on the side of the angels, such as they were.

The jury had gone out at 10:40 A.M.; it now was 4 P.M. and seemed later. At 4:30, the jury asked for all of Jake Jacobsen’s testimony, cross-ex, and re-direct. Groans. All the wise-asses who’d predicted a quick acquittal were saying, “The longer it goes the worse it usually is for the defendant.” Juror Number 13, now that he’d privately voted Not guilty, amazingly found himself *rooting* for his old political nemesis. He was nervous for him; he took pains to mumble comforting nothings to the family.

At 5:22 P.M., Judge Hart told a packed courtroom, “I am informed we have a verdict.” Gasps. Hart warns that any outbursts will constitute contempt of court. Juror Number 13 takes one look at the jury and thinks *Oh, shit*. They are solemn, looking to neither the right nor left: it is axiomatic that acquitting jurors usually sneak glances at the defendant and his family. One juror dabs at her swollen eyes with a hanky. The foreman—a thirty-three-year-old white man, the art historian—stands on request; he, too, is somber enough to supervise a lynching. Not a juror has shown a sign of cheer. *Oh, shit*.

“ . . . Not guilty . . . ”

“ . . . Not guilty . . . ”

John Connally does not move. Nobody moves.

The judge thanks the jurors and dismisses them; they file out under the protection of federal marshals, who will spirit them away by bus. Only then does the handshaking start, the hugging, the whooping, the happy subdued crying. Connally, engulfed, is beaming; some intelligent reporter shouts the penetrating question: “Governor, are you happy?” John Connally roisters up the aisle, clasping all hands, saying “Thanks for being so good to us,” and “I appreciate it,” and a bushel of Thank yous. As he passes the press row, Juror Number 13 sticks out his hand and says, “I’m happy for you.” John B. Connally beams, and apparently thinks he holds the hand of a famous comedian: “Thank you, Alan,” he says.

There is a victory celebration of family, friends, and lawyers in the Mayflower Hotel suite of Democratic National Chairman Robert Strauss; lo and behold—Dick Nixon calls! His conversation with Edward Bennett Williams is stilted: after all, the Ghost of San Clemente *has* called Williams a son of a bitch and a bad man, and once threatened to “fix” him. But Nixon congratulates the lawyer on a good, professional job and chitchats briefly of their favorite football team. To John Connally, Nixon says something about sanity being restored in Washington, thinks maybe the post-Watergate hysteria is over; seems to hint of political comebacks for both Connally and himself. “I got the impression,” says someone who was present at the party, “that Nixon was euphoric.”

Following the verdict, Connally had seemed euphoric in front of cameras and microphones. “I have seen the system work today,” he began, and went on to pledge to work even harder to preserve it. He laughed when someone called out, “That sounds like a political announcement.” Frank Reynolds burbles on ABC-TV, “We haven’t seen the last of John Connally.” A few days later—by which time the government has dropped its perjury and conspiracy charges, and Connally is at his Texas ranch putting off reporters with pleas of exhaustion and the flu—President Ford is asked if he sees the possibility of a political future for Connally. The President grins and says sure, he’s clean and he’s got a paper to prove it.

Juror Number 13 eventually identified and contacted more than one “real” juror; they were close-mouthed and reticent—unwilling to be identified or quoted—but here’s what he pieced together: at least two jurors originally entertained thoughts of conviction; there were at least two ballots and some few tears; though the situation was tense, it never was chaotic. The last doubter was convinced by a final review of Jake Jacobsen’s testimony and cross-examination. On the next ballot, they acquitted. □

SWEET AND SOOR

by John Pekkanen and Mathea Falco

WARNING: The Surgeon
General May Someday
Determine That Sugar
Consumption Is Dangerous
To Your Health

It has come to be called “white gold.” Some people claim it is addictive, and many doctors and researchers believe it poses a dire threat to our national health. It has created a black market. Many rock music stations play songs which glorify it. On the average, each and every one of us consumes nearly two pounds of it a week. Lest there be any remaining mystery as to what it is, it is sugar.

Sugar comes under many names. Fructose is fruit sugar, lactose is

milk sugar, maltose is malt sugar, and glucose is blood sugar, which is what the sugar we ingest becomes when it is metabolized. Our major source of sugar, and the chief concern of nutritionists, however, is sucrose. This is the familiar refined sugar—brown, white, and packaged “raw” sugar—which is commonly added to our food. Because it is so palatable, so highly concentrated, and so freely available, we consume far more sucrose than any other type of sugar.

Our individual consumption of refined sugar and other caloric sweeteners, such as molasses and corn syrup, now totals 130 pounds a year. Even for those who take their coffee black, avoid cake, ice cream, cookies, and assume somebody else must be eating enormous quantities of sugar because they are eating none, sugar is an inextricable, if unnoticed, part of their daily diet.

To gauge how much sugar is added to our food, read the labels listing the contents of the food you are eating. You will find that there is sugar in items as seemingly unsweet as canned soups, frozen vegetables, mayonnaise, mustard, peanut butter, baked beans, breads, bouillon cubes, dinner rolls, bologna, pastrami, chili—and for those of you



who shop at the health food section, in flavored yogurts and natural cereals. In fact, it is almost impossible to avoid eating sugar unless one forgoes many processed foods and most restaurants.

Sugar consumption in this country accounts for nearly one fifth of our total caloric intake. And because sugar provides "naked" calories, the burden on the remaining 80 percent of our diet to supply us with necessary vitamins and minerals is great. Yet even staggering price increases, coupled with the widespread antisugar campaigns waged by many grocery stores, have not inspired us to withdraw substantially from sugar.

"I don't think sugar is addictive in the sense that some drugs are," says Dr. Abraham Nizel, professor of nutrition and dentistry at Tufts University, "but there is no question that many people experience a very strong craving for sugar when they try to give it up. I use the term 'sucroholics' to describe these people."

A recovered sucroholic, Mrs. Trudy Quick, a board member of Overeaters Anonymous, is convinced that refined sugar can be as addictive as alcohol. After years of sharing the experiences of other O.A. members, she has concluded that "many of us use sugar like a drug. It is our lover, friend, comforter, and when stress comes into our lives we reach for it automatically. Giving it up is terribly difficult; many people go through withdrawal and get the shakes. For some of us, complete abstinence is the only way out. We cannot be social sugar eaters just the way other people cannot be social drinkers."

Consider the entrapping world of sugar for the diabetic. Mrs. Edwin Ducat, president and founder of the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation, testifying before the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Hu-

man Needs in February, 1974, said in part: "The diabetic in the United States lives in an alien, hostile environment. That is especially true of children. The diabetic child injects himself with insulin, then he goes to school where there are Coke and candy machines. He watches television and is bombarded with candy advertisements, sweet snacks, cereals, pies, cookies, cakes, ice cream, all of which are *verboten*, or 'poison' to him. A birthday party can become a painful experience if you are a diabetic child." So can Halloween, Christmas, Thanksgiving, and nearly every day of the year. Lollipops are doled out regularly by banks, barbers, and even some dentists.

A survey conducted in 1970 showed that almost two thirds of all food advertising specifically aimed at young television viewers emphasized heavily sugared foods or pre-sweetened breakfast cereals, some, such as King Vitaman, Sugar Smacks, and Super Orange Crisp, ranging from 58 to 68 percent refined sugar. This compared to a total of only 6 percent of children's food commercials promoting milk and meat products. There was no advertising for fruits and vegetables. A later survey in 1972 revealed that during prime-time children's television, approximately ten commercials for candy, sugared drinks and snacks, and other heavily sweetened food products were aired every hour. Even the best intentioned parent finds it hard to battle an industry which spends hundreds of millions of dollars a year to push its sugared products to children.

The one widely accepted and advertised value of sugar—a supplier of quick energy—can in fact be obtained from many other foods which also supply minerals and vitamins. Refined sugar is an additive, a sweetener, a filler, a texturizer, and a preservative, but it does not make us stronger or give us the sole source of quick energy. In fact, because of its effect on blood-sugar levels, some researchers believe it may do quite the reverse.

One disease for which sugar is unquestionably responsible is tooth decay. Often called the "arch-criminal of dental health," sucrose in effect creates a climate in which oral bacteria thrive and multiply. Candies like lollipops, which are held in the mouth for long periods of time, greatly enhance this bacteria growth. In view of the large amounts of candy children eat, it is not surprising that 98 percent of them suffer tooth decay.

High sugar intake might also be related to our number one killer, heart disease. Dr. John Yudkin, emeritus professor of nutrition at London University, believes that sugar's contribution to heart disease and other diseases is so clear-cut that sugar should be banned. Dr. Yudkin told the U.S. Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs in 1973: "Epidemiology supports the view that sugar is a cause of coronary disease at least as much as it supports the view that fat is a possible cause of coronary disease. . . . I think we have been in danger for a long time of assuming that coronary heart disease is simply a situation in which there is a raised level of blood cholesterol."

On the other hand, Dr. Ancel Keys, the American physiologist who performed studies linking heart disease to fat intake and its effect on elevated cholesterol levels, discounts the role of sugar in heart disease. He argues that the experiments and population data are misleading and do not support Yudkin's view. "It's really a matter of belief," says Dr. Richard A. Ahrens, associate professor of food and nutrition at the University of Maryland. "Either you believe the evidence implicating sugar or you don't. I, for one, do." Dr. Ahrens has conducted several experiments on sugar's effects on triglyceride levels. Elevated triglyceride levels may be a better indicator of heart attack risk for people under the age of fifty than elevated cholesterol levels. Triglycerides, fatty elements in the blood stream, are a form of storage for the excess carbohydrates we eat. Dr. Ahrens has found in recent animal studies that triglycerides caused

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by sugar intake are much more persistent than those caused by starch intake, and do not clear out of the bloodstream very quickly after a radical dietary change.

Experiments now under way suggest another problem caused by sugar consumption. A recent study has found animals previously fed sugar diets lose much less weight after an overnight fast than starch-fed animals. What this suggests to Dr. Ahrens, who conducted these experiments, is that sugar increases the body's fluid retention, which has a direct impact on elevated blood pressure. High blood pressure increases the risk of heart attack, stroke, kidney disease, diabetes, and other diseases. "I would speculate," Dr. Ahrens says, "that in twenty years, sugar in our diet will be shown to be a hypertensive agent. I don't think it will be possible for sugar's defenders to continue their claim that sugar is a harmless source of calories."

Diabetes—the one disease in which sugar often has been suggested as a causal factor—afflicts between five and twelve million Americans. Millions more are potential diabetics; 1000 new cases are reported every day. And the numbers are increasing geometrically—Mrs. Ducat of the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation predicts that by 1980, one in five people will have diabetes.

Some medical experts believe that diabetes, not cancer, is the second leading cause of death in this country. The actual death rate from diabetes may be even higher, since it accelerates other potentially fatal conditions, such as arteriosclerosis, stroke, heart attack, and kidney failure. Compared to the nondiabetic population, diabetics suffer heart attacks and strokes two to three times more frequently. Diabetes is the leading cause of new blindness in the United States and England, two of the world's leading sugar-consuming countries.

Diabetes is characterized by the failure of the pancreas to secrete sufficient insulin to break down blood sugar for storage in the body. Associated with inadequate removal

of blood sugar is the accumulation of abnormal chemicals, particularly in the large and small blood vessels. Before the discovery of insulin in 1921, diabetes that could not be controlled through diet inevitably proved fatal. Even today the life expectancy of diabetics is only two thirds that of the general population.

No one argues that high sugar consumption alone causes diabetes: a genetic tendency must be present. Studies of isolated rural groups who have emigrated to countries high in the consumption of sugar show that while diabetes was virtually nonexistent in the land of origin, within twenty years in the new culture these groups developed a high incidence of diabetes. Dr. Aharon Cohen of the Jerusalem Hebrew University reported that immigrants from Yemen and Kurdistan, who had taken very little sugar in their diet, had virtually no detectable diabetes upon their arrival in Israel. However, veteran Yemenite and Kurdistan settlers who had adopted the dietary habits of the Israelis—which include a high sugar intake—later exhibited the same frequency of diabetes as the Israelis. This suggested that diet, and sugar intake in particular, was a factor that precipitated the onset of diabetic symptoms.

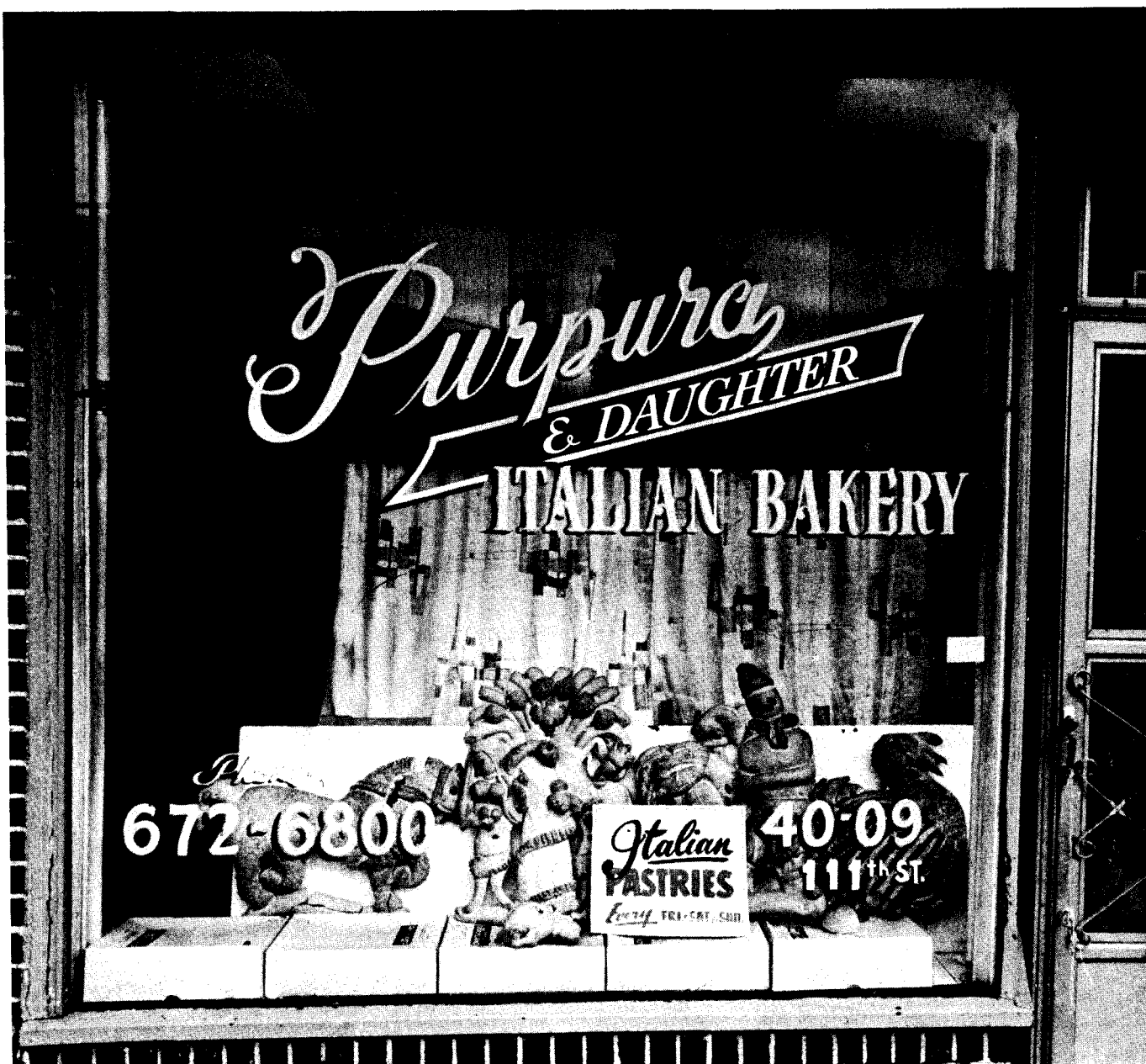
During times of sugar scarcity and limited caloric intake, diabetes drops dramatically. In England and Wales during World War I, diabetes mortality fell by 25 percent, and during World War II, when sugar was largely replaced by saccharin, or sweeteners were eliminated altogether, diabetes deaths dropped 40 percent. This and other evidence prompts Dr. Jean Mayer of Harvard to remark that despite the necessarily circumstantial nature of the evidence, sugar's implication in diabetes is "more than a mere allegation."

One study appeared to contradict the findings connecting high sugar intake with diabetes. It was done in 1966 and included several thousand sugarcane cutters in Natal, South Africa. It revealed that although they normally ate some 6000 calories a day, mostly derived from

the sugarcane they constantly chewed, the cane cutters were entirely free of diabetes. However, some researchers believe the trace element chromium, which is present in sugarcane in exceptionally large amounts but almost absent from refined sugar, was the protective element for the cane cutters because trace chromium is vital in the maintenance of stable blood-sugar levels. If, in fact, the trace chromium in the natural sugarcane (and not merely the hard physical exercise of cutting cane, or genetic factors) was the critical protective factor, it suggests that the refinement process, rather than natural sugar, may be the culprit.

While some nutritionists and researchers regard the evidence linking sugar to heart disease and diabetes as too fragmentary to prove anything definitive, some refuse to accept even its possible implication. Dr. Frederick Stare, chairman of the Department of Nutrition at Harvard University's School of Public Health and a frequent spokesman for sugar interests, says flatly: "There is not a shred of acceptable evidence to suggest sugar has a thing to do with heart disease." He says the evidence thus far collected is at best circumstantial. He dismisses as well the Israeli studies of the Yemenites and Kurdistanis. He argues that factors other than sugar intake probably accounted for the onset of diabetes. "If we didn't prefer foods with added sugar, it would not be added," he says. "Remember, eating is one of the real pleasures of life as well as a necessity . . . for most people, sugar helps other things taste better. . . . Sugar calories are not different from other calories, from calories obtained from protein, starch, fat, or alcohol." The calories may not be different; however, the nutritional value of the foods supplying those calories does vary widely, and refined sugar simply has no nutrients. Dr. Stare is among the minority of nutritionists who view our high sugar intake so benignly.

Some organizations are actively seeking ways in which changes can be



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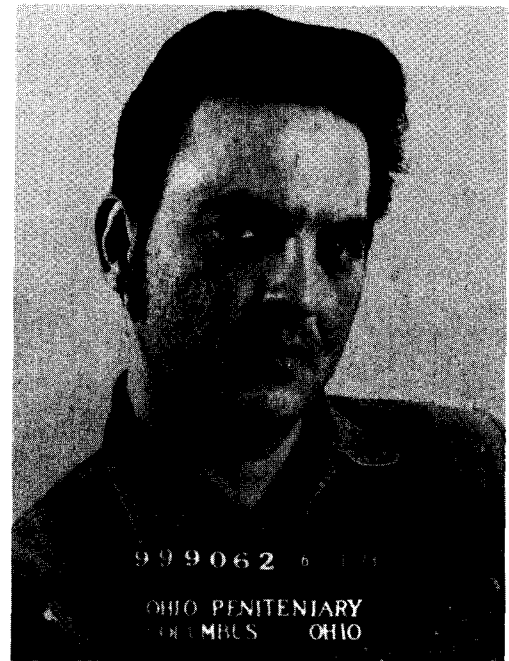
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WARNING



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This Dangerous Criminal

Where Are All The Criminals Coming From?

This is a question on nearly everyone's mind today. Part of the answer is that our prisons are overflowing today with men and women who once were just children with problems. And because they did not get help to solve their crushing problems . . . most of them grew up to become criminals. When they end up in prison, nearly everyone is afraid of them and nobody wants to get involved helping them. The truth is that we no longer have a choice. We must get started at once helping these people to learn to help themselves to become constructive adults. The FBI has disclosed that nearly 80 per cent of all crime today is the act of a criminal who has already been in prison. With this shocking knowledge . . . do you wonder why The 7th Step Foundation is working so hard to expand its work inside our nation's prisons. Find out how you or any concerned citizens' group can start right now to solve the problems of crime in your own community. Contact the national headquarters of The 7th Step Foundation, 28 East 8th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202. We will put you in touch with a chapter near you . . . or show you how to start one with other concerned citizens. We believe it is better to salvage human lives and cut crime . . . than to complain about the rising crime rate. Get involved with us.



NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

The 7th Step Foundation

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made in our sugar consumption. One Nader group, called The Center for Science in the Public Interest, recently petitioned the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) to require a maximum sugar content for ready-to-eat cereals of 10 percent of total weight. For those cereals which do not meet this standard—and even some so-called “natural” cereals do not—the Center requested that the cereal boxes state the percentage of sugar content and carry a health warning saying “frequent use contributes to tooth decay and other health problems.” The FDA rejected the petition. Says an FDA spokesman: “Ingredients are listed in order of predominance. The consumer can get the picture of the relative order of content by reading it.” Relative order, however, is not the same as knowing specifically whether a food has 15 percent sugar content or 50 percent. To this the FDA simply says that the health hazards of sugar have “no solid scientific backup.” The FDA historically has been slow to recognize the hazards of various substances, from drugs to food additives. However, even Dr. Stare believes the public has a right to know the sugar content of the food it buys.

Other governmental agencies seem equally willing to allow our sugar consumption to pass unnoticed. The U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA), in its handbook “Composition of Foods,” does not differentiate the carbohydrate content of foods, which would allow a reader to know how much sugar versus how much starch he is getting in various products. However, the same book does differentiate between saturated and unsaturated fats in products. Although this omission may stem in part from our preoccupation with fats in our diet, the omission, some believe, is deliberate. Robert Choate, chairman of the Council on Children, Media and Merchandising—a consumer group watching out for the welfare of children in the marketplace—says: “I don’t know of a single action by the Congress or the responsible federal agencies that has changed our national attitude toward sugar use, or even to better inform us how much

we are eating. The dental and health lobby is no match for the food and sugar lobby.”

The sugar industry, as well as many segments of the food industry, would plainly prefer to see the sugar content of the American diet remain just about where it is. Most nutritionists, however, believe that our diet should contain not more than 10 percent sugar, and some believe that 5 percent should be the maximum. Even spokesmen for the industry concede that we should not consume more than 20 percent, a limit we have just about reached.

The inevitable question is, Where do we go from here?

An obvious first step is more research to verify or discount the possible links between high sugar consumption and disease.

Equally important is informing the American consumer of how much sugar he or she is actually consuming. All food products

should carry labels which state *how much* sugar is contained therein.

The Federal Trade Commission should grant the supplemental petition submitted in April, 1973, by Action for Children’s Television to ban all sugared-food advertising during children’s prime-time viewing hours. “Sugar is a learned taste,” says Dr. Nizel, “and it can with effort be unlearned.” The FTC has not acted on the petition, saying only that it is awaiting the “advice” of the FDA on the health hazards of sugar. The FTC is also waiting for the FDA’s advice before it decides whether or not to draw up special standards governing the advertising of sugared foods in general. Since the FDA has already rejected the cereal labeling petition on the grounds that sugar’s hazards have “no solid scientific backup,” it is unlikely that the American consumer will soon be better informed about his sugar consumption. □

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by Anne Hussey

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THE ONE-MAN FLYING MULTINATIONAL

Part II: Armand Hammer tries harder

by Daniel Yergin

Can a onetime bargain-basement art promoter who strikes it rich in a deserted gas field out west find happiness in the coiling intrigue of international trade? Why, yes. But sometimes big deals move on greased wheels and sometimes they run head on into power politics—such as the Arabs' quadrupling of the price of oil, and the now-you-see-it, now-you-don't state of Soviet-American détente.

I. Armand Hammer Goes to Libya and Becomes One of the Big Boys

In the very late 1950s, and even more so in the 1960s, Libya, a sandy wasteland in North Africa more than twice the size of Texas, sprouted a twisting jungle of intrigue, rumor, corruption, and murderous back-stabbing. Libya had discovered vast reserves of oil, and the oil industry had discovered Libya. Into this scene, in the course of a Commerce Department trade promotion tour in 1961, stepped a certain short, stocky, charming, grandfatherly, and very tough American businessman. His legal home was California, the land of the new; but by this time he already seemed a somewhat old-fashioned wheeler-dealer, for his

spiritual home had always been nineteenth-century Odessa, Russia's great Black Sea port, where in czarist days Western industrialist had haggled with Middle Eastern merchant, and whence his family had emigrated to the United States.

The visitor was Dr. Armand Hammer, a non-practicing M.D. whose specialty was business deals—pharmaceuticals at the end of World War I, asbestos and pencils as a young capitalist able to operate in Bolshevik Russia in the 1920s, beer barrels and Russian art back in the United States in the 1930s, whiskey and bull semen in the 1940s. In 1957, in the course of “retiring” to Los Angeles, he had fallen into a new business—oil—and although his Occidental Petroleum was still, in 1961, a small, California-based company, he had his goal—to turn it into a major multinational corporation. This he did. By 1973, Oxy, as it is known, ranked thirty-sixth on the Fortune 500 survey of industrial corporations; in the 1974 rankings, recently released, it has moved up to Number 20. Today Dr. Hammer flies endlessly around the world, negotiating one week with Soviet leader Brezhnev about his huge Russian deals, perhaps the next week with the president of Venezuela, and the week after with the king of Saudi Arabia. His deals are a major factor in foreign policy, but he is not even accountable to a politburo.

All this might well not have happened had he not come to Libya. Yet to think in 1961 that such possibilities might spring from that backward land required a certain suspension of disbelief. Mostly barren desert and inhabited by just 1.7 million people, Libya had managed in 1960 to earn a

In Libya in the 1960s corruption was endemic.

grand total of \$9 million by exporting olive oil, peanuts, tomatoes, and a special grass favored by basket weavers. On that first trip in 1961, Hammer found that in order to get from the hotel lobby to his hotel room, he had to pass through a stable. By that time, however, the mad Libyan oil rush—"the fastest thing in the whole history of the oil industry!" exclaimed an executive from Standard Oil of New Jersey—was already sweeping through the country. "I made a note to come back to Libya," Hammer recalled.

For Occidental—and Hammer—Libya was the main chance to get rich quick and become one of the Big Boys in oil. But the mating of Oxy and Libya was also part of a much larger drama—the power shift in the world oil industry, away from the sedate cartel of the seven major international oil companies to the new cartel run by the producing nations. The rest of us, made wiser by the quadrupling of oil prices since October, 1973, now know that this transfer of power has also transformed the world economy. The shift in power was played out in two acts. In Act I, beginning in the late 1950s, independent companies like Occidental were allied with the producing countries in undercutting the ability of the major oil companies to dictate prices and production throughout the world. But in Act II, those producing countries in the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) seized for themselves the royal prerogative to dictate prices and production. In both acts, Hammer played a feature role.

During Act I, the aged King Idris of Libya had thrown his country's gates open to everyone, the majors and independents alike, so that the seven major oil companies would not be able to dominate that country as they had long dominated the Persian Gulf countries.

The second round of bidding for oil concessions in Libya came in 1965. Occidental had been enthusiastically preparing for at least two years. To be more precise, the enthusiasm was Dr. Hammer's, for his top financial officers warned that Occidental would probably lose money on any oil it found.

The big companies would come to hate Dr. Armand Hammer for luring away their employees with doubled salaries and stock options, but even more, they hated Hammer for the way Oxy first came into Libya. Occidental was "trying to break into the big time," recalled one former Occidental president, "and running against the Four Horse-

men in an industry with that tight a structure is murder. Hammer believed that the only way to do it was to play rough."

Hammer spiced his bid with "sweeteners," including a promise to develop a desert oasis that happened to have been the childhood home of old King Idris and, even more coincidentally, the burial place of the King's beloved father.

There were other kinds of gifts. We are now coming to understand that payoffs are a fact of life for doing business in many parts of the world. In Libya in the 1960s corruption was endemic. "If you were using any local contractors, there would be a shakedown," remembered Oxy geologist Bud Reid. "The pressures came from all kinds of places. If the brother-in-law was an official in the customs department, then suddenly some piece of equipment you needed to get through customs wasn't coming through fast enough. If you wanted to ensure your equipment got in, then you did business with a certain trucking or a certain contracting firm." The corruption ran right up to the top: the *Los Angeles Times* reported at one point that foreign oil companies had to pay very large bribes to get their bids merely considered in the mid-1960s.

Hammer's ease with money in this situation has become an oil industry legend, partly because angry executives of other companies wanted to make that legend known. In any case, Hammer was *very* anxious to get into Libya. One of his efforts was the Claridge's Hotel affair, which became known in the course of a seven-year lawsuit. In September, 1964, Hammer conferred at Claridge's in London for two days with a managing partner in the Wall Street investment firm of Allen & Company, a well-connected Libyan businessman, a European promoter, and (according to court records) a notorious international swindler and Nazi collaborator who operated under the name "General de Rovin." This unlikely gathering wanted to "help" Occidental obtain a Libyan concession, and Occidental does not deny that it paid the European promoter over \$200,000. But Oxy maintained that it ended its relationship with this group before submitting its bid, and a federal judge, finding in Oxy's favor, rejected the Allen claim for a portion of Oxy's Libyan profits.

How did Hammer finally win his concessions? On the basis of interviews with former Occidental executives and current Libyan officials, as well as sources in regulatory agencies and the Congress, a picture is beginning to emerge. What are called "overrides"—in this

Daniel Yergin, a research fellow at Harvard's Center for International Affairs, is a student of Soviet-American relations.

case, a couple of percentage points on Oxy's Libyan profits—were paid into Swiss bank accounts credited to at least two different men. "There were overrides, but it was closely handled," said one former financial officer. He added, "The overrides, by the way, were never hidden. There were records that overrides were being paid." And who were these overrides for? "For someone who assisted in getting the concession," he said. In other words, the recipients in Switzerland were in turn making payments to one or more Libyan officials. Who were they? Following a coup against King Idris in 1969, the new Foreign Minister gave a hint when he charged that those at the center of the oil bribery were "members of the royal court, who profited thereby on the basis of corruptions, threats and imposing their power." He was apparently pointing at one Omar Shalhi, a short squat man with a few tufts of hair on his head, who was Minister of Court, special adviser to King Idris, and a possible successor—and who fled Libya after the coup and faces a life imprisonment sentence if he ever returns. Back in the middle 1960s, the foreign oil companies realized that Shalhi held the key to the country. "It was pretty well known that to get anything done, it had to go through Shalhi," a former Oxy operative in Libya told me. "Everybody in the oil business was trying to make a connection with Shalhi." When I asked Hammer about this matter he was categoric in denial: "I had no dealings whatsoever with Shalhi." But note the general comment about overseas payments by a former Occidental vice president: "You never want to do it with an official. Common sense dictates that you have someone in the middle. Call him a consultant."

Whether one describes these overrides as bribes or as merely compensation for certain services rendered in getting the concessions, they *were* a cost of doing business. Former Occidental executives say that the actual profit margin on Libyan oil was very narrow because of these special expenses, and they speculate that the payments may have exceeded \$8 million. "If anyone thinks there was anything out of the ordinary in the way of those overrides in terms of the petroleum industry at that time, well, then a lot of people are operating under an illusion," said one former Oxy financial officer. That was the game at the time, and Occidental would not have gotten into Libya, and might still be limited to working natural gas fields in California, had it not played. It was just that Hammer played better and harder than the majors. (The Securities and Exchange Commission is known to be interested in Oxy's Libyan dealings.)

In February, 1966, Oxy was awarded two choice

concessions, Numbers 102 and 103, altogether covering almost 2000 square miles of bleak, gravelly, scorched desert in the Sirte Basin, more than a hundred miles from the Mediterranean. Not bothering with careful cost analyses or red tape, Hammer immediately sent a seismical crew with the newest equipment—the only crew with such equipment in Libya—into the desert. "The hardest thing to live with is dry holes," Hammer told me. "Everything looks good until you actually drill. Each dry hole costs you a million or two million dollars—and it takes a lot of courage to keep drilling." The first few holes were dry. Gene Reid, Hammer's expert oilman, came back from Libya, and at a memorable board of directors meeting, declared that Oxy should get out. It couldn't afford to lose any more money; the effort would bankrupt the company; this one was for the Big Boys—and the Big Boys alone. But Hammer would not quit.

By autumn of 1966, Oxy had struck oil. By May, 1967, it had nine wells working in one of its concessions, Number 102. The second Oxy concession, Number 103—forty miles to the west and flatteringly christened "the Idris field"



by Hammer—was something else again! It was like the 1961 gas find in California that had given Occidental its first big cash flow, but on a much grander scale. Occidental drilled—right under the site of the former base camp of Mobil Oil, which had previously given up on the concession. The first well came in at 43,000 barrels a day; Hammer was in a Texas hotel lobby when he received word by Telex. He smiled. “We made it, we really made it,” he said. In autumn, 1967, another well came in at a phenomenal 72,000 barrels a day. Occidental had struck an oil reef, one of the biggest single deposits of oil in the world. “All hell broke loose,” Hammer recalled, and he added with the simple satisfaction that comes from a great conquest: “We became one of the Big Boys.”

The oil rush turned into a stampede. The Libyan tax structure put a premium on speed of exploitation. The Suez Canal closed down in the war of June, 1967, making oil from Libya, just across the Mediterranean from Europe, of sudden new value; no one was more frenzied than Armand Hammer. Even before he knew the full details of his strikes, he had contracted for a Mediterranean terminal and a 42-inch pipeline that would stretch 130 miles across the desert. Normally, such a project would have taken three years, but money defeated both time and some of the worst weather in years on the North African desert. The pipeline and terminal ended up costing \$147 million, instead of a projected \$43 million, but the system was built in less than a year, and Occidental was shipping oil to Europe less than two years after receiving its concession. An extraordinary exercise.

Hammer recognized that his company was still vulnerable because of its lopsided dependence on Libya. Old King Idris could not last that long, and Hammer had a vision in the desert—to get safe resources in the United States and expand his capital base to make him an even more powerful force in the international oil industry. Even former executives who criticize Hammer admit that his next move was brilliant. He took Oxy’s inflated stock—it had shot up on the basis of the Libyan finds to 100, split three for one, and rocketed up again to 55—and used it as a “currency” to acquire U.S.-based companies with low-valued stock.

Hammer built up not a conglomerate—none of that disjointed computer-leasing and nursing-home stuff—but rather a “concentric,” a company unified around basic, down-to-earth, nonreplenishable natural resources. The key acquisitions were in coal, chemicals, and more phosphates. In 1968 Hammer was criticized for getting Oxy stuck with phosphates when the world was oversupplied with fertilizer; and even his own top executives wondered

who in his right mind would want to buy coal. Events have proved that Dr. Hammer certainly was in his right mind. He bought several hundred million tons of phosphates at between twenty and forty cents a ton; today the price is \$65 a ton. And Island Creek Coal, with huge reserves, is the jewel of Occidental. Hammer paid \$150 million for it in 1968; in 1974 it earned over \$100 million after taxes. “I’ve got fifty-six years’ experience in business. I know that things do not remain the same,” Hammer said. And what was Hammer like as a take-over artist? “Fatherly and very loving,” was the description of one man, who sold his company to Hammer and has been kicking himself ever since.

On September 1, 1969, a dozen radical, devout young Libyan military men, led by Muammur al Qaddafi, an intense, ascetic, mystically minded twenty-seven-year-old officer, deposed King Idris and took over the country. During their many years of planning, the members of the Revolutionary Command Council had agreed “not to play cards, drink liquors, attend nightclubs.” And, Qaddafi added, “to be punctual in their prayers and to study everything.” “Everything” included, it would seem, not only the Koran but also the condition of the world oil industry.

The enthusiastic Qaddafi and his colleagues introduced Act II in the Great Transformation of the oil industry. They immediately began pressuring the foreign oil companies for a 20 percent increase in royalties and taxes, which meant an increase of something over twenty cents a barrel. None of the companies wanted to give way; they feared that they would price themselves out of the oil business, that other oil-producing countries would follow suit, that once a united front was broken on price, one increase would follow another.

By the spring and summer of 1970, the Command Council had centered all its pressure on Occidental, the most vulnerable producer in Libya because it depended more on its Libyan oil than any other company. Oxy’s production, the lifeblood of the company, was ordered slashed—from 800,000 to 425,000 barrels a day. Libyan policemen began to stop and search Occidental executives.

Hammer was desperate. He went to Egypt to ask Qaddafi’s hero, President Nasser, to intercede with his “disciple.” Nasser, worried that a Libyan shut-down would end Libyan subsidies to the Egyptian army, advised Qaddafi to go easy. Did an Oxy executive at about this time approach the CIA with a proposal to underwrite a counter-coup in Libya? This rumor is so widespread that it has even

Hammer was too old to start again. "I want to stay in Libya," he said. "Make a deal—if possible."

reached Moscow, where Radio Peace and Progress, a wholly-owned subsidiary of a government that generally thinks very highly of both Hammer and Occidental, recently reported that Occidental had offered the CIA "the allocation of vast sums of money to topple the present Libyan leadership." Hammer dismissed such talk as "a silly rumor." He added, "I don't know how it even got started—somebody talking in a barroom, maybe." No evidence has come forth to corroborate the rumor.

While stalling the Libyans, he tried to find other companies that would provide oil at cost to Occidental, in case it lost its Libyan production. None would; they rather enjoyed watching the Doctor squirm. Finally, in July, 1970, Hammer went to see the king of kings in the oil industry—Kenneth Jamieson, the chairman of Esso (which, at a cost of \$100 million, later changed its name to Exxon). Would Esso provide cheap oil to Oxy if it stood firm on the industry price? Jamieson could not take seriously this outsider, this upstart who stole his employees, who upset the orderly world marketing of oil—this bargain-basement art dealer who dared to come to him as one mogul to another. His answer: no.

Yet another move: After dinner at the LBJ ranch one evening, James McDohnell, chairman of McDonnell Douglas, turned to Hammer and said, "I have a chance to sell a lot of airplanes to Iran, but the Iranians want to pay me in oil, and I don't know what to do with oil." Hammer came, up with a deal. The Shah, hard-pressed for cash, would obtain crude oil from the Western companies that controlled production at that time in Iran. He would make the crude available to Oxy, which would sell it and apply profits to the purchase of C-130s and Phantom jets for the Shah, who desperately wanted such weapons. Hammer went to Tehran in July and agreed in principle to take the Iranian oil. Later in the month, however, the Iranians backed out. Hammer was so angry that he threatened to sue for breach of contract.

He had just about run out of options. At the end of August, Oxy's Libyan manager, George Williamson, phoned Hammer in Los Angeles to warn that the Libyans might celebrate the first anniversary of their revolution by bouncing Oxy from the country. But maybe Hammer himself could still make a settlement.

Hammer left immediately for Tripoli. The Libyan negotiators were led by Deputy Prime Minister Abdel Salaam Jalloud, considered more fun-loving than the puritanical Qaddafi, but still a relentless

negotiator. To show his displeasure during one negotiation, he rolled up a Western company's proposal into a paper ball and tossed it back into the faces of the company's representatives; on another occasion, he charged into a room full of Western executives with a submachine gun slung over his shoulder. Jalloud impressed Hammer; the Doctor later remarked to one of his associates that Jalloud was an ideal negotiator. He added wistfully that he only wished he could hire him. At one point, Jalloud lost his temper and ordered Hammer to leave the country. Hammer left his chair, walked around the table, put his arm around the Deputy Prime Minister, and calmed him down. Finally, there came a point when Hammer and Jalloud went into a corner and shook hands—it was an agreement in outline. Hammer then decided that it was time to withdraw himself from the negotiations. But specific problems remained.

Everything he had created, everything he still planned to do—it all rested on the outcome, and he was too old to start again. "I want to stay in Libya," he told George Williamson at the airport as he departed on September 3. "Make a deal—if possible."

The next day the negotiators struck a bargain that gave the Libyans their 20 percent increase in royalties and taxes. By the end of September virtually all the other companies had given in. The increase that Libya first extracted from Occidental was to result in the greatest change in oil pricing in a generation. More than any other single development, save the October War of 1973, it upset the orderly marketing of oil. Three months later, in December, 1970, the members of OPEC, jealous of and at the same time emboldened by the Libyan victory, succeeded for the first time in making common demands against the oil companies.

In August, 1973, the Libyans took over 51 percent of Oxy's operations, for which they paid \$136 million. That settlement was actually something of a godsend, or at least a windfall. The actual profit margin had been so narrow on the Libyan operation, and the accumulation of debt so great, that one former top executive declares, "Libya came as close to being a disaster from the profit point of view as anything else."

But it was Libya, and Hammer's determination to go in there, that had made Occidental into a major international company.

II. The Merchant Prince, or Armand's Way

Hammer has never let success interfere with his iconoclastic way of doing things. "It was the most informal company I had ever seen," observed one

former executive. Hammer explains his "theory of management" this way: "I work at my job seven days a week, ten to fourteen hours a day. I'm also in touch with people, and I know everything that is going on. I don't believe in the Army way, with the corporal reporting to the sergeant and so forth. I like the system where a commander-in-chief can call up a lieutenant or a major. If you're heading a corporation, there's no excuse for not knowing what's going on. The worst thing is when the chief executive is taken by surprise, when he's been isolated, and information is filtered to him. I owe my life to the fact that nothing's ever happened that I didn't foresee." He chuckles. "Of course, I've foreseen some things that haven't happened!"

Although he comes into the office twice a day, he really runs the company from his home, a few minutes away from Occidental headquarters in the Los Angeles suburb of Westwood. The house is a brick and wood mansion with a winding staircase that connects his bedroom to an indoor pool, in which he swims for a half-hour each morning—his head out of water so that he can listen to the radio news. Health-conscious, he tries to adhere to what he calls a "modified" Dr. Atkins diet, with few carbohydrates, but not always with success. He drinks an occasional glass of wine. He works in a small, book-lined study, next to the pool, which is decorated with an Abraham Lincoln bust, an Armand Hammer bust, and a caricature of himself surrounded by telephones. That last is appropriate, for his Westwood office is plugged into a WATS line, and he telephones endlessly, all through the day and night, all over the world, with no thought to the hour at the other end, asking careful, to-the-point questions, making detailed notes on his white paper, and then delivering directions and orders. It is estimated, in a forthcoming friendly biography by Bob Considine, that Hammer's personal phone bill exceeds a million dollars a year.

The house is decorated with a number of what appear to be masterpieces, but which upon closer examination turn out to be copies of masterpieces he owns, executed by his wife. "What do you think of my Modigliani?" Hammer will say to guests, and they will politely tell him how grand it is. "Took you in, didn't I?" Hammer will laugh, revealing that this particular Modigliani's *Woman of the People* was actually painted by Frances Hammer.

The third Mrs. Hammer, Irish by descent, wealthy in her own right, and originally a customer of the Hammer Galleries, calls gardening and painting her hobbies, but her real hobby seems to be Armand Hammer. She goes on virtually every trip with him, pampering him, taking

care of him, dashing off the plane to buy him a tie or a coat, and telling him that he's not keeping warm enough.

The two of them spend more than half the year on the Doctor's business travels. Once airborne, he climbs into his pajamas, puts on lounging robe and slippers brought him by the copilot, listens to tapes of Bing Crosby, Nat "King" Cole, or some Hawaiian songs, passes out sections of Florida grapefruit, tries to keep from nibbling too many cookies, and takes frequent naps in a cork-lined bedroom in the rear of the plane. Sleep is one secret of his success. He nods off in cars to and from the airport, in intervals during conferences, everywhere. "One day, it had to be 1922, he and I are in a sleigh going through a forest in the Urals," Victor, his brother and associate, once recalled. "He's asleep in the sleigh. Suddenly, we make a sharp turn to avoid hitting a tree. Armand falls out on the snow. I think he's dead, but no. He's still asleep!" Yet this seventy-seven-year-old man will still work through the night preparing testimony for a Senate committee or revising a proposal for a negotiation in Moscow.

Like any prince, he usually travels with a retinue. He and his party will take a table in a restaurant at, say, Claridge's, where he likes to stay while in London. There will be several empty chairs. But then, one after another, delegations of businessmen and trade officials—Russians, Italians, Frenchmen, Saudi Arabians—come to the chairs and make their cases. Hammer, with hooded eyes, attends like a tortoise, giving nothing away from under his impenetrable shell. Finally the tortoise asks the question or two that the delegation did not want to hear. If the tortoise likes their answers, he keeps them for a few more minutes and plans the next step; otherwise, he waves them away, immediately, making room for the next group. But more animation fills him when he and his entourage move into Moscow: there he is on stage all the time, recognized, trying to please his audience, and, in the words of one former member of the retinue, he becomes a "big greeter." He is barely able to get through his meal in the restaurant at the Hotel National, so busy is he jumping up to shake hands and say hello to the Minister of This and the Deputy Minister of That.

Many are the satisfactions of being the prince, of command, of giving orders, of being waited upon, of conquering. He still calls his brother Victor from California to tell him what business decisions to make for the Hammer Galleries in New York. "He's always supervising," said Victor. "He's the guiding spirit of everything." And only his own direction makes him happy. "When Armand

Hammer repeats like a prayer that every man has his price.

earned his first big money in whiskey, a friend said to him, 'you have to get a yacht,'” Victor continued. “He used to get so goddamn seasick that when he'd go to Europe in the old days, he'd put on his pajamas, sip champagne, and stay in his cabin for the entire trip. He couldn't stand up. But with the yacht he had something to run, and once he was the owner, he was never seasick again.”

When you get accustomed to command, you assume you will get your way. “If Dr. Hammer wants to accomplish something, he pursues it with total zeal and dedication,” Oxy president Joseph Baird said. “It's unthinkable for him that he won't succeed.” And he will do everything he can to bring about a desired action, no doubt convinced that the end—*détente*, peace and prosperity, the well-being of his stockholders, his own glory—justifies the means. He repeats like a prayer that every man has his price. That means playing rough, even when the stakes are small. In 1972, for instance, he and attorney Arthur Groman threatened the Ford Foundation with an assault on its tax-exempt status if it did not withdraw funding from a public interest law firm in California that had helped block oil drilling by Occidental on the Los Angeles coastline.

Hammer's only relief from his business quests is art. As befits a merchant prince, he is wrapped in the aura of Patron. In 1965, he gave his first collection of minor Old Masters, mostly seventeenth-century Dutch paintings from Russia, to the University of Southern California. He then started building up a new collection of Barbizon painters, Impressionists, and post-Impressionists. Of his collections, one, made up of Old Master drawings put together for him by the National Gallery, is considered first-rate; in fact, superb. The Hammer Galleries in New York, nominally under the direction of Victor, is a commercial gallery, pushing Impressionists, post-Impressionists, Americana, and, with hullabaloo, the work of the late Grandma Moses. In 1971, however, Hammer also acquired the Knoedler Gallery, the oldest in Manhattan and certainly one of the most distinguished galleries in the United States. Hammer arranged the outstanding 1973 exhibition of forty-eight French post-Impressionist paintings from the Soviet Union, and he has recently arranged an exchange of Old Masters between the Soviet Union and the United States—the Soviet loan serves as part of its contribution to the American Bicentennial. He has even allowed that what he enjoys is not the possession of a painting but the hunting, the negotiating, the acquisition.

Armand's way has created a principality in which the monarch more or less governs by divine right, surrounded by an attentive court and constantly waging war on his own bureaucracy. (Inside the company, he is known not only as “the Doctor” but also as “Doctor”—as in “Go see Doctor.”) Almost at random, he will assign a particular problem to a particular executive, with no attention to the organizational chart. He rarely communicates to his staff by letter or memo, and many executives feel that when he does resort to writing, it is often simply to make a record for the files. Once, with some pride, he told one of his prize personnel acquisitions, former senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, who is now chairman of Occidental's Island Creek Coal subsidiary, that he has never turned in an expense account to Occidental and has never taken a vacation from running the company.

The daily operations he leaves to others. Said Oxy's president Joseph Baird, “He is more interested in new opportunities or in concentrating on a problem; and, after all, every problem is an opportunity.” Once Albert Gore chided Hammer, “How come you don't let me hear from you more often?”

“You wait until something goes wrong,” said the Doctor.

Hammer watches out not only for problems, but also for threats or cabals, and he always tries to ensure that *all* information is getting through to him. The flow, however, is never two-way. “Hammer never lets anybody know the full story,” said one former executive. That style was one of the main reasons for the recurrent and embittering exodus from the Oxy boardroom. “I haven't tried to hurt these fellows, and I didn't want to say anything to prevent their getting jobs someplace else,” Hammer told me. “I don't have to defend myself. But in each case, there was a definite reason, a business reason. When you take over a company, you inherit fellows who don't make the grade. I don't think we've lost one real good man.”

But Hammer's explanation does not really explain what has been an extraordinarily high turnover. “You don't have any real idea how many people went in and came out,” said former vice president Thomas Wachtell. “He's an acquirer of people. Once you're in his camp he's continually looking for somebody else, because the grass is always greener, and because he figures if somebody else has a guy, then that guy must be all right. He'd make promises that are impossible or for one reason or another are not kept. A man comes aboard, and Hammer says, ‘You're going to be Number One Man, you're after me, and you're going to know everything and do this, that, and the

“Well, tell the lady that *all* masterpieces have to be touched up!” Armand said.

other thing.’ Then it doesn’t turn out that way six months or two years later, and the man leaves, and he bitterly blames Doctor for having misled him or having brought him aboard under false pretenses or taking his company away from him.”

The bitterness, then, stems from the disruption of trust, a trust created by Hammer’s own manner. “Everybody who has been around him on a close basis,” said one associate, “has felt the overwhelming need—and I’ve felt that need myself—to have his approval. There are so many men I’ve met, who came and went in key positions in the company, who rose and fell on the whole theory of a father-son relationship. The guys who left are the guys who couldn’t work out the relationship, who found him, in their view, to be the bad father ultimately. It was more emotion than anything else.” Said one of those men, an heir apparent who left after a series of bitter disagreements with the Doctor: “Hammer is a very warm guy, essentially very kind. At the same time, he trusts no one. The Doctor goes through people.”

III. Trouble

Hammer’s management style, or lack of it, contributed to major financial problems. The Libyan investment alone had cost \$450 million before oil even began to flow. “When we really get rolling in Libya,” Hammer had remarked in 1969, “our problem will be what to do with the money.” But in the course of the next few years, there seemed to be a real possibility that Occidental could roll right off the side into the deep end, drowning in a debt approaching one billion dollars. In 1970–1971, scenting another major shortage—this in oil in Europe, because of possible nationalization or shut-downs in Libya—and in order to hedge his own hefty bets, Hammer gobbled up leases on oil tankers. That shortage did not occur; Occidental racked up a net loss of \$67 million in 1971—quite a turn-around from the big profit of the year before.

Occidental failed to mention the prospect of major losses on its tanker leases when it tried to sell some stock in 1971, an omission that happens to be against the law. This led to a complaint by the Securities and Exchange Commission. Hammer did not fight it; instead, he signed a consent decree, not admitting guilt but also promising not to do whatever he had not admitted doing. In fact, this was the second Securities and Exchange Commission complaint against Occidental. The company had also been charged with issuing “false and misleading” earnings statements and press releases in

1969 and 1970, including a failure to report that Libya was cutting back on its production. That too had been settled with a consent decree.

Hammer had always promoted Occidental’s fortunes in a rather exuberant fashion. In 1964 he announced indications of “a gold deposit” on some Occidental land in Montana—and the stock immediately jumped four dollars. Then, in 1966, he declared that explorations on company land in Nevada suggested “we may have one of the largest iron ore deposits in the Western part of the U.S.” (Not much has been heard about either of these discoveries since.) The company tended to announce a single oil strike in two or three different press releases, without ever quite making clear that it was the same blessed event. This reflected Hammer’s own style. One businessman remembers being present when Armand took a phone call from Victor. After a few minutes Armand burst out, “Well, tell the lady that *all* masterpieces have to be touched up!”

In some ways, what it came down to was that Hammer was treating Occidental as a one-man show, not a public company hedged in by securities laws. By 1971, not only was the company losing a lot of money, but Hammer and his organization were losing their credibility, which, in the talkative world of high finance, may be even worse than losing your money. Mutual funds and other institutional investors swore off the company’s stock. Senior executives, distressed with Hammer’s style, began to leave Occidental. Stockholders, acting on the basis of the 1971 SEC complaint, started to bring class action suits against Oxy. But most important, the value of the stock plunged.

Hammer was in trouble.

IV. Hammer Goes Questing Anew for Soviet Treasure

There were two strategies for dealing with this situation. One was to calm down and concentrate on making the company work. So recommended the top financial officers, who were alarmed by the company’s heavy debt, but that was not the kind of strategy to appeal to the Doctor. He had lived too dangerously for too long to adopt suddenly Prudent Man rules for running a multinational company. He needed ideas; but he had ideas. He always had ideas. (“You give Armand one idea, and he comes back with five,” was the diagnosis of S. L. Hoffman, a retired dress manufacturer who has known Armand since 1917, and who first suggested liquidating the Russian art through department stores in 1931.) Here the chain of Armand

Hammer's life in fact began to curve in on itself. In his autobiography, *The Quest of the Romanoff Treasure*, he had lovingly described the real treasures of Mother Russia—not the czar's jewels, but the raw materials that lay on and under the earth. It was as though he had planted a time capsule for himself to open and spur his memory some forty years later. He summoned up the ghosts of Russia past, the long-dead Lenin and the young Hammer, and, with his never-ceasing talent for self-promotion, teased the world with visions of the biggest trading deal in the history of man. He had not shared these plans with top officers of Occidental; indeed, communication had virtually broken down.

We can't live like this, said one of those officers, who had been arguing that Oxy and the Doctor had to calm down.

Yes, we can, replied the Doctor.

And so, in 1972, several top officers left the company, and Hammer went back to Russia, chasing the past and the future at the same time.

Hammer had, in fact, tried to move in that direction a decade before. In early 1961, his friend and fellow cattle breeder Senator Gore had arranged for the Commerce Department to sponsor Hammer on a trip to the Soviet Union to investigate possibilities for drumming up trade. He saw Anastas Mikoyan, to whom he had delivered tractors in 1922. They talked over old times and present problems. Two days later, he had a two-hour conversation with Khrushchev. This contact Hammer cultivated. Khrushchev wanted fertilizer plants for the Soviet Union; and finally, in London in September, 1964, Hammer announced with fanfare that he and British associates expected to sign "relatively soon" a contract with the Soviet Union to build such plants—up to ten of them at \$100 million per plant.

But "relatively soon" was an overstatement. That deal never came off. It was, though, a kind of mock-up of Hammer's current Soviet ventures. "It is the same deal!" Hammer exclaimed. "It took us ten years, but the timing wasn't right then." What he meant was that time was running out then for Khrushchev, who—castigated by his colleagues for "harebrained schemes" in agriculture—was removed from power later in that same autumn, 1964. "The people who came after him didn't feel the same urgency," said Hammer, shaking his head as he added, "Khrushchev had a real feel for agriculture—he was a farmer."

The Doctor began to pick up momentum in the early 1970s. In the afterglow of the first Nixon-Brezhnev summit, in 1972, he was invited to visit Moscow by Jermen Gvishiani, deputy chairman of the Soviet State Committee for

Science and Technology, Premier Kosygin's son-in-law, and a very important man in the Brezhnev opening to the West. From here on, we find a textbook of how to do business with the Russians, or at least how Armand Hammer does business: He whizzes in and out of Moscow every month, breaking a bottleneck or signing an agreement, and when he can do neither, he gives a gift or announces something he has already announced before, or finds some other way to drum up publicity.

He arrived again in Moscow in July, 1972, almost fifty-one years to the day since his first business trip to Moscow. His retinue included, as lawyer, Sargent Shriver. (Which is why George McGovern couldn't reach Shriver during the 1972 Democratic Convention and so dropped his name from consideration for the vice presidential spot on the ticket—the first time around.) Hammer was the consummate actor. At the right moment in a meeting with the chief Soviet planners, he pulled from his pocket what appeared to be a handwritten note and read from it—it was a commendation from Lenin, saying how welcome Armand Hammer would *always* be in the Soviet Union. The hard-boiled planners were deeply affected; some seemed on the edge of tears. Now, it should be remembered that Hammer had arrived at just the time that the Russians were dashing into the American commodity markets to execute the Great Grain Deal.

One of his early meetings was with First Deputy Minister for Foreign Trade Ivan Semichastnov. "Oh, Dr. Hammer," said the First Deputy Minister, "I remember you from the 1964 fertilizer deal."

"Yes," replied Hammer with his genial, brazen confidence, "and if you'd made that deal then, you'd not be buying a billion dollars of American grain now."

"Why do you say that?"

This was the question Hammer the salesman was waiting for: "Because, with chemical fertilizers, when there's a drought or a poor harvest, the moisture is retained in the ground longer, and you can still get a good crop. And if it's a good year, then you'll get a bumper crop, which will carry you over in bad years."

When he returned to his hotel, Hammer received a phone call from Leonid Kostandov, Minister of the Chemical Industry, with whom he had negotiated eight years before, asking him to stop by in the morning.

"You started something," Kostandov told him

the next day. "I received a phone call from Mr. Patolichev, Minister of Foreign Trade. He wanted to know my opinion, if we had made that deal, is it true that we would not have had to spend one or two billion dollars for grain. I told him that he was right, and then Mr. Patolichev said to me, 'What are you waiting for? Make the deal!'"

It was not to be that quick. What Hammer did sign, after seeing eighteen senior ministers in five days, was not a contract but a preliminary protocol, which merely held out the prospect for scientific and technical cooperation. Commerce Secretary Peter Peterson, in Morocco on his way to Moscow to negotiate an overarching Soviet-American trade agreement, received urgent notification that Hammer was coming to see him, and Hammer almost immediately showed up in Morocco, straight from Moscow. But Peterson could not understand what the excitement was about; Hammer's "agreement" seemed diffuse and preliminary.

Hammer meanwhile was sending back to Moscow a Telex of his planned press statement in which he mentioned billions of dollars worth of deals. "What? Are you out of your mind?" exclaimed Gvishiani in impeccable English to the Oxy official who showed him the release. Gvishiani went through the statement with a pencil, crossing out every reference to dollar transactions. The bowdlerized version was sent back to Hammer. Hammer flew on to London, where, on July 18, he officially announced the deal, although careful now to avoid any dollar figures. When asked about one report that pegged the "value" of the deal at \$3 billion, Hammer replied pleasantly, "I wonder where they got that from." In fact, leaks from Oxy officials led to news stories around the world suggesting that Hammer had actually committed the Russians to a multibillion-dollar trade deal. Oxy stock, in chaotic buying, jumped almost three points on the New York Stock Exchange.

None of this was known to Peter Peterson, who, arriving in Moscow on July 20, walked immediately into a news conference, where the first question concerned Dr. Hammer's deal. Peterson replied that it was premature to consider the protocol commercial: "It is an understanding to cooperate in exploring a variety of deals." Now who should have been visiting at the White House on July 20 to "report" to the President but Dr. Armand Hammer? "Hammer raised hell with the President," said a former top Administration official.

On his next trip Hammer carried with him a letter—this one not from Lenin but from Nixon—blessing his efforts, which he showed to Russian

leaders. The Soviet reaction seems to have been, at the least, detached: Kostandov, the Minister for the Chemical Industry, remarked with a certain irony that Hammer was worth several million dollars more than on his last trip, the figure indicating that the Soviets knew exactly how many shares of Occidental Hammer owned, and exactly how high the stock had moved on the news of the Russian deals. Hammer laughed.

In such circumstances began the Doctor's monthly trips to the Soviet Union in pursuit of the closing of those broadly outlined deals. Fertilizer was at the front of his mind, but there was also a trade center deal, a nickel- and metal-plating deal, and—still unclosed—a natural gas deal and a garbage disposal deal. At the conclusion of a meeting in September, 1972, Premier Kosygin asked Hammer if he would like to see Lenin's office. Of course. On Lenin's desk sat a bronze monkey, holding a skull. "I gave this as a gift in 1922," said Hammer. "I bought it in London on the way back to the Soviet Union." He also gave new presents in these months: a million-dollar Goya painting, two original Lenin letters (which he had obtained for the purpose of giving by trading a painting to a New York collector), and, much less publicized, copies of *Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution*. These last he gave to certain overweight Soviet officials, with his medical advice to shed some pounds.

In January, 1973, he had his first meeting with the man he later described as "the chairman of the board," General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev. Once again, the Lenin connection: Hammer told him that he had met Lenin in the same building and in the same office, and added that Brezhnev personally reminded him of Lenin. The eyes of the present General Secretary misted with tears. "He's a very warmhearted man," Hammer said of Brezhnev. "Not long ago," added the Doctor, "David Rockefeller invited me to a small gathering to meet German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt. I got talking with Schmidt in a corner, and he agreed that Brezhnev was very warmhearted. Brezhnev's following on the same path that Lenin laid out fifty years ago, with the New Economic Policy, which was really détente, but Lenin of course went much farther with concessions."

Brezhnev allowed an NBC camera crew to film the two together for an American documentary and declared, "Armand Hammer has expended considerable effort. I help him. He helps me. It is mutual. We do not discuss secrets. Just business." That Brezhnev meeting did certainly help overcome obstacles set up by middle-level Russian bureaucrats. These officials disliked the notion that Hammer would help "save" the Soviet Union

“This is no ten-million-dollar transaction,” said the Soviet trade minister. “It covers twenty years. . . .”

again, as he had done with his drugs and grain deals in the first years of the Bolshevik regime. They also resented his direct access to the top, and his refusal to stay in official channels.

There were many meetings within his own company, where executives argued that Oxy did not have the technology to deliver the fertilizer component at the price Hammer wanted to deliver it. Hammer simply chose not to hear their doubts. But both top Russian and American officials wanted a big, long-term deal firmed up to show some progress on the trade side of détente, to prove that things were happening. On April 12, 1973, speeded along with Brezhnev’s personal blessings, Hammer signed the “letter of intent” in Moscow for a twenty-year multibillion-dollar fertilizer deal. But it was still only an outline with many question marks.

Hammer kept coming. In November, 1973, looking at the countryside as he flew into Moscow, the Doctor suddenly conceived the idea that Russia could use a golf course for the Western businessmen who would be staying at the trade center he was promoting. (And he could always use some extra publicity.) Brezhnev accepted the gift, although the Soviet Embassy in London quickly put out a disclaimer: “Mr. Brezhnev certainly does not play golf.” (Hammer obviously is not donating the land; his gift is in fact restricted to the costs of golf balls and tees and electric carts.)

By early 1974, critics in the business world were asking how Occidental, with its great debt load, could finance those vast plans, and were wondering if Hammer would ever sign. “Can Oxy Petroleum find the money?” asked a skeptical *Business Week*. The Russians had asked other firms to bid for construction of the fertilizer plants, although an executive from one of the others was candid enough to admit that only Hammer could have invented such a complicated barter deal in the first place. One top Oxy executive told me that the worldwide inflation was “our number one problem” in the fertilizer deal. “It’s practically impossible to hold prices for a long period of time while there are so many technical problems to be clarified. To a certain extent, flexibility is rather difficult to accept on the Soviet side. They want to know where they’re going, and they’re looking for firm prices. After all, they have their Five Years, and they don’t want to take any chances without knowing the price.”

Yet Russians at the highest levels seem to have had faith in Hammer. They take that Lenin connection very seriously. Part of it, indeed, is almost

religious, but part is political. They would have had to invent an Armand Hammer who had done business with Lenin and who would now do business with them if he had not graciously offered himself. It is a question not only of aura but of legitimacy for such an opening to the West. How fortunate that they have the texts of Lenin’s blessings on Hammer ventures. At the same time, they are grateful to Hammer for the visibility he gives to Soviet-American trade, for his willingness (demonstrated by no other corporate leader) to identify himself with this trade, and his unflagging energy in its pursuit. Or, as Deputy Foreign Trade Minister Vladimir Alkhimov put it to me, for Hammer it’s “toil, toil, toil.”

In April, 1974, another step: Hammer signed an \$8 million preliminary design contract (with the USSR Chamber of Commerce and Industry) for an international trade center that will provide foreign businessmen with over a thousand hotel rooms, apartments, and offices, all desperately needed in space-short Moscow. The vast complex will cover ten acres on the banks of the Moskva River across from the Hotel Ukraine, which sets up an interesting contrast—American Airport Modern versus Stalinist Wedding-Cake Gothic.

At last, two months later, at the end of June, 1974, the arduous negotiations came to an end; during that final, hollow, Nixon-Brezhnev summit, Hammer sold—and sold big. He signed the contracts—what he modestly called the “global agreements”—that activated the \$20 billion fertilizer deal. And why did the negotiations take so long? “This is no ten-million-dollar transaction,” said Deputy Foreign Trade Minister Alkhimov. “It covers twenty years, and people on both sides wanted to be certain that it would be effective and profitable. So it was carefully calculated.” After the deal was closed, Hammer summed up the whole effort: “There are many ways of selling, and sometimes you have to be resourceful to devise a deal. And that is why this deal looks so complex.”

But let us try to simplify what may be the largest trading deal in the history of mankind. The deal is a huge package, with two main elements: the trading of commodities, in which Occidental is centrally interested, and the building of a fertilizer infrastructure in the Soviet Union, in which Occidental is only partly interested. First, the barter of commodities, which begins in 1978: Occidental will provide the Russians with a million tons of concentrated phosphates, shipped from Florida to the Soviet Union. In exchange, the Soviet Union will ship a million tons of potash, a million tons of

Hammer's Moscow apartment is located right at the intersection of superpower politics.

urea, and 1.5 million tons of ammonia. Another 600,000 tons of ammonia will be thrown in each year to pay back the foreign credits. The deal will run over twenty years, with the books balanced at whatever are world market prices. At current world prices, it is worth \$1 billion a year.

But these commodities cannot be shipped back and forth without altering the industrial geography of the Soviet Union, and here is where the engineering operation begins. Occidental will build storage facilities near Riga and Odessa. Oxy has several associates in the deal; one of them (Chemico, a division of General Tire) will build four plants at Togliatti in the Volga River Valley to manufacture ammonia from natural gas, and a French concern will build two more. Occidental will help establish a rail network, and will probably participate in the construction of a 1400-mile ammonia pipeline network, the longest such network in the world.

Hammer has made himself into the biggest American businessman in the Russian trade. A simple measure: his projects account for \$218 million out of the \$469 million so far extended in loans at subsidized rates for Soviet trade by the U. S. Export-Import Bank. Don't think, however, that Hammer is content to be an industrialist, a captain of industry: scrape away the paint on the portrait of Dr. H., the oil tycoon, and you will find underneath it an old painting of young Armand, the middleman and agent for any and all Western companies, selling his entrée and expertise for a very high price. How else do you explain his role in the trade center? Occidental is, after all, a natural resource company, not a hotel company. Armand got even farther afield when he attempted to get himself and superagent Marvin Josephson appointed as middlemen for the international television rights to the 1980 Moscow Olympics—in this case, the Russians decided they wanted to do it themselves.

His proclivity for agency even applies to the proposed multibillion-dollar twenty-five-year natural gas development at Yakutsk in Siberia. El Paso Natural Gas generated the project, then invited Hammer and Occidental in as partners.

"Why Hammer?" somebody asked Howard Boyd, chairman of El Paso.

"We needed Hammer," Boyd replied, "because he's the only man who can get through to the Soviets."

"How do you know that's true?"

"He told us."

Hammer was probably wise to cut himself in, for some geologists believe that the only likely spot for finding new, Middle Eastern-size deposits of gas and oil is in Siberia. But the deal is still far, far

off. The Yakutsk reserves have yet to be proven; that proving will require a \$100 million investment by the American companies involved, as well as another \$100 million from Japanese partners. Even if the initial credits should appear and the reserves should be proved, and even if the Americans and Russians and Japanese should by some fluke work out a long-term pricing agreement, powerful congressional opposition is certain, because the investment of \$4 or \$5 billion in new foreign production runs counter to the national goal of promoting domestic production.

Like other Hammer projects, Yakutsk is a large gamble, and while many other businessmen in East-West trade regard Hammer with distrust and distaste, he also gets their grudging admiration. "You have to admit that Hammer thinks big, and most American businessmen don't," said one top executive in this field. "I came back from Moscow with a package on the scale of the Hammer deal, and everybody in New York threw up their hands in terror and dived under their desks. They couldn't comprehend it."

Just as he portrays himself as a patron of the arts, so Hammer also offers himself as a patron of peace, a vessel of détente. "You're more apt to have peace with a country you trade with, trade based upon mutual need, and long-term twenty- or thirty-year contracts are the best insurance you can have," he said. "One reason that I'm doing business with the Russians is that there's room for someone who knows how to do business with Russians to help lead the way." But then, Hammer is not in business to be a statesman. "I don't think he would have any philanthropic concern for the USSR," said Neil Jacoby of UCLA, who has accompanied Hammer on some of his Soviet trips. "He's a profit-seeker. He saw an opportunity for profitable ventures by Occidental. Perhaps there is something extra, but it wouldn't exist if he saw no profit."

The search for profits in such terrain inevitably has involved Hammer in politics, most recently in the fight over the Jackson amendment, whereby Congress, led by Senator Henry Jackson, sought to link increased Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union with credits and most-favored-nation status for Soviet exports to the United States. The Russians decided that the costs of the package outweighed the benefits, and renounced the whole deal last January.

Hammer was very much in the middle of maneuvering, as a major trader with the Soviet Union, and as a non-practicing Jew whose own

family had emigrated from Russia. A realist, he quickly grasped the temper of Congress, and from then on did what he could to help make a deal. He kept open his links with Jackson but also urged senators and Jewish groups to be reasonable and realistic, not to press too hard, not to insult the Russians by offering a pittance in credits.

"The Russians have made progress," he told me last December. "Think of the time of Stalin. Russia showed goodwill by taking off the education tax in 1972. If we don't push them too hard, if we don't give the impression that we're interfering in their internal affairs, they will relax their emigration policies. They have always lived up to their commitments. Only a couple of hundred thousand people are involved. I haven't seen or felt any anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. Brezhnev went out of his way to tell me that there is no anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union."

But at some point, probably in December, the Russians decided that too much was being asked of them, for which they were getting too little in return. A few days before the Soviets renounced the entire deal, Hammer met with Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin. "By the time I saw Dobrynin," Hammer told me recently, "it was too far gone. The Russians were backed into a corner." But he puts on the best face, the only one he can, and downplays the importance of the break. "It's just slowed things up. Things will move along, and a new bill or amendment will be introduced which will clear up the atmosphere. They're letting Jews out quite freely now—with no pressure. I know of a whole group that has left." In fact, according to authoritative estimates, emigration is now at an annual rate of under 10,000—compared to 33,000 in 1973—and harassment has increased. Whether this represents a change in Soviet policy or only a tough signal to the West is open to speculation.

Meanwhile the Doctor himself, industrious and patient, is doing everything he can to move "things"—his "things"—along. The Jackson amendment clash affects his projects only in a limited way. The kind of imports from Russia he is contracting for—raw materials—are not much affected by the "most favored nation" question that is part of the Jackson amendment fight, and he already has substantial credits. The threat to him is more general—that the clash will spoil the atmosphere in which his creations are to flower. And what of these creations? The trade center, the most solid of the deals, is going forward, although Occidental has not yet managed to involve an international hotel chain. The fertilizer deal also stands a good chance of succeeding. Work is in progress, but a crucial point to watch is whether Occidental suc-

ceeds in producing its concentrated phosphate at a reasonable cost. The same goes for the tankers that will be necessary to ferry the fertilizer components between continents.

In general, however, the Russians, perhaps a little awed by Hammer's boldness and energy, are willing to cooperate. "There's some nervousness among the Russians that Hammer's overextended," said one leading businessman with good Moscow contacts, "but they will go with him."

Hammer himself means to be in business in Russia for a long time. He is renovating a lavish apartment in Moscow with a beautiful view of the Kremlin from the balcony. He might occupy it a total of one month out of every year. Mrs. Hammer, he has explained, is sometimes unhappy when they are in Moscow because she likes to cook and does not have access to a kitchen. In the new apartment, however, she will be able to cook him all his meals to their mutual hearts' content. Thus is called up not only a portrait of the young Armand, squire of Brown House, but also a contemporary print, showing a grandfatherly Hammer, relaxing in the living room over his balance sheets, wearing a sweater that Mrs. Hammer purchased for him that day, perhaps gazing out for a moment toward the Kremlin, while Mrs. Hammer busies herself over the stove—all cozy and snug and settled in their new apartment, which is located right at the intersection of superpower politics.

V. Bottom Line

Armand Hammer has always been resilient, bold, and resourceful. But resilience, boldness, and resourcefulness all have their limits. Hammer has no interest in retirement. "He and I have had long discussions about that," said former vice president Thomas Wachtell, "and when you've worked as hard as he's worked for as long as he has, retirement will kill you." But in a few years infirmity, mortality, or a carefully executed coup will remove him from power. Or the Watergate special prosecutor. Hammer's is one of that office's remaining cases. Last December a onetime Hammer Washington lobbyist, former Montana governor Tim Babcock, pleaded guilty to a charge that he did "aid and abet Armand Hammer in the commission of the offense"—the offense being an illegal \$54,000 contribution to the 1972 Nixon campaign. That was the year Hammer was building his Russian deals, and campaign donations traditionally assure access to officialdom. Whether the special prosecutor will seek to indict Hammer before closing up shop remains unclear. Hammer and his staff hope

He is the last of a line, a privateer from the past.

that the prosecutor will forget the whole thing, and they are trying to put as much distance between Hammer and Babcock as possible. The word around Oxy headquarters today is that Babcock is useless, that he couldn't even get a presidential pen out of the White House. A conviction—even if the penalty were only a fine—would certainly threaten Hammer's hold on Occidental, especially if it were to encourage potential stockholders' suits to change the composition of the board of directors.

At this point, however, Occidental remains very much the company of this most unlikely of oilmen. What has he wrought and what will he leave? It is both a strong and a weak company. It owns one of the best coal companies, Island Creek, and its chemical subsidiary, Hooker, is also of high quality; those two divisions produced almost two thirds of Oxy's handsome \$281 million net profit in 1974. On the other hand, the company is encumbered with more than a billion dollars in long-term debt. However, as long as natural resource prices remain high, the company will have sufficient cash flow to deal with this debt.

More immediate are two other problems. The first is oil. After Oxy's president, Joseph Baird, addressed a group of stock analysts recently in Boston, one of them remarked, "From the way he talked about the company, you'd never know that Oxy was involved with oil anywhere except in the North Sea." Most of the petroleum production continues to be in Libya, where it is being squeezed on one side by the Libyan government and on the other by a sluggish world demand for oil. Production is way down; Oxy has actually been forced to sell some oil below cost; and it is expected that the international oil and gas division will be unprofitable in 1975. Furthermore, the Libyans have initiated discussions about nationalizing more than the 51 percent of Oxy's stake in Libya that they took over in 1973. Hammer launched in the late 1960s a worldwide oil exploration drive and has heralded oil strikes in Peru, Venezuela, and Nigeria. Today Peru looks promising, but Venezuela and Nigeria are highly uncertain. The only significant secure source is in the North Sea, where the Piper Field, the very good field in which Oxy is a partner, will probably be most profitable.

Not to be overlooked is the process for squeezing oil from shale rock, which the Doctor touts as the quick cure for the ills visited on the developed world by OPEC. This process has the advantage of being done underground, in effect in a mine, and thus avoids the grave environmental effects of most shale oil processes. But no one knows whether it will work. "Conceptually, the process is very nice,"

observed geologist and oil economist Ernst von Metzsch. "There's none of that spent shale. But the thermodynamics are not very well understood. To bring this into an operational stage will require a lot of sophistication, and it looks like years and years of testing will be necessary before it comes on."

The other problem concerns management in a post-Hammer era. The men around him have survived for the most part as yes-men, and outsiders wonder if anyone with strength and entrepreneurial energy will emerge to guide the company through the transition. Joseph Baird, who has a banking background, was brought in by Hammer to increase credibility in the financial community. He gives the impression of being a strong character in his own right, but is much more cautious than Hammer, and is only a year and a half into his heir apparenecy. He insists that his fate will be different from that of all the other heirs apparent. That remains to be seen. Furthermore, Hammer has held his Soviet ventures so tightly that they lack a constituency of committed executives within the company. Will the interest and drive to do business with Russia remain when he leaves, taking his unique entrée to the Soviets with him?

"There are great opportunities today!" Hammer said to me, with enthusiasm and with a hint of sadness. For, finally, the opportunities will outrun him. He is the last of a line, a privateer from the past, an anachronism, a patriarchal grain merchant from nineteenth-century Odessa who has learned how to calculate a price quickly, and buy and sell everything—from pharmaceuticals and art to whiskey and petroleum. And people. Forty years ago, he might have succeeded in establishing a great Hammer empire, Carnegie- or Rockefeller-style, but today, in an age of multinational corporations, that is no longer possible; and when he is gone from Occidental, Occidental will change, or even disappear, for it will certainly be bureaucratized, and perhaps another company will take it over.

Meanwhile, he pushes the final day away by his frenetic, almost frantic, circling of the globe, refusing to acknowledge that that day will come. "Even though Doctor's age is advanced, it doesn't constrain the way he looks at things," said Joseph Baird. "He talks in terms of five or ten years, even though—" Baird paused—"he can be reasonably confident that in ten years he won't be in a day-to-day management position. He knows he can't continue forever. He knows he's a mortal." Baird sought the right words. "But he's an optimist." □

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LIFE & LETTERS

OF POLITICS AND CLASS

by Richard Todd

1.

A silver (-plated) bowl

This is the story of a silver bowl. It may be one of the ten least significant anecdotes in modern political life, but I've been reading a book recently that encourages you to relax and enjoy such things: Benjamin C. Bradlee's *CONVERSATIONS WITH KENNEDY* (Norton, \$7.95).

The bowl was an unprepossessing little object. *Not* silver, in fact: silver-plated. But it had to perform a delicate chore; it had to serve as an anniversary present from the governor of Rhode Island, John Chafee, to the President, John F. Kennedy, and his wife.

On an afternoon in September, 1963, the presidential party landed at Quonset Naval Air Station, where Kennedy was greeted by Chafee. Kennedy's friend Ben Bradlee was waiting in the helicopter when Kennedy returned, and he remembers that the President "was steaming at Chafee. First, because he had given the Kennedys a rather tacky, uninscribed, unadorned silver-plated bowl. . . ." The second insult was that the airport ceremony had been prolonged for the benefit of newsmen.

The helicopter lifted off, with the tacky little bowl on board. The President steamed.

What can be going on here? Surely the President couldn't care about a *bowl*. He was not a greedy man. The President didn't want things, he *had* things. But the bowl

offended his sense of occasion. Had it come from a nurse's aide or an astronaut's wife, he would have felt differently. But a governor. A governor (particularly the governor of a perfectly proper little state like Rhode Island) is someone too much like oneself. He is supposed to behave as one behaves. The President was not unaware of himself as a man who brought style—"that special grace"—wherever he went. But, Christ, you can't do it all alone. People have to play their roles. If you couldn't count on a governor to know what sort of gift is suitable for a President and his wife, then the world itself was a tackier place than one had thought.

The afternoon was besmirched.

The helicopter, after circling over an aircraft carrier whose crew stood at attention in the President's honor, set down at Hammersmith Farm, home of his in-laws. He embraced his waiting wife. They went toward the vast house. The President still held his little silver bowl.

Now his mood lightened. He knew what to do with the bowl. He would give it to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Hugh Auchincloss, one of the relatively few Americans who looked on the President from somewhere socially *above*: the President, Leader of the Free World, my son-in-law, this good-looking, new-moneyed, dangerous mick that Jackie married. He gave her the bowl in mock seriousness as a "token of his undying affection." Bradlee was watching: "Mrs. Auchincloss cooed

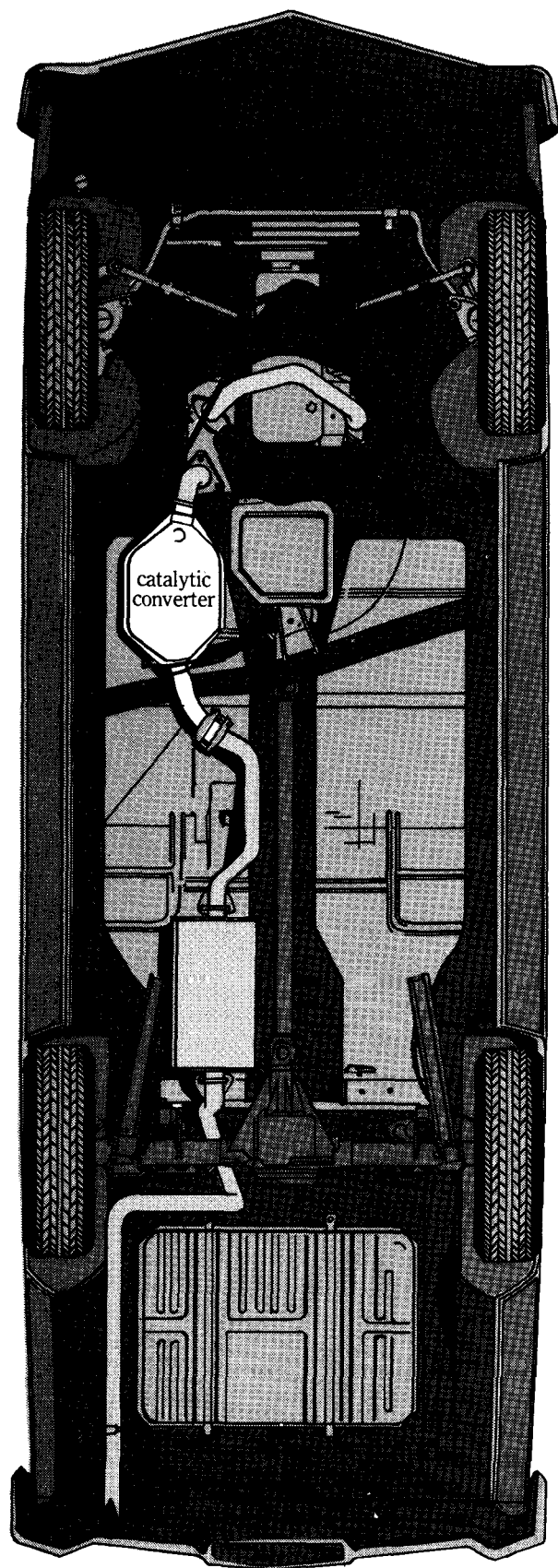
like a Helen Hokinson dove, completely convinced that Kennedy was serious . . . even when she gazed in dismay at the bowl itself."

Nice. The little bowl had done its work at last, had reassured the President of his social worth.

The point of this tale is not that Kennedy was an unusually fussy or arrogant fellow—though there's enough evidence in favor of that position to be found in the Bradlee book. The point is simply one that we already know: we're a nation of arrivistes, and in his heart no one thinks he's quite arrived. John F. Kennedy wasn't exempt from the feeling, and one of the pleasures the book affords is its vignettes of presidential social competitiveness. He delights in one-upping Bradlee—apparently because Bradlee was a Boston Brahmin—dotes, for example, on the Bradlees' meekness in accepting the decision of a Washington dancing class not to enroll their daughter.

It is hard not to enjoy the Bradlee book, which is laden with such small but telling social moments. The "hard news" to be found in this book has already been widely covered. Kennedy allowed Bradlee to know that he was privy to the FBI's files on members of Congress and that he examined tax returns. Bradlee, as a journalist and a pal, chose to be a pal first and not to explore the propriety of such things. He's picked an inelegant time to publish this memoir, having just enjoyed the high point of his

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July Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



You've already met John Sayles: he wrote "I-80 Nebraska, m.490-m.205," that great story about truckers in the May *Atlantic*. He was totally unknown to us last year when a story by him came to the magazine. Would-be writers always ask, "If I just send in my stuff with no introduction, will anybody even read it?" Well, hear this: the story was indeed read, by magazine and press, and seen to be the core of a novel. Here it is. At twenty-three, John Sayles is off to a flying start. Harry Crews wrote us, "A strong, sad, funny book which marks the beginning of what will surely be a remarkable career." The *Kirkus* review says, "Mr. Sayles is a writer with more talent in the knuckle of his little finger than we've met in many a long season—full of spit and humor and affection. Let's hear it for 'im from the folks out there."

It's a rowdy, brilliant tragicomedy whose theme is masculine pride, and whose story is that of an itinerant softball team, playing the locals at carnivals in the deep South . . . and playing in drag. For the yokels in the bleachers, it's all guffaws; for the Bimbos, it's serious business. You'll never forget "that midget, Pogo, who's the pride of the Bimbos and the shinningly original triumph of this book" (*Kirkus* again), and we doubt you'll forget John Sayles.

PRIDE OF THE BIMBOS

A Novel
by John Sayles

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Atlantic-Little, Brown

career as the courageous executive editor of the *Washington Post* who backed up his reporters in their pursuit of a President who was not in any way his pal, Richard Nixon.

There's plenty of material here for Kennedy-haters to enjoy. Samples of the President's "rough language." Bad behavior: girls jumping on Lincoln's bed, stumble-down drunks aboard the yacht *Sequoia* (at a party at which Teddy Kennedy mysteriously is missing a trouser leg). On the other hand it is Bradlee's reputation, not Kennedy's, that suffers most. I for one, though, am willing to say that this book is worthwhile: chiefly for its glimpses of the way in which class relationships operate toward the top of our society. Or let's say the ways in which those relationships operate. In the life of another President, they were at work with a vengeance.

2.

How King Timahoe Got His Name

Of Richard Nixon, in the 1960 campaign, Kennedy remarked succinctly, "No class." Not what you'd call a classy remark, but Nixon can't be expected to have shrugged it off that way, because it struck to the heart of his self-doubt.

It is one of the attractions of William Safire's memoir of his Nixon years, *BEFORE THE FALL* (Doubleday, \$12.50), that he continually reveals the deep social unease, a pervasive resentment against most of their countrymen, that characterized Nixon and his staff. A great deal went wrong with this book. Time caught up with it, for one thing: it was mostly written before Watergate, and Safire's reflections on later events seem to have been pasted on. Nor can he often rise to a serious comprehension of what his leader did. But the book is full of interesting data on the theme that Safire identifies as crucial to the Nixon Administration: its sense of the world as "us" against "them."

It might amuse Safire, who spent many years as a PR man before he became a speech writer (and a PR man) for Nixon, to be called "guileless"—yet there is something of that quality in this book, particularly when it comes to his style of self-presentation. Safire, always a fast man with an irreverent quip, was a

relative hipster in the Nixon court, but you see in him the peculiar qualities of outlook it took to serve a man for whom "intellectuals" meant the enemy. Even as he describes their shared sense of being déclassé, he participates, indeed luxuriates, in it. Consider his description of the "Washington Establishment": "The dolls are chic hostesses and smart writers, the guys are dynamic lawyers and reporters, the food is delicious, the wine the right temperature at the Georgetown dinner parties (more dens of inequity than iniquity) . . . Nixonian newcomers had the impression they were regarded as hard-to-tolerate transients."

One gets a sense of the social pain that seems to have inhabited the most trivial of Nixon's actions. He could do nothing with—hated word—*style*. Consider the case of poor King Timahoe, the Irish setter whose real name was simply King. Safire explains: "Timahoe was added . . . because it would be inappropriate for a President of a democratic nation to have a dog with a regal name. . . ." I find something ineffably melancholy about that: I think of Nixon, changing the name of his dog for "PR" reasons and at the same time no doubt recognizing the dispiriting, banal truth about himself, that he's really just a guy who would call his dog "King." And remembering the Kennedys' wittily named pony, Macaroni?

Trivia, as everyone knows, gave way to major feelings of resentment, major transgressions. Enemy lists, break-ins, wiretapping, attacks on the press. Familiar as this story is, it is continually surprising to see in *Before the Fall* reminders of the homely emotions at the bottom of the acts, reminders that these acts were in fact not sheer arrogance, but the work of men who at the height of their power felt dispossessed.

It is odd that "the most powerful man in the world" can speak bitterly of something called "The Establishment," can sneer with undisguised injury at "the fashionable set." And at the same time that Nixon hates his "betters" with the passion of a man who knows he's never going to get a corner office, he has a commensurate contempt

for all presumed to comprise the under class. Safire cites—by way of demonstrating that Nixon was a closet intellectual—a moment that seems to presage the former President's famous remarks about the American people as children. He's speaking about the need for short speeches: "We sophisticates can listen to a speech for a half hour, but after ten minutes, the average guy wants a beer."

Blind at one moment, he can turn virulent the next. The worst of such episodes are, of course, not included in *Before the Fall*, and it's necessary to turn to a less favorable document. In Jimmy Breslin's account of the summer of Nixon's decline, *HOW THE GOOD GUYS FINALLY WON* (Viking, \$6.95), there is this memorable exchange from a tape subpoenaed by the House Judiciary Committee and not previously published:

"The Italians. We mustn't forget the Italians. Must do something for them. The. ah, we forget them. They're not, we ah, they're not like us. Difference is, the . . . they smell different, they look different, act different. After all, you can't blame them. Oh, no. Can't do that. They've never had the things we've had."

"That's right," Ehrlichman said.

Nixon's voice dropped. "Of course, the trouble is . . ." Now his voice went even lower. "The trouble is, you can't find one that's honest."

It's unclear whether Safire ever saw Nixon in this mood. Nixon was plainly capable of highly various behavior, and Safire points out that to an unusual degree he took on the characteristics of the people he was with.

In Safire's long memoir there are many occasions when he reports himself as being moved by the President, but there is only one that might be called a tender moment. Fittingly, it turns again on the perception of his omnipresent enemies. He has just given his acceptance speech at the 1968 convention, is mellow, possibly mildly drunk. ("You see, Billyboy . . .") He is congratulating himself and Safire, who wrote much of it, on the speech. "Politics is poetry. Not prose, no matter how good. Mood. Emotion. Oh, you can't do it often, but once in a while, at a historic

moment, you need the poetry . . . They won't like the speech, will they, the New York Times and those boys," he said, shrugging as if he didn't care. "— 'em'." Safire omits the four-letter word, as if to emphasize the softness of this fond good-night. What a distance between the mild sentimentality of that evening and the turbulent emotions that were to come.

3.

Searchlight is on the lawn!

The question plays about the edges of all that is written about Nixon now: was he . . . had he . . . how crazy was he?

Theodore H. White says, toward the start of his new book, *BREACH OF FAITH* (Atheneum-Reader's Digest Press, \$10.95): "What the men in the White House were involved in, without ever admitting it to themselves, was the management of an unstable personality." But he often takes refuge in unrevealing metaphor: "Haig, gently but firmly, was adjusting the controls for the final descent, careful not to jog, push

or pressure the uncertain pilot of state, not to provoke the explosion of personality he feared. The President was on downslope."

James Schlesinger during the final days informed Pentagon officials that no command by the President was to be executed without Schlesinger's confirmation.

Another much-told story, first reported by Jimmy Breslin, doesn't seem to carry much weight: Nixon disconcerts a meeting of congressional leadership, conferring on the Arab-Israeli war, by making light remarks about Henry Kissinger's sexual life. "Ah . . . we had trouble finding Henry. He was in bed with a broad . . . Henry, which girl was it that you were with? . . . It's terrible when you have a girl and the Secret Service has to break in on you." In the telling, this anecdote gains its force from the phrases that come, it seems, from Breslin, not from direct observation. Nixon is described as "giggling and rolling his head around." He is said to have "leered and winked." Who knows?

And there is The Shoving of Ron

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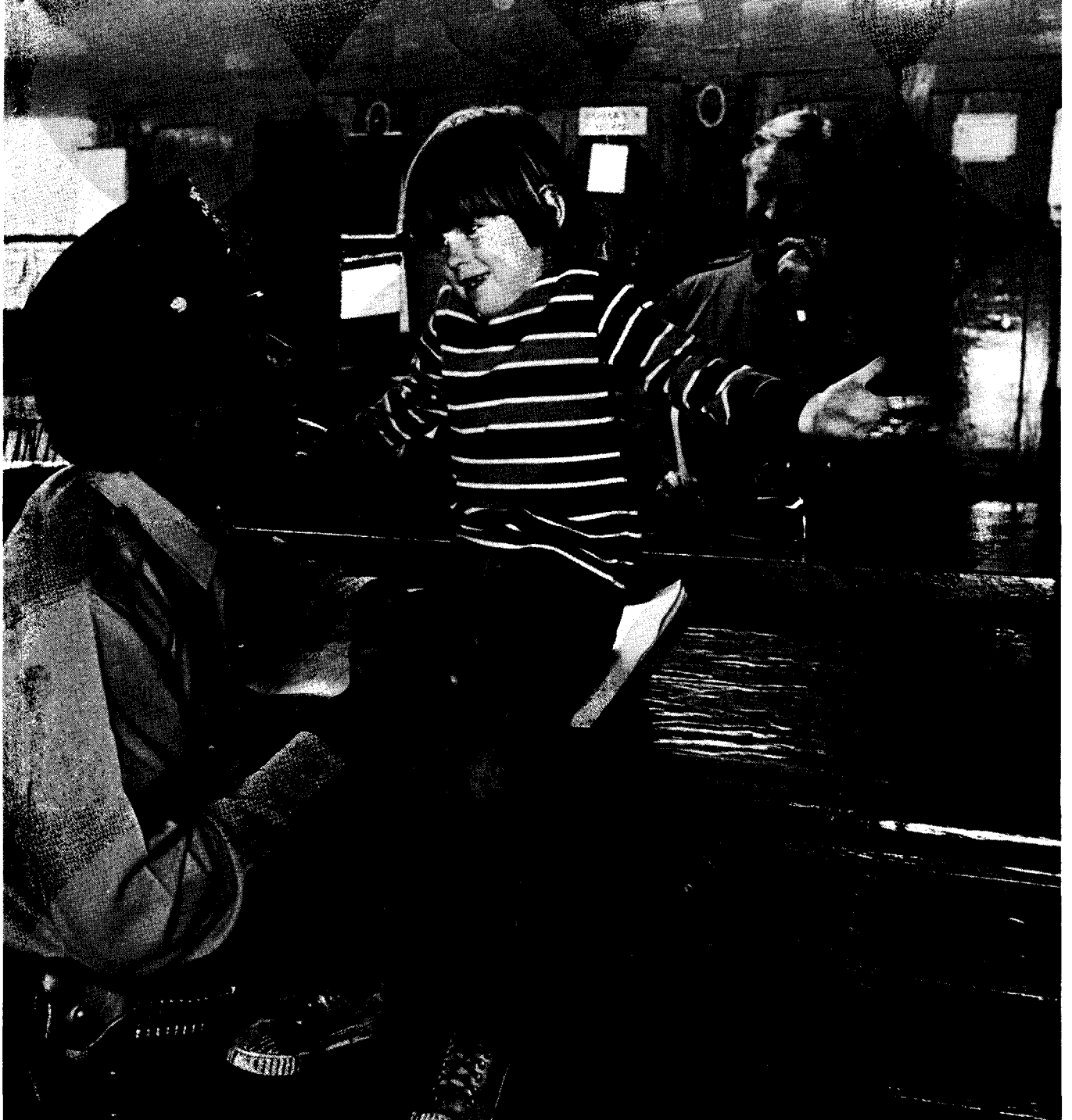
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Ziegler, and the increasingly mechanical gestures, and the meticulous attention to minutiae.

The longest glimpse we have of a distressed and distracted Nixon comes, not at the time of Watergate, but in 1970 during the Cambodian incursion. It is the night of his strange visit to demonstrators outside the White House.

He had delivered a television speech earlier in the evening and was restive. At 10:35 he returned some calls that had come in following the speech, and then, during the next few hours, apparently began to call various people compulsively—seven calls to Haldeman, a call at 1:22 A.M. to Helen Thomas of the UPI and another one at 3:50 A.M., calls to Nelson Rockefeller, Bebe Rebozo, Daniel P. Moynihan, Billy Graham, three calls to Rose Mary Woods, eight calls to Henry Kissinger. He appears to have slept for no more than an hour. Sometime after three he was listening to a record, Rachmaninoff's *First Piano Concerto*, when his valet, Manolo Sanchez, looked in on him. The President asked Sanchez to come with him, they were going to visit the Lincoln Memorial. They left; word went from Secret Service post to post: "Searchlight [Nixon's code name] is on the lawn . . . Searchlight has asked for a car."

Nixon's encounter with the demonstrators seems to have been badly reported. According to Safire, whose account of this episode is the most elaborate, Nixon rambled on about foreign capitals and the Cambodian situation and the environment, his travels and black-white relations. (The impression one had at the time was that he'd talked only about football.)

As dawn breaks, the episode becomes more bizarre. Nixon asks Sanchez to accompany him to the Capitol Building, where he sits in the House, in his old chair. He tells Sanchez to step up to the Speaker's rostrum. Bids him to make a speech. The presumably embarrassed valet complies. He talks of being proud to be an American. On the way out, Nixon confronts a cleaning woman and blurts out, "You know, my mother was a saint. She died two years ago. She was a saint. . . . You be a saint too." By now, Nixon has been joined by a



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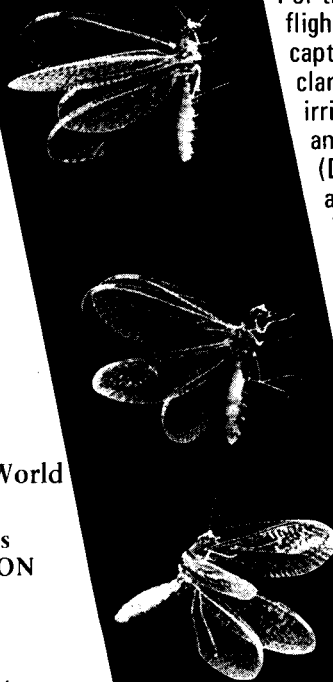
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protective posse of aides, and they go to the Mayflower Hotel for breakfast.

An odd evening. What to make of it? Despite the grotesque comedy, I find it affecting: this desperate reaching out on Nixon's part—as if he could, if he tried, make his life whole by daybreak—reaching out not just to friends but to supposed enemies, to the under class, to his past, to otherness itself.

4.

Poverty soiled him

"He was never able to accept the fact that he was President of the United States," said Elliot Richardson. "If you're President, there isn't any 'they'; the President has to be first among 'us.'" Richardson made this remark to Theodore White, whose *Breach of Faith*, it should be said, is the best general account of the Watergate scandals yet to be written. Its central virtue is its clear, compelling narrative, in which firsthand reportorial detail mingles with a long historical view. The long view now and then tempts White into some rolling epical cadences that don't always serve him well. This is true—however you come down on the issues—in his insufficiently specific description of Nixon as peacemaker. But White is never unaware of the complications of the man at the center of his story.

This book represents something of a comeback for White, who was roundly and justly criticized for his romanticization of Richard Nixon in *The Making of the President 1972*. The interest, for a reader-between-

the-lines, lies in watching White try to come to terms with a man whom he has plainly liked and admired, who has turned out to be capable of what White speaks of without embarrassment as "evil" and "outrage." He insists on placing Nixon in historical perspective and sees him as the agent of an ideological and cultural counterrevolution, defender of mythical old values. But White is clear about the fact that Watergate could not have happened if Nixon had not been an embodiment of those cultural forces, and "an unstable personality" to boot. In a short sketch of Nixon's childhood, White says: "Poverty curdles character as well as strengthening it. It crumples some men. It makes others hard. Poverty soiled Nixon; he grew up to be hard—and vulnerable. And as in all those who grow up so vulnerable, the instinct for control, control of one's circumstances and perimeters of dignity, would grow."

There is a curious passage in *Breach of Faith*, in which White tries to reveal the Nixon he had known over years of "covering" him, and tries to say what it was about Nixon's mind that appealed to him. He fixes on Nixon's curiosity about "how things work," recalls their conversations about "the most trivial to the most vital" things—how airlines train their stewardesses, how suburbia votes, how the presidency works. It is odd and somehow unconvincing, not the impression of Nixon one gets elsewhere. I don't mean that White is fabricating, but I think what we're hearing is a description less of Nixon's than of White's mind, and

that Nixon was shrewd enough, as apparently he was on many other disparate occasions, to imitate the habits of his companion. Here and in other passages of *Breach of Faith*, White is struggling to say something quite simple: *Nixon is an interesting man*.

Neither White nor anyone else has persuaded me that Nixon has ever said an interesting thing—ever revealed an individual taste, a moral sense, a psychological acuity that one could learn from. And yet he is a profoundly interesting man. Not to think so is to turn away from his instructive suffering.

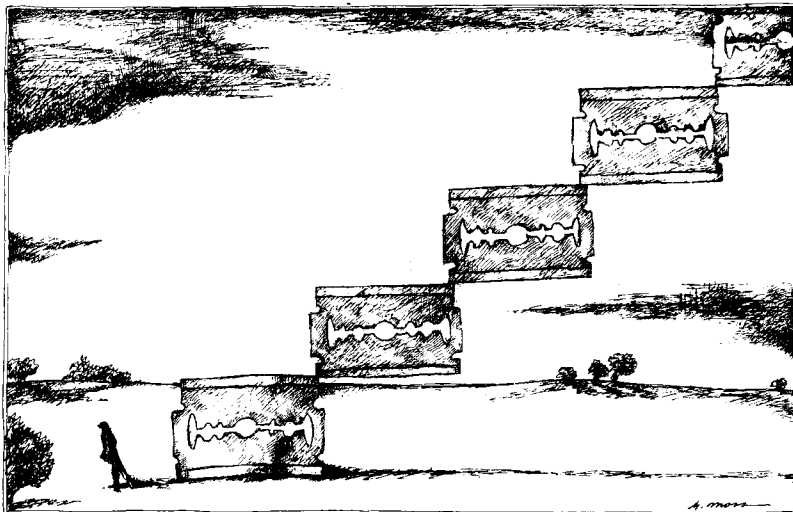
5.

Clyde

White says of Nixon's life that "the story has elements of an American tragedy." That's possibly too grand a claim for what can after be seen as a sordid tale—but I don't think so. I think the sentence is accurate, even to its literary echoes, and I wonder if they were deliberate.

If you were a publisher seeking to commission a biography of Richard Nixon, and if you had supernatural powers, you'd do the obvious thing and get on the phone to Theodore Dreiser. He is the writer who would have understood the price Nixon paid for "upward mobility," the loss of belief in both his present and his past selves. In a way Dreiser did write about him—Nixon resembles no character in literature more than the hapless Clyde Griffiths, hero of *An American Tragedy*. Coming upon the title in Theodore White's book, I thought of those long descriptions of the utter loneliness of a man on the rise, those passages in which young Clyde on a Sunday afternoon walked around the streets of the little city in upstate New York where he'd come to make his fortune, before he committed the crime that would undo him. I expect that Nixon was every bit as alone in his passage upward toward disgrace, that he too must have asked himself:

"... who was he anyway? And what did he really amount to? What could he hope for from such a great world as this really, once they knew why he troubled to come here?"



AT THE N*W Y*RKER, HERE AND THERE

by Andrew Ward

How to begin to set down a record of a publication to which I owe everything? Though I have perhaps published more material in *The N*W Y*rker* than has anyone else in its long and distinguished life (some 14,087 pieces by casual reckoning, as against Tibbs's 745, Gerber's 530 or so, and someone named Fletcher's 16), it occurs to me that, being far from impartial where *The N*W Y*rker* is concerned, I may not be ideally suited for the happy task at hand.

But now I hear Kross bellowing from beyond the grave, "Get on with it, get on with it!" so I shall trust in the possibility that this undertaking will prove enlightening not only for me but for those among you whose appetites have been whetted by the anonymity in which we at *The N*W Y*rker* have ever chosen to labor.

* * *

I arrived at *The N*W Y*rker* in the blush of youth, having attained some distinction as editor of several school literary journals at Choate, Loomis, Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. I had received reports that Kross admired a piece I had submitted concerning the alligators people were flushing into the city sewers. But if my piece had given him pleasure, there would be no indication of it from Kross himself when I arrived trembling in his office for a job interview.

"Take seat," he sputtered, spewing Saltine fragments from those flobbering lips, and pointed to a chair piled high with manuscripts.

I perched myself atop the precarious heap and put my hands in my pockets to stop their shaking. For almost an hour I sat there in silence as Kross angrily rummaged through his desk, searching for something. Finally, with a startled grunt, he squinted up at me and, with a wave of those simian, carbon-smudged fingers, directed me to the door.

"Are you hired?" his secretary asked as I left his office.

"I think so," I blurted, and I was shown to the office I have occupied ever since.

* * *

Though foul-mouthed and irreligious, Kross abhorred vulgar language. Once, he objected to my use of "Lubbock" in a piece I was doing about Texas oil towns. In the end, he changed it to Perth Amboy, New Jersey, to the dismay of our not inconsiderable Texan readership. While waiting in line at the water cooler one afternoon, Kross overheard one of his writers say "fecund," and slumped to the floor in a faint.

Often, Kross showed up at the office stark naked, causing ungaugeable alarm among the aspiring contributors who crowded the *N*W Y*rker* lobby. When timidly questioned as to his state of *déshabille*, Kross would exclaim, "Clear the halls!" in that amplified death rattle of a voice, and hightail it to the men's room. There, in the second stall as you enter, which has since been bronzed, Kross would conduct his business with customary bluster until his clothes were dropped off by one of his wives.

* * *

If we had a golden boy at *The N*W Y*rker*, it was Foolscap Tibbs, whose wit enlivened every facet of the magazine. Everyone at *The N*W Y*rker* has his own favorite Tibbs anecdote; here is mine.

Once, Tibbs and I were lunching at what has come to be called the *N*W Y*rker* banquet (the seventh banquet counting from the second potted palm as you enter The Argyle's dining room—how many would-be *N*W Y*rker* writers misguidedly sought places at the second banquet from the seventh potted palm!). "Say," Tibbs said, pointing to a distinguished-looking gentleman seated several tables away, "isn't that Bruno Walter?"

Having met the maestro at several dreary formal functions I could confidently reply, "No, Tibbs. It isn't."

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"Funny," Tibbs shrugged, buttering his hard roll. "I could have sworn that was Bruno Walter."

* * *

One of the more distressing incidents in which I was involved (however indirectly) was the suicide of my dear friend and officemate J. R. Mott, who, under the *nom de plume* R. G. Tones, wrote Portrait pieces which were to set the standard for the rest of us. Accused of having dangled a participle by some young jack in the rewrite office, Mott climbed out onto the fire escape and threatened to hurl himself thirteen stories to the pavement below. As such threats were more or less commonplace, I took it calmly and remained seated at my desk. "How will you jump thirteen stories," I asked him, "when we are on the fourteenth floor?" I remember Mott, ever the stickler, frowned, and seemed to be about to climb back into our office when Gerber, that vile prankster, leaned out his window to inform Mott that since the floor numbers in our building ran directly from twelve to fourteen, skipping that unlucky numeral in between, our floor was, in fact, the thirteenth story, and there was nothing whatever to prevent Mott from carrying out his threat. Thus reassured by Gerber, whom he witlessly idolized, Mott followed through.

* * *

Many writers put their offices to more than the prescribed use, if you get my drift. I remember breezily barging into the office of one distinguished fellow staffer (who will be grateful to remain nameless) to find him performing an odd and untimely feat involving Scotch tape, a feather boa, and one of the girls from the Review department.

"Why, Butch," my colleague exclaimed, twisting around from his loinlocked position to greet me. "How delightful."

* * *

Kross used to post a sign outside his door which read, WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY? and no wonder. No one knew who anyone else was at *The N*w Y*rker*, least of all Kross. He once mistook Marshall Pumbo, the critic, for his wife, and dragged the dismayed old gentleman home with him before realizing, *en toilette*, his error.

The aforementioned nameless and

feather-boa'ed colleague always called me "Butch," and it was not until years had passed that we discovered he had been mistaking me for Lois Lang, whose *At the Gate* remains, week after week, a model of dog-track reportage. I many times confused Gerber with Franklin Delano Fillmore, that cheerful soul who ran small errands around the office in that shambling way which endeared him to all. (Fillmore was shot to death in 1957 by a jealous lady friend in an "Up-town" "joint" one Saturday night, and is missed.)

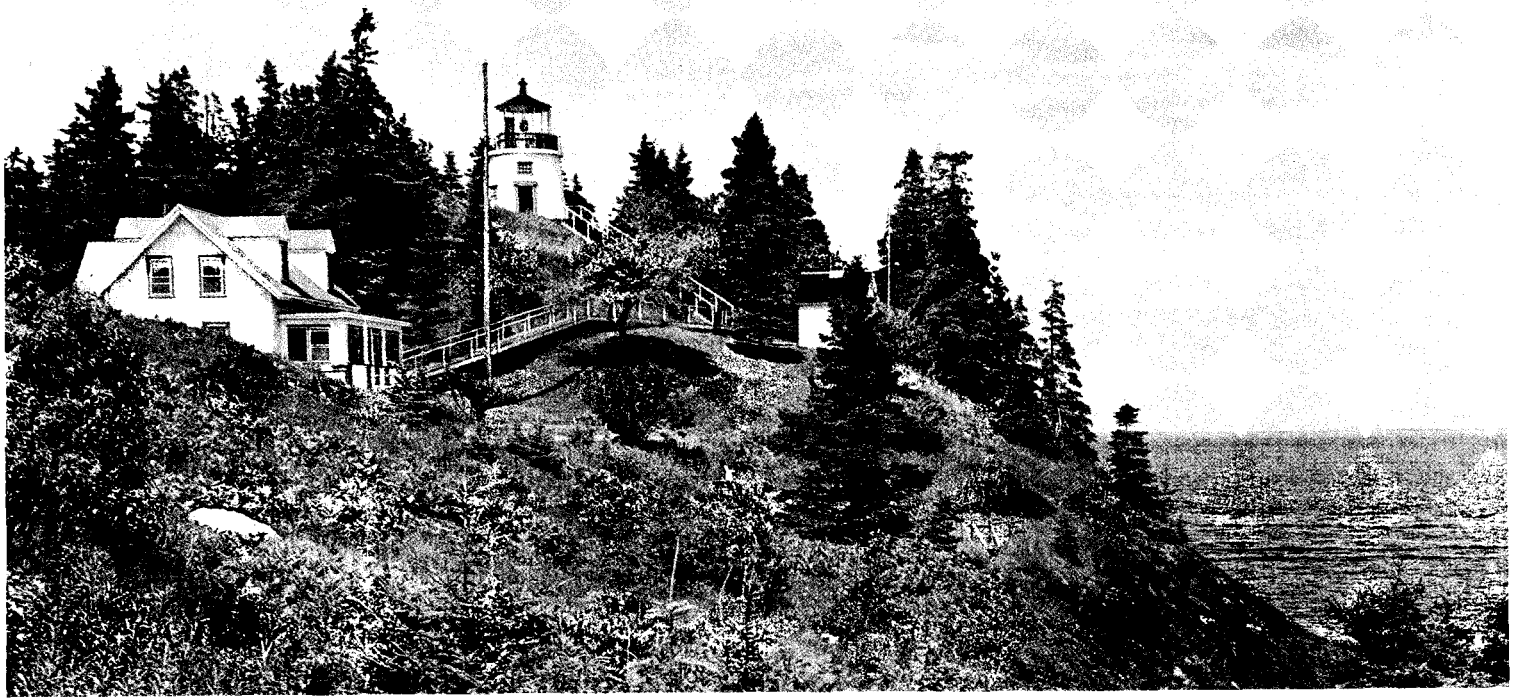
I have yet to meet Charles Desmond Bridger, though I was instrumental in his admittance to The Century Club (which has since become so inundated with so-called "public servants" and "philanthropists" that I hardly drop by there anymore, even for the mail). Perhaps if Bridger is reading this he will step forward so that I might express my gratitude for the joy his annual field-of-daisies springtime covers have given me over the years.

When I was first introduced to that tiresome literary dilettante Stephen Landy, he bewildered me by behaving as if we had known each other since birth. For years I suffered his confidences, his inquiries after my family, his offering of loans. It was not until after his death that I was informed that he had been my younger brother Edward, whom my wife and I had often had over for Sunday brunch.

* * *

Liquor is no stranger to us at *The N*w Y*rker*, as it is no stranger to serious writers anywhere. But it did seem to run especially deep through those woebegone halls on West Forty-third Street.

I shan't quickly forget my encounters with Brite, that shy soul, who was heard to urinate into whatever was handy rather than risk an encounter with someone (least of all a naked Kross) in the men's room or the hall. To get on easy speaking terms with Brite, it was necessary to surprise him in his office (Gerber had a skeleton key), hold him down, pry his jaws apart, and force liquor down his throat. Thus fortified, Brite would regale us with pleas to let him loose. These failing, he would then slobber piteous tales about his wastrel father, his tu-



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bercular wife, the dead pets of his boyhood. At that point we would release him, pronounce him drunk, and leave him weeping on his office floor.

After these sessions Brite would disappear from the building for many weeks, and it was a wonder to all of us that he could so steadily grace the pages of *The N*w Y*rker* with his slight and lucid prose.

* * *

I was fast friends with Roland Patrick, that grand old curmudgeon, and such mutual admiration had developed between us that there was little question but that I should succeed him as resident critic when he died, of shingles, in 1962. To the end he ground out those stunning critiques like nobody's business, and reading them now, one can sense the stir they caused among America's resident literati. With all confidence I can quote countless Patrickisms verbatim, and do, often, over sherbet at The Argyle.

It was Patrick, in his feisty fighting prime, who described Emma Journeyman Wheeley's *Load Off My Feet* as "the worst piece of crap I ever read." He once described Hemingway as "owes me money."

Of Fitzgerald he wrote, "a really good writer. One of my favorites," though here, one suspects, Patrick could just as well have been writing about himself.

* * *

When Kross passed on, like some receding bank of thunder, the torch was passed to his successor, and what account of *The N*w Y*rker* could be complete without mention of him?



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

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by Michael Crichton

Knopf, \$7.95

From a hilltop in Kent in May, 1854, a tall handsome man in his early thirties with a full red beard observed through his binoculars the morning express of the South Eastern Railway on its way to Folkestone at fifty-four miles an hour. In its windowless van at the train's end, in steel safes, was the monthly shipment of British coin for the army in the Crimea, and as the observer watched, the sliding door of the van was seen to open, a youth in tattered clothing was thrown clear by the railway guard, and after a convulsive movement lay still.

Twelve months later Red Beard himself, with the aid of his accomplices, was to engineer the successful theft of the same train. The payroll had shrunk to £12,000, no great sum by our standards, but the audacity of the criminals, the skill of their gentleman leader, Edward Pierce, and the fact that after being captured and condemned the culprits escaped to enjoy their loot have kept the theft alive ever since.

Michael Crichton tells this suspenseful story with the cool calculation of the mastermind, disclosing only so much as Pierce himself was willing to confide in his team. Each episode is set against the background of the underworld, the lodging houses in the slums with twenty crowded in one room, the bordellos, the pubs, and the prisons. As the author reminds us, Victorian England in a matter of decades had become "a nation of cities," the first and wealthiest urbanized society on earth, in which criminals preyed on the aristocracy with a skill far beyond the control of Scotland Yard.

Edward Pierce himself was a fascinator and remains a man of mystery. Was he a genius up from the streets or a gentleman turned rogue? He was the owner of pubs and a fleet of cabs that supported him in style; he had a cultivation that passed muster with bankers, and he

could drop into the criminal jargon with the men he trusted. They were four in number: Burgess, the burly cabman with a white scar on his forehead; Clean Willy, the most famous snakesman of the century, a former chimney sweep who could wiggle through the smallest space (but Willy was at Newgate and had to be sprung before he could be useful); Agar the screwsman, a specialist in keys and safe-breaking; and, most important, Miss Miriam, the actress who was Pierce's mistress. An exciting and very clever piece of fiction.

LONGING FOR DARKNESS

Kamante's Tales from Out of Africa
Collected by Peter Beard

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$19.95

Anyone who has enjoyed *Out of Africa* will remember Kamante, the sick, wary little boy who was collected by Isak Dinesen (as she collected anyone in trouble), cured, and encouraged so successfully that he eventually became her trusted helper, an inspired cook, and an invaluable diplomatic agent around the Blixen coffee plantation. Isak Dinesen is dead, her plantation was a financial disaster, and the Africa she knew and loved is in danger of destruction. But Kamante is still alive, with a head full of memories and a hand gifted in drawing.

Peter Beard, another lover of the old Africa, persuaded Kamante to talk about his years with Isak Dinesen; Kamante's sons translated their father's Swahili into idiosyncratic but effective English and wrote out the text; friends and the Dinesen family helped with details and old snapshots. The result of all this collaboration is a uniquely delightful book combining Kamante's reminiscences with his sketches, Mr. Beard's fine animal photographs, family pictures, and well-chosen quotations from Isak Dinesen.

Dinesen herself wondered more than once whether any trace of her struggles with that coffee farm would survive, and more poignantly,

whether her African friends would remember her affection for them. It was a genuine affection coupled with genuine respect. The young Baroness Blixen was well ahead of her contemporaries in her appreciation of the beauty and resourcefulness of Africans and in her desire to help where help was wanted but to do it without dislocating African society. Kamante understood this and has not forgotten, and proves it, starting unexpectedly from a census of the Blixens' numerous clocks, which were an enchanting novelty in those days—especially the large one on top of the house. "This house of Mrs. Karen rang joy day and night. Nobody felt sad. Even people coming to the shamba could not say they were going to the farm of a European. She was of such good nature." The baroness would have liked that tribute.

THE BOAT

by Lothar-Günther Buchheim
Knopf, \$10.00

Billed as the "*All Quiet on the Western Front* of World War II," this novel, the episodes of which, the author tells us, "are the sum of his experiences aboard U-boats," is surely the most vivid and human picture of the underseas war ever written. The narrative begins in the Bar Royal, a sleazy French night spot—and in the cathouse nearby—where the officers and crew of *The Boat* are having a last carousal before they depart for their battle station at dawn. The drinking has loosened tongues and discipline; there is talk of other boats that made their kills in the mid-Atlantic and were battered or sunk. Clearly the tide has turned against the Germans: the Allies' convoys are better protected by destroyers and bombers—and March was a particularly bad month. No leave is long enough to release the tension, and the odds against another return breed a numbness. These impressions come to us through the intelligence of a young lieutenant, a veteran of the Norway expedition who is about to make his first voyage in a submarine. There he sits, quietly sizing up his commander, the "Old Man," who looks to be in his forties (actually only thirty), and who has already sunk 200,000 tons, a harborful of ships.

Once at sea the lieutenant begins to assimilate the disciplined engineering and the inescapable claustrophobia, and so does the reader. It will take ten days at cruising speed to get to their battle station, and in that interval—now on the surface, now diving to escape a plane overhead—the crew of fifty becomes a unit, dependent and watchful of the Old Man and his lean and silent deputy, the Chief Engineer. There are false alarms, as when the watch mistakes a seagull for a plane diving out of the sun. ("Nine times of ten it's seagulls. They glide at you with their rigidly extended wings from just above the horizon and the alarm cry is out before you realize what they are. . . . But the tenth time, the approaching gull turns into a plane.")

The lieutenant, whose senses are ours, is a likable sort, acute in his judgment of the other men, irritated by the crowding and lack of sleep, bored by the endless sex talk, brave in his breathless apprehension when the depth bombs from the destroyers wrack the ship. The link between himself and his chief is admirably forged.

This is a man's story, punishing in its endurance, tainted by Hitlerism, and compassionate in its understanding. One appreciates why the truth and desperation in the novel have attracted an enormous readership in West Germany. The translation by Denver and Helen Lindley is colloquial, as it should be.

THE GREAT VICTORIAN COLLECTION

by Brian Moore
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95

At the age of twenty-nine, Anthony Maloney, a young Canadian historian, has achieved a modest success at McGill University, but his marriage is half-hearted, perhaps because of his scholarly preoccupation with the art and architecture of Victoria's reign. Everything he has read, and the research for his thesis which took him to England, has turned his imagination into a repository of the artistic creations and the indulgent eccentricities of Britain's Golden Age.

At the conclusion of an academic conference at Berkeley, Mahoney drives down the California coast for a look at the Big Sur. He spends



Photograph by Michael V. Carlisle

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the night in a motel in Carmel and dreams that the empty parking lot outside his window is miraculously filled with a priceless exhibit of Victorian curios—fountains, paintings, furniture, jewelry, scientific instruments, erotica—and when he awakens before sunrise, there it is, aisle by aisle, a display as fantastic as the Crystal Palace of 1851. When the motel proprietor asks if he is responsible for it, Tony modestly says yes, and is promptly charged \$100 a day rental.

Then the fun begins. A local reporter calls up a correspondent for the *New York Times*. The Victoria and Albert Museum in London reports that no objects are missing. London papers denounce the "American hoax." A Dutch clairvoyant congratulates Tony that the objects have "materialized." Psychiatrists from Vanderbilt University arrive to conduct tests. While the experts squabble, it is Tony who explains the wonder. When Lord Renishawe recognizes the hidden room in which his grandfather enjoyed his infidelities, Tony's dream is accepted as a creation in "duality," and Management from New York flies in to take control.

What all of this does to Tony's private life is for the novelist to tell. As long as he keeps on dreaming in that motel room, the wonder remains inviolate at his windowsill. But fantasies are easier to create than to escape from. The joy of this one is the brilliantly described assortment of Victoriana, ranging from objects as large as the famous locomotive "Folkstone" to the more refined tidbits of pornography which trouble the censors in California.

LIFE & LETTERS CONTRIBUTORS:

Richard Todd is an associate editor of *The Atlantic*.

Andrew Ward is a free-lance writer living in New Haven.

Edward Weeks and Phoebe Adams contribute reviews regularly to these pages.

POETS IN THIS ISSUE

Richard Hugo (page 26) is the author of a new book of poems, *What Thou Lovest Well, Remains American*.

Anne Hussey (page 53) has been a fellow at the Radcliffe Institute from 1973 to 1975.



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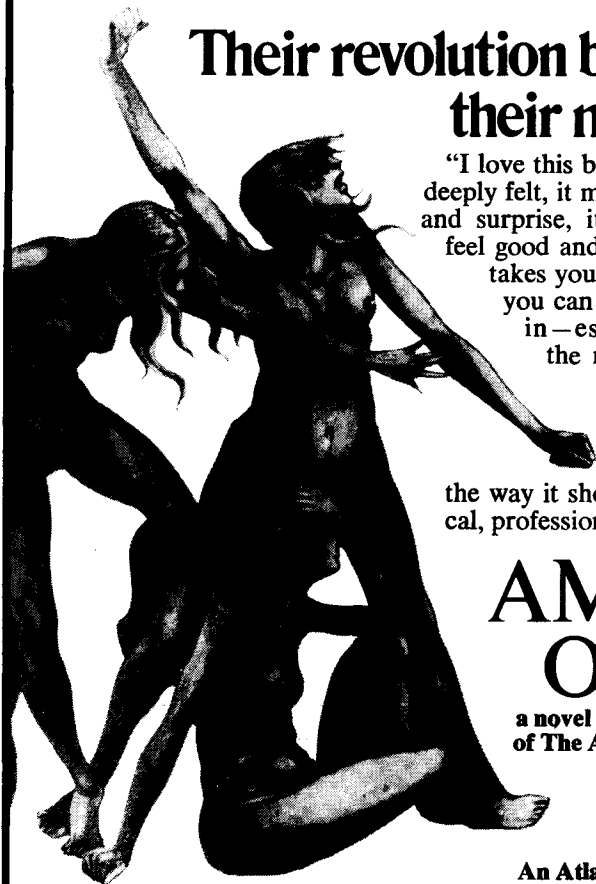
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SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE ENCHANTERS by Romain Gary. Putnam's, \$8.95. The artist as kindly confidence man is the notion dominating Mr. Gary's fantastic historical novel, and while the notion itself is not exactly new, the author has a great deal of ingenious fun with it. So will the reader who notices the dagger up that lace-cuffed sleeve.

MAINE LINGO by John Gould. Down East, \$11.00. Mr. Gould's lexicon offers a purchase on local language without which dogfish bearing down on Maine may fetch up adrift and not even find a hole in the beach.

CIRCLES AND STANDING STONES by Evan Hadingham. Walker, \$12.50. A map of the British Isles and the Breton Peninsula with all the megalithic monuments marked in proves that Stonehenge is merely the best-known member of a large tribe. Mr. Hadingham's survey concentrates on those stone arrangements where celestial sight lines can be identified with reasonable certainty. The information is extensive, interesting, and practical; this author is mercifully averse to romantic speculation. Maps, illustrations, reading list, travel directions.

AMERICAN FOOD by Evan Jones. Dutton, \$16.95. This large, handsome book starts with a history of regional cooking, plus marginal instructions in the old pinch and dollop style. It proceeds to a selection of recipes by the author and his wife, Judith Jones, and the final effect is generally mouth-watering.

MOMENT OF FREEDOM by Jens Bjørneboe. Norton, \$6.95. The first-person narrator of this social diatribe disguised as a novel is so consistently miserable, so contemptuous of the human race, and so uncommunicative about what, if anything, he has ever done other than grouse over his liquor, that in the end one begins to wonder whether, for all the clever intensity of the writing, his opinions should be

taken altogether soberly. Translated by Ester Greenleaf Murer.

FIRST LOVE, LAST RITES by Ian McEwan. Random House, \$6.95. With much polish, and in a tone of matter-of-fact gentility, Mr. McEwan writes of murder, incest, insanity, sadism, and similar trifling nuisances. Perversion as a vulgar commonplace has quite an impact.

GEORGE ELIOT: THE EMERGENT SELF by Ruby V. Redinger. Knopf, \$15.00. Presumably this book should be described as a psychological study, for the facts of George Eliot's life are distinctly subordinated to an examination of the development of her ideas and their eventual translation into fiction. The work is, on the whole, rewarding, although Ms. Redinger clearly shies away from anything more than superficial consideration of Eliot's predilection for lesbian friends. Notes, index.

LOVECRAFT AT LAST by H. P. Lovecraft and Willis Conover. Carrollton-Clark, \$19.75. Miskatonic University Classics, Volume 1. As an enterprising adolescent with a mad enthusiasm for science and fantasy fiction, Mr. Conover initiated correspondence with Lovecraft, who responded to his young admirer with unfailing courtesy and no trace of condescension. Occasionally, when one of the boy's barrage of questions hit the right target, Lovecraft also came out with surprisingly detailed information and professional confidences. Mr. Conover, who naturally kept all the letters, has converted them into a running conversation (a neat way of cutting short his own juvenile maunderings), and the result is, if not a full self-portrait by Lovecraft, certainly an attractive and enlightening self-sketch. Bibliography, index, illustrations, and notably fine bookmaking.

RICHARD DADD by David Greysmith. Macmillan, \$17.95. If he had not cut his father's throat, Richard Dadd would probably be remembered only as one of the lesser Victorian fairy painters. Thanks to insanity, scandal, and lifelong incarceration in an asylum, however, the fellow arouses a curiosity which Mr. Greysmith has done his best to appease. It is not the au-

thor's fault that he never really succeeds in accounting for Dadd's condition, or in making any firm connection between Dadd's illness and his fanciful paintings. The Dadd family—respectable bourgeois who had disconcertingly produced three, or possibly four, lunatics in one generation—preferred to forget the whole business, and Mr. Greysmith had little to work with but hospital records and the reminiscences of Dadd's fellow painters. What Dadd wrote in the months preceding his collapse would be considered unremarkable if he had remained sane. The book is extensively illustrated but regrettably short of color plates. Index, bibliography, list of works.

MAMMALS OF THE WORLD by Ernest Walker. 2 volumes, boxed. Johns Hopkins, \$37.50. For animal nuts, this is a treasure house. The creatures are all here, usually well photographed, with information about range, habits, size, temperament, and tamability briskly and efficiently provided. Index.

KATIA MANN: UNWRITTEN MEMORIES edited by Elisabeth von Plessen and Michael Mann. Knopf, \$7.95. "The fact that I am now letting myself in for these interviews," said the widow of Thomas Mann to the tape recorder, "can only be attributed to my weakness and good nature." One rather doubts the weakness, but good nature and a wry, gingery humor run strongly through the lady's chitchat memories of her beloved husband and other remarkable people. Translated by Hunter and Hildegard Hannum.

PERSPECTIVE by Charles Rembar. Arbor House, \$8.95. Portions of this book appeared in the November, 1971, and April, 1973, *Atlantic*. Excerpts from the following books recently appeared in *The Atlantic*: **LIBERAL PARENTS AND RADICAL CHILDREN** by Midge Decter. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$7.95. **BASEBALL WHEN THE GRASS WAS REAL** by Donald Honig. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, \$7.95.

Owing to a last-minute publisher's change, the price of *The Personal Memoirs of Julia Dent Grant*, reviewed in our May column, was incorrectly stated. The price is \$12.50.

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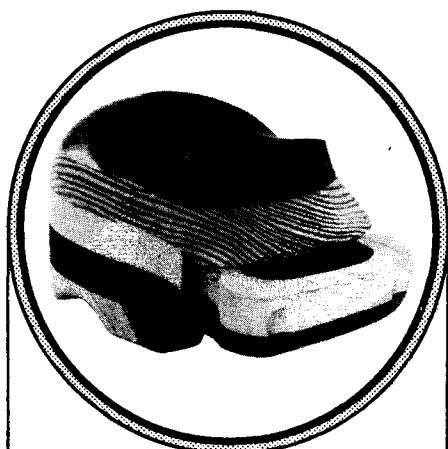
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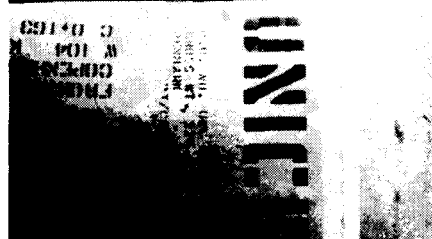
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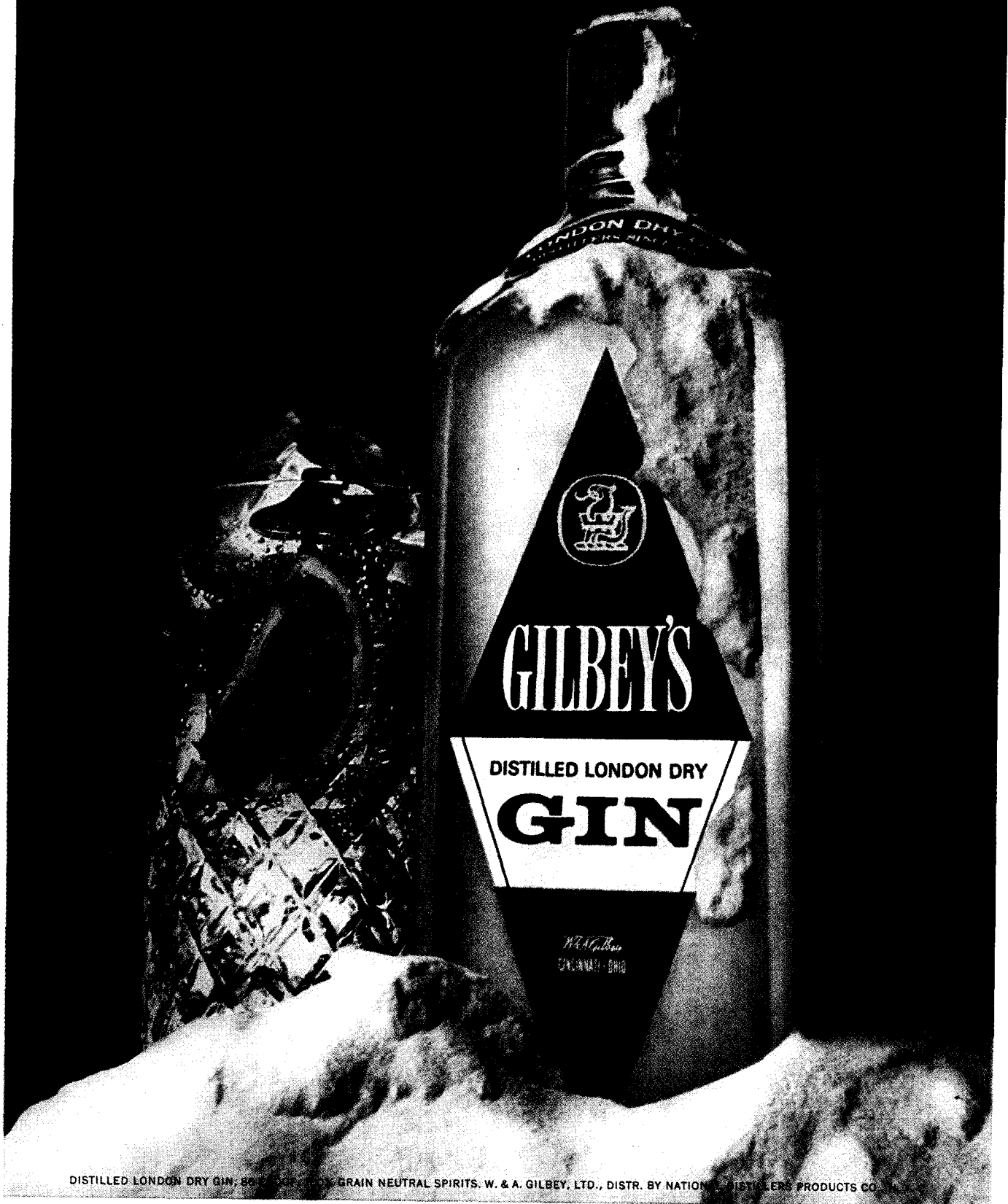
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